THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1915 - 1916

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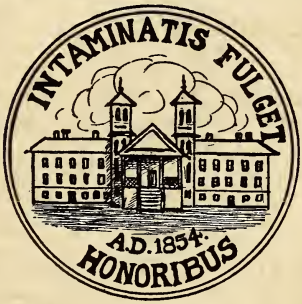

October, Nineteen-Fifteen

1915

The Wofford College Journal

OCTOBER

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN

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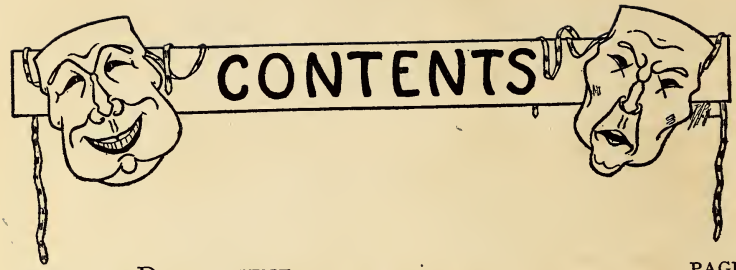

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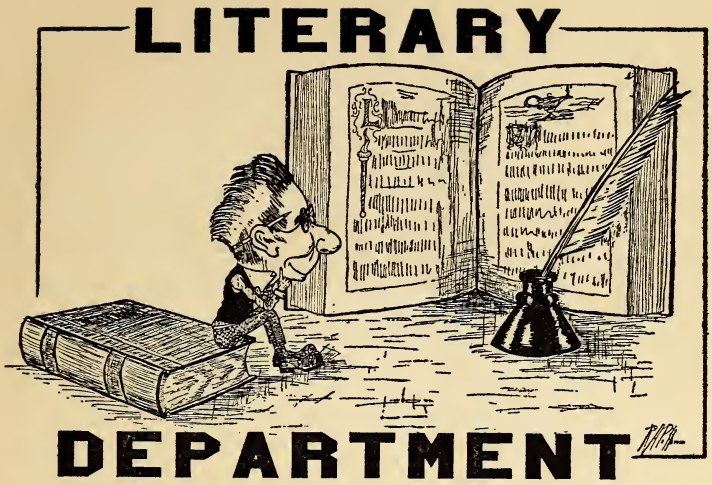

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Wofford Boys

We gather back to Wofford joys,
Her charms enchant us still;
Pure motives more precious than decoys
Hold us with steady will.

Oft when the ties begin to fail,
There's still a spark will burn;
Demand imposters not assail,
Or bid us ever turn.

Yet smaller faith, at times we hold
Still a mysterious charm;
New life sets flowing to unfold
And hold us in her arm.

As time flows on we still will stand
The same true Wofford boys;
While others shine and try to brand
Us only Wofford toys.

Through days and months and years we pass,
The years still come and go.
Come far, come near, but ne'er surpass
Her greatness others know.

W. K. S., '17.

A Race with Time

TOM SPALDING, who lived in New York, had an uncle in Florida. He lived fifteen miles from the City of Jacksonville, and owned a large orange grove. It had long been Tom's desire to visit his uncle; but, owing to an accident that had befallen his brother while off on a visit, he had never been allowed to do so. His father was a wealthy man, and gave Tom everything he wanted. Unlike most boys of his age and in similar circumstances, Tom knew how to work. Although only fifteen years of age, he was his father's chauffeur and looked after the car as well as most of the men his father could hire.

Several years passed, and Tom's father decided to allow Tom to visit his uncle. One can imagine Tom's surprise when his father told him of his decision, also when he told him he might spend the winter. He soon arrived at his uncle's, and was overjoyed at the beauty of the place. His uncle met him at Jacksonville and carried him out to his home. Tom looked at his uncle's car, which was spattered with mud, and planned what he would do.

"Uncle," he said next morning, as his uncle was leaving for his morning trip about the place, "I want some automobile soap."

"Why, what do you want with that?" his uncle asked.

"I want to clean up your car today."

"Well, you may have it; but be sure not to ruin the finish."

"No, sir; I know how to clean it," answered Tom, and added with a smile: "You didn't know I was dad's chauffeur?"

"Why, no!" exclaimed Mr. Spalding.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, and ran to get the soap.

His uncle went off on his round of inspection and did not return until nearly dinner time. When he arrived, Tom had finished the car and was seated upon the steps mopping the perspiration from his brow. Mr. Spalding was astonished at the way the seemingly old car looked. The body had been

neatly washed and polished. The lamps, brake and transmission rods, steering wheel, etc., shone like gold.

"Why, Tom! I didn't know it was in you. I hereby appoint you my chauffeur, to carry Aunt Fannie or me anywhere we want to go."

Tom was glad his uncle could trust him. He accepted the position, and strove to do his best. During the whole winter he drove the car and kept it in repair. His uncle seemed much pleased with his work.

One morning during the latter part of the winter a man drove up to the front of the house. The car he drove was a yellow racing car, built for speed and endurance. Tom, who was seated in a swing on the piazza, looked up as the car came to a stop.

"Are you Mr. Tom Spalding?" queried the man.

"Yes; I am he," answered Tom.

"Well, I have a car here for you."

"Oh, you mean my uncle. His name is Tom also."

"No, sir!" exclaimed the man. "Your uncle bought the car and told me to deliver it to you."

Tom was too happy for words. He jumped into the low seat, grasped the wheel, and started up the road. His uncle came in for dinner, but no Tom. Late that afternoon Tom came down the road. As he turned into the drive leading to the garage, he noticed his uncle seated upon the piazza. He quickly brought the car to a stop, jumped out, and ran up the steps.

"How can I ever thank you, uncle, for so nice a gift?" he asked. "I shall never be able to repay you."

"Well, Tom," replied his uncle, "you have been such an excellent chauffeur I thought I would give you the car for your services."

* * * * * * * *

Time quickly passed, and it soon became time for Tom to go home. He wanted to get home to father and mother, yet he wanted to stay with his uncle. The morning he had planned to leave on he received the following telegram:

"Stay all summer if you wish. All well.
Love. "Father."

Tom thought, Did his father really mean for him to stay, or was he trying to give him pleasure at the sacrifice of his company? Well, he decided to stay. He continued his long trips in his car, but never for once did he neglect his position as his uncle's chauffeur.

One afternoon, as he returned from one of his trips, his uncle came out and, in a broken voice, whispered:

"Tom, Aunt Fannie is very sick. Go to Jacksonville as fast as you can and get a doctor. Try Doctor Thompson, and if he is not there, get Doctor Moore."

Tom quickly pulled his goggles over his eyes and began his fifteen-mile run to Jacksonville. He knew the doctors closed their offices at 6:00 p. m., and it was twenty-five minutes of 6:00 then.

"How if I should have a blow-out?" he questioned himself.

Well, the little car was doing its best; he was doing his; so nothing more could be expected. Just as he had passed the six-mile rock, the tire on the left front wheel exploded. He stopped the car and jumped to the ground.

"A race with time, and I have lost!" he exclaimed.

He thought of the new wheel attached to the back of the car. It had a tire on it, already pumped up, ready for use. He quickly jacked up the car, took off the wheel, and put on the new one. As he jumped into the car, he looked at his watch.

"Ten minutes of 6:00, and nearly six miles to go!" he exclaimed.

The little car gave a leap and was off. Never had he driven so before. He was afraid, but his fear changed to courage when he thought of his aunt, who by this time might be dying.

Nearing the city, he slowed down enough to look at his watch. It was two minutes of 6:00. Near him was a small store beside the road.

"Telephone Doctor Thompson to stay in his office until I reach there!" he shouted to the storekeeper, who was standing in the store door, and again the little car responded to the throttle.

In a few minutes he was at the doctor's office, and they were soon on their way back. Tom said not a word. His eyes were on the road ahead, and his thoughts were of his aunt and her condition.

"Are you not afraid to drive so fast?" questioned the doctor.

"Not when Aunt Fannie is so sick," replied Tom, with trembling lips.

As he neared his uncle's home, Tom saw his uncle standing on the piazza. Drawing up to the steps, he stopped and the doctor jumped out. He ran up the steps and into the room where the patient lay. He administered a restorative, and in a few minutes she was sitting up.

"Only heart trouble," said Doctor Thompson, "but if I had been a few minutes later I fear the delay would have been fatal."

Mr. Spalding went out where Tom was pouring cold water on his engine.

"Is Aunt Fannie dead?" asked Tom.

"Why, no, Tom! The doctor says she will soon be all right again, but would not have been if you had been a little later."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Tom.

"My boy, how can I ever thank you for what you have done for me? If there is anything you want, name it and it shall be yours."

"Well, uncle, you know when you gave me the car I said I would repay you in some way, and, although I did nothing much, if you are satisfied, we will call it square."

"No! no!" exclaimed Mr. Spalding. "The car was an expression of thanks for acting as my chauffeur during the winter."

"Well, uncle, I have never told you nor Aunt Fannie that

I am engaged to Captain Walker's daughter. We will be married the day I am twenty-one."

"I never thought of such a thing!" exclaimed Mr. Spalding, and then a broad smile overspread his countenance. "Such is life," he murmured.

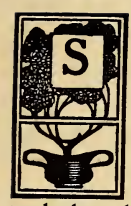
Tom placed his car in the house, and then went to tell his aunt of his engagement. She likewise was surprised, and, calling him to her side, wished him a happy life and gave him an invitation to make his home with them after he was married. Mr. Spalding, who had come in during the conversation, said:

"Never! for I have planned to give him the house I bought from Mr. James and fifty acres of orange trees. The day of his wedding I will give him a deed to the place."

That night Tom made a visit to the home of Captain Walker, and as he and his bride-to-be sat in a swing, while the moon shone through the treetops upon the pair, he told her of his uncle's promise and of his "race with time."

T. H. S., '18.

Our Governor



OUTH CAROLINA has at this time the ablest, the most efficient, the most determined, and yet withal the most courteous and obliging Governor of any State in the Union. There is nothing spectacular about the man or his administration, but, nevertheless, the work of governing our turbulent little State has been going on steadily and surely and in the smoothest and most systematic manner possible.

To complain of his official acts because they are not characterized with dazzling events, stirring utterances, and sensational incidents shows our lack of taste and our inability to appreciate that which is noblest and best and beyond the ordinary in refinement and culture and mental attainment; for the higher we rise in the scale of being—material, intellectual, and moral—the more certainly we cease to admire and the more speedily we quit the region of brilliant eccentricities and noticeable contrasts and the emotional schemes and demagogic movements that belong to a vulgar and unstable greatness. Our people need to learn that firm, common-sense morality and business competency on the part of our public servants is far better than rash action and brilliant rascality.

In spite of the fact that those qualities do not take hold of the imagination, do not inspire enthusiasm, and do not win applause, they are the traits of character that are most conducive to the peace, the prosperity, the stability, and the progress of the commonwealth, and those are the qualities of heart and mind that determine final judgment on great practical questions which the people of the State are bound to sooner or later accept.

A calm and well-balanced temperament is no mean gift, and the man who possesses it is far better prepared to lead a people to higher sunlit fields of achievement and to administer to and for them able and honorable justice than the man of hasty impulse and fickle disposition. A life with well-adjusted powers and virtues is simply in tune with the powers divine. Everything in heaven is orderly. The rotation and revolution

of the earth are regular in their occurrence. The laws of the universe are harmonious. All the great eternal forces act in solemn silence and due proportion.

A most striking feature, also, is the fact that those elements and bodies that do the most good are those that act quietly and with regularity. The sun shines quietly. The raindrops fall in monotonous patters. But the cyclone comes suddenly and the fierce winds blow violently at intervals.

The writer was not a Manning man at the time of his election, but on account of the dignified way and the thoroughgoing and healthy manner in which he has conducted himself since assuming the duties of office he will support him for re-election, regardless of who opposes him. The opponent of good government would have you believe that Mr. Manning is losing a good deal of his former popularity and strength.

The truth of the business is, he is gaining strength every day, and is winning the good will and support of many who were formerly opposed to him by his fearless and determined stand for law and order. A man who stands for law and order first, last, and always, merits the admiration of all men who love fair dealing and justice, and a public officer who is resolved that the world, the flesh, and the devil shall not thwart him in his purpose to lift the people of his State to a broader plane and a clearer view, by restoring the natural order of things, by using his invested powers to do all the good he can, deserves the co-operation and sympathy of every good citizen and patriotic Carolinian.

The donation of personal funds to supply a deficit in the salary of the head of one of our greatest and most needy institutions, namely, the asylum, shows a spirit of splendid generosity and anxious concern for every department of work for which the State is responsible. It is a rebuke to money-seeking politicians and an inspiration to liberal-hearted and public-spirited men.

Just as Woodrow Wilson represents the truest type of American manhood, so Richard I. Manning demonstrates to the world that class and quality of sterling manhood and

level-headed statesmanship that South Carolina is capable of producing. He is a steady, shining star, while his predecessor and many more before him were but bright and glaring meteors that shone with luminous radiancy for the time being, then burst and disappeared. His life is a complete circle, every point and kindly grace going out therefrom being equidistant from the center.

It would be a pity to go back to the old regime and return to the old order of things after having had such a period of peace and tranquility and quiet as we have had under the beginning of our present Governor's administration. He is a Governor and his is an administration that maketh not ashamed, and one of whom we may well be proud. With firm and kindly tactics and remarkable dexterity, he has wiped clean the mud-stains from the fair escutcheon of our State's name. He has vindicated her in the eyes of her sister States for all misconduct of the past.

We should never forget the man who brought our State again to its own in the time when it was down-and-out. His name should grow sweeter to our ears as time rolls on in its flight, and we do not hesitate to predict that his fame shall be more resplendent with glory and honor in the years to come—for his is no mean character and his type of greatness is the durable and lasting kind.

WOODROW WARD, '19.

Our Sentinels

The two brown towers of Wofford
Are pointing ever to the sky,
Always faithful reminders
Of that which is noble and high.

Like two ne'er-resting sentinels
Who watch o'er their charges well,
They ever appeal, tho' silently,
To students who beneath them dwell.

They stand, they guard, and they point
Through the busy day and silent night,
While we forget their meaning,
Trying to win in the strenuous fight.

But the fight which they help us win
In pointing upward their hands,
Is lifting the foggy present,
That we may see to distant lands.

The silent shades of night may come,
The morning sun may early rise,
But faithfully they ever stand,
Raising upward our thoughts to the skies.

C. A. C., '16.

The Monroe Doctrine—A Policy of the Past

(Editor's Note:—We think the following essay should prove of unusual interest, especially at this particular time, when the Monroe Doctrine is being assailed from all sides. It expresses the sincere viewpoint of South America, as represented by our fellow student, Mr. Cabral, of Brazil.)

IN THE year of 1819 the United States of North America, being then the only nation on the American continents that had sufficient strength to gain even a scanty and discourteous hearing from the mighty countries of the Old Word, declared "that from henceforth the territory of the American continents is not to be subject to colonization by any European power." This promulgation has been known since then by the name of the Monroe Doctrine, in honor of its author, the Chief Executive of the United States at that time.

The meaning of this doctrine to the safety and preservation of the American democracies has been beyond the expectations of its own originators, and it may be said that in the history of the human race there has never been any policy of such a character that has produced grander results or more latent effects. Its adoption by the United States was brought about not only as a matter of policy in the interest of the republics of Latin-America, which countries were then at the formation of their lives as nationalities and were duly expecting from the strongest nation of the continents the guardianship of their democracies from the ravages of the ambitious countries of the Holy Alliance; but more so as a matter of policy in its own interest. It is very logical and not beyond reason that the very presence of a strong colony of some unsympathetic nation of Europe or any Asiatic power too close to the United States would affect the vitality and stability of her democracy, if not endanger even her own existence as a world power. So it is clearly seen that the meaning of the Monroe Doctrine is twofold, and that when the fifth President of the United States, James Monroe, announced his policy of preservation, he not only saved Latin-

American democracies, but as well that of the United States from the hands of the European timocracies.

The nations of Latin-America had just obtained their independence when the Monroe Doctrine was announced. They were in an extreme state of political and industrial prostration, which may account for the fact that they were not consulted as to their opinion of the policy before its adoption by the United States. As a mother forces medicine down in the throat of her child, the United States thrust her protection upon Latin-America by adopting the Monroe Doctrine. Nevertheless, much good was derived from this policy by the nations of Latin-America. The Monroe Doctrine met their conditions by giving them time to attend to internal affairs with a certain degree of safety from any European intervention, because they were not by any means able to contend with European countries and resist their aggressions without the help of the United States. In fact, even the strongest of the anti-Monroeists are obliged to acknowledge that there is not a shadow of a doubt that this policy, today styled as an "obsolete shibboleth," has done a great deal for the Latin-American nations, and very probably saved some of them from destruction equal to that of Poland in the Middle Ages. The Monroe Doctrine as a policy of the past is an everlasting monument of human foresight and ingenuity applied to international diplomacy.

But let us not forget the fact that with the decades conditions and circumstances which one day in the past warranted the existence of the Monroe Doctrine have greatly changed. Today we find the romantic nations of America are awakening from their prolonged lethargy, and some of them have succeeded in establishing themselves in the ranks of the most civilized countries of the world. As time passes, the danger of the black hand of revolution and anarchy, which have for a long time been sapping the vitality of those countries, is gradually disappearng. Those countries have so far succeeded in elevating their standard as nationalities in a most wonderful and striking manner. Examples of their progress are many.

The transformation of the City of Rio from a yellow fever center to one of the most healthful and beautiful cities of America; Argentina's appearance in the markets of the world as one of the great wheat producers; and the formation of the A. B. C. alliance between Brazil, Argentina, and Chile are only a few among many living examples which are a fair index to the character of the progress these Latin-American nations have made in the last ten years. The Latin-American nations have done in decades what took European powers centuries.

And yet in their efforts to better their conditions the Latin-American nations are not receiving a square deal, or even encouragement, from their stronger northern republic. Uncle Sam, once the protector of the defenseless child, is now placing himself in a most delicate and questionable situation by his hard-headedness in still continuing to thrust his unwelcome attentions on the children, who are now grown-ups and able to take care of themselves. The majority of the Latin-American nations have proved by their recent progress as civilized nations that they are able to claim their interests and defend their possessions without the intervention of any foreign nation. They claim that they are entitled to have a share of the burden of responsibilities which fall to any group of nations which maintain such a policy as the Monroe Doctrine. Moreover, there is a strong feeling manifested by public opinion in South America against the Monroe Doctrine. The weaker nations of Latin-America consider it as an ever-present menace, and the stronger take it as a sort of insult to their dignity. The state of affairs as it exists in the present cannot last very much longer, if we are going by the precedents in the history of the world. Sooner or later a crisis will arise, and the possibilities of a conflict of opinions may ruin the chance which the American nations have for a lasting peace and friendship among themselves. Such a state of affairs may prove unprofitable to the United States from all standpoints.

Popular opinion in South America is that the Monroe

Doctrine of the United States is an excuse under whose shadow this country is seeking to obtain in the end the so-much-wanted desire of her ambitions—extensiveness of territory. Of course, such an accusation as to the motives of the United States in upholding such a doctrine is disclaimed by her statesmen in the most elaborate and eloquent words. But we must not forget that old adage which says that actions speak much louder than words. How can the United States explain her actions from time to time in the Caribbean sea? Some of her actions would require explanations which would be detrimental to her present standing as a civilized nation. Whenever there has been a chance the proud American eagle has not yet failed to spread her mighty wings and with her talons seize the fallen by the wayside in the American continent. Under the pretense of bettering local conditions, Texas and California have been taken over; Guatamo bay has come under the control of the American flag, and the same fate met the customs receipts of Santo Domingo; troops have been sent over to Nicaragua; and the Panama isthmus purchased from a rebel leader who ought to have never been recognized. These are just a few instances in which the self-appointed guardian of the Caribbean sea has prevented foreign nations from taking parts of American territory—by the simple method of taking them herself. These facts illustrate in a most forcible manner the lack of principle which is the chief characteristic of the Monroe Doctrine today.

It is a known fact that the Latin-American nations will not stand for such a state of affairs much longer, nor is it fair or square for the United States to expect them to do it. The United States must either give up the Monroe Doctrine and adopt some other kind of policy, or lose the friendship of the Latin-American people. By giving up the friendship of Latin-America the United States will be the loser, financially and politically, and will eventually give up the Monroe Doctrine as a protective policy. Some of the people of the United States already see the fallacy of the Monroe Doctrine as a protective policy, but their misconception of national pride

and fears that the country will lose its prestige as a world power by giving up the Monroe Doctrine cause them to refuse to think of the time when this old doctrine must be given up and another one accepted in its place. "Pride goes before the fall;" runs the old adage; and the truth in that proverb goes to prove that the United States had far better give up the Monroe Doctrine and be an important factor in the declaration of some other policy which is more in accord with the sound principles of a stable democracy.

It is necessary that the Monroe Doctrine be given up for the welfare of America, but at the same time we think it unwise not to have any policy to keep European and Asiatic nations from colonizing in the American continent: for some of the nations of South and Central America as a whole are not able as yet to stand alone without some kind of policy to protect them from foreign pressure and to enable them to attend to their internal affairs with more satisfaction. Hence, some other kind of protective policy is essential to the safety of their democracies; but this policy which we propose must not be according to the motives which prompted that of Monroe, nor must it be enforced by the United States alone, but by all American nations.

This new policy of protection has met the approval of the foremost diplomats and statesmen in both Americas. For this doctrine to have the utmost effect and be a success, it must be backed by all American nations. A clear understanding and a firm friendship among themselves is absolutely essential to the success of this new policy. This policy is simple in its character, forceful in its meaning. It can be explained in a very few words, each word having a meaning of its own, and this is the outline of it: America for Americans—a policy enforced by the nations of the American continent.

The day when this doctrine must come to exist is close, and can be safely predicted; for it is simply a matter of few years. Then, and only then, with the nations of Europe and Asia respect the whole American continent. Such a policy will cause the European timocracies to give up their hopes of

colonizing any portion of the continent of freedom. The friendship among American nations will be a lasting monument ever present in the memories and hearts of posterity; and together Americans, Latin and Anglo-Saxon, will defy the world.

The United States will then be more able and free to bring to pass one of her most cherished dreams, which is to have the absence of the sound of the war drum and the footfall of armed legions in the American continents, and lastly the time when the war drum sounds no more in the whole world. The American continent will continue to be the land of the free, a balancing factor in the world, and ultimately the fairest Utopia of democracy.

N. V. C., '16.

Nature's Touch

'Tis wonderful to sit and look
Upon the works of Nature's hand;
To watch the changes that she makes
As with a touch of magic wand.

Today the trees are clothed in green,
And green the hillside's upturned face;
Bright colored birds flash here and there,
And flowers bloom with queen-like grace.

But Nature waves her hand, and lo!
The green is turned to gold and red;
The hills are bare, the meadows brown,
The maple tree its leaf has shed.

The dappled summer skies are gray,
The iridescent sunset's gone;
The pale anemones are dead,
And winter holds its tryst alone.

And thus the seasons come and go,
Each held in place by Nature's hand;
But back of Nature God holds sway,
And Nature does but His command.

G. D. S., '18.

Mountain Mary

"SON, SIXTY YEARS today—it's our anniversary—we met, your mother and I. Nowadays girls and boys are so much different. All they think about is money, money—how much the girl is worth, or the boy. This is especially true when there's talk of a marriage. But, ah! how much different your mother and I were in our day and time. We worked together, planned and watched our dimes grow into dollars as we stored them away into our saving jar. We made our little cottage a veritable paradise among the roses. Son, I have a request to ask of you. You know I shall soon cross over that river which we all must cross and meet your mother. It grieves me very much when I think of your being alone. If you only had a girl like the one who married your dad fifty-seven years ago I could die contented."

"Pshaw, Dad! Cut out this dejected mood; no use to be so sad," replied the son. "Of course, I'll find no other sort of a girl."

"But—but—these new days are so different," complained the decrepit old man.

This was the conversation that took place at the breakfast table between father and son. After breakfast was over they went to the library. The son had been watching his old father of late. Something seemed to rest heavily on his mind. The son wondered what his old governor was worried over. This was the first time he had heard of the old man's worries. When his father was seated in a comfortable old-fashioned arm chair, the son gave him a familiar pat on his shoulders.

"Oh, is this all," he laughed, "that disturbs you, governor? About as well rest easy, for I have already settled this. I'll show you the finest girl you ever saw within three months. You only trust me."

"Oh! Is that so, my boy?"

"Sure it is true. Now, dad, I have an engagement with Ned Powell at the club. Is there anything you care for now?"

"No, thank you, son."

"Well, adieu for the present," flung back the boy, striding out of the room.

On arriving at the club, he at once pulled his chum Ned aside—he always did when he had something to confide—and said: "Ned, old guy, the governor has me in a pickle right."

"What's that?" asked Ned. "You have not been troubling the old man's temper, have you, with some of your school-boyish notions?"

"Worse than that."

"What?"

"Yes; I promised the governor to have the nicest pair of female blue eyes he ever looked into within three months. You see, he's very much concerned about my matrimonial affairs. He was worrying about it this morning, so I popped up and told him to be happy as a lark, for I already had a girl that I would show him within three months."

"Haw-haw—he-aw-haw!" shouted Ned. "This is rich, John, I declare it is!" Then he let go another outburst of laughter.

"But, Ned, old man, I am not joking a bit. I—"

"Who said you were joking? Can't you take a little fun?"

"Yes, but—"

"Come, let's have a game of pool," insisted Ned. "Let girls go to hang!"

As he picked up his cue from a chair near by, he noticed the following advertisement in the *Gazette:*

> "WANTED—A man to teach a three months' summer school situated in the heart of the Blue Grass region. References required. School opens July 1st. Apply—"

"By Jimmies, Ned! I have an idea. Look." He pointed at the above advertisement. "The very thing, too!" exclaimed John, just before aiming to make his shot.

"Rats! Cut out this tommy rot! Come on with your shot. I am going to beat you, anyway."

"Go to the dickens! I am minding my own business," retorted John.

He then laid aside his cue and calmly proceeded to cut out the advertisement with his penknife.

* * * * * * * *

It was three weeks later that John Alderman stood perspiring at a little mountain railway station. His disappointment could easily be seen written on his face. A Blue Grass region! The very opposite—a miserable old mountain station right in the heart of the Blue Ridge mountain ranges. But presently his reverie was interrupted by a dwarfish, freckle-faced lad, who poked his little, dried-up face under John's nose.

"Sis says ter ax yer if ye alls dat gen'man ter teach us-uns school. If yer is, us-uns hosses is mighty high sper'ted. S'pec' yer had better come on."

"Why, certainly, sonny. Where's your sister?"

"Yander." The lad pointed. "See dem big grays—best dis side of Johnson City, too."

John followed the boy to a big old rickety buckboard. Hitched to it stood two high-spirited iron gray horses, prancing and jumping. A slender strip of a girl sat calmly in the old vehicle. As he approached the horses, he heard her saying: "Be calm, Pete! Stand still, Jack!" He at once recognized that the girl was an expert horsewoman. The horses were attempting to leap up with their front feet into the air. But at the familiar command they immediately became quiet.

"Miss—er—er—my name is Alderman—John Alderman," he addressed the girl, standing near the front wheel with his hat in hand.

"This's my sis," grinned the urchin. "Joan, ain't us-uns mos' ready to lef' here?"

"Wait a moment! I have a steamer trunk."

The urchin ran directly into the station and soon returned with the old station negro, who was bringing the trunk on his shoulder. The negro deposited the trunk heavily on the rear

of the rickety old vehicle. It fairly shook under the load. The horses became frightened and leaped forward, to be pulled down suddenly by the girl.

"Say, Mister, ye kin set up thar wid sis. I'se gwine ter sot on dis here box of yourn," said the urchin, as he climbed aboard.

A moment later John found himself seated by this strange but beautiful girl. She was an expert driver. The grays leaped into the air and darted to the roadside, only to be pulled back into the roadway. He tried to bring her out into a conversation, but she would merely answer his questions.

"About how large a school have you?" he inquired.

"That hain't many—thar's Jane Auld, Sarah Blackney," she enumerated; "then thar's the Fowlers across Paul Holler."

He saw there was very little information to be gained in that quarter.

"Do you go to school?" he asked, thinking probably to draw her out that way.

"No; hain't much larnin' I've got. I wanted the wustest in the world to have some larnin', but—" she broke off in a sob. "I wuz always crazy to be like them city folks. But pa's dead, and ma—she ain't very strong—"

In vain he tried to get her to talk on, but she simply smiled at him and clucked to her horses.

Presently they drove up in front of a log cabin that stood half-way up a slope. Two lean, flop-eared hounds greeted them with loud barking.

"Shut up, thar, Cube! Git back, Jupe!" the girl ordered, as she leaped over the front wheel and chased the dogs away with her dogwood switch.

"Sorry, Mister," she said, blushing, "that you hain't a better place to stop. It might have been wurser, though."

Then, speaking to the boy, she said: "Run them dogs off and show this gent'man in th' house. Make him feel at home."

"But I'll help you with your horses," he said.

"No, no. Pete and Jack hain't use ter strangers—besides, you will soil them fine breechers of yourn." Before he could

hardly realize what had been done, she had him by the hand and was pulling him out over the front wheel. Then, with one leap, she landed into the old vehicle.

"Come up, thar!" she commanded the horses, pulling up the reins. Off the rickety outfit went. "See yer in a minute," she flung back. "Go, Bill, do what I sed."

The lad led the way to the cabin, which in itself was a simple piece of architecture. It was made of logs, notched and fitted together, and was covered with boards. There was a porch in front of the cabin which extended half-way around each side of it. A white rose rambled over the lattice frame on each side of the doorsteps. The urchin stopped him on the porch.

"Set thar a while, Mister," he said, pointing to a rustic chair in the far corner of the porch. "I mus' see maw a leetle bit."

The stranger immediately found himself alone. He walked up and down the length of the porch, examining the vines and roses cleverly framed. He wondered who could have done this. He stopped to examine a fern that was trained up from an old paint bucket on a wire frame. He smiled to himself. "Some one sure has taste," he thought. These flowers looked like the cultivated ones which are seen in a florist's garden. Somebody—

"Maw says fer ye to cum in," the urchin cried, thrusting his freckled face out of the doorway. "Din'er is dun."

He followed his little host, informally, into the cabin. Through the main body of the cabin he went and on into a shed-room. When he entered the shed-room he saw a table already steaming with dishes of victuals. The girl met him and, smiling sweetly, said:

"Set down, please, Mister. We hain't got much; but a leetle of maw's black coffee will make you as spry as a jay bird."

He sat down in an old home-made skin-bottom chair. The boy sat across the table from him.

"Bill, kain't yer pass the gent'man the greens?" she asked.

"Mister, make yerself at home," she continued. "We'uns air mighty plain fo'ks, we'uns air. Maw, she hain't er feelin' good—jes' a leetle po'ly. But, jis' th' same, you enjoy yerself the best ye kin."

He was tired and hungry. The black Java coffee smelled delicious. He helped himself to big gulps of it. Then on bacon and collards he feasted. He thought there was no better meal enjoyed—not even the banquets at his club. The strange mountain girl served him hot coffee and batters right from the old piece of an iron box which was once a stove. He enjoyed this as much as any little school boy.

"Say, Mister Alderman, Mister Scott, the head of this school, told me ter tell yer to be ready in th' mornin'. He'd take yer over an' break yer in wi' them schul'uns."

"Why, that's all right. Tell Mr. Scott I shall be ready. What's Bill going to do for the next hour?"

"Oh, nuthin', nuthin'!" Bill exclaimed.

"If it is convenient," he continued, addressing the boy, "I would be glad for you to show me over the school house. I want to see it before I begin work."

"Sure I kin tek yer," answered Bill.

As soon as dinner was over with Bill conducted the new professor to the old log school house, about a mile away up the mountain side. The building was a one-room log cabin. A mud chimney in one corner served in the winter time for the source of heating the room. The desks were made of half-logs, with holes bored in the round part and legs inserted. A long bench of the same material served for the seats.

On the way back down the mountain trail, Bill pointed to where an old cabin rested, a little way off from the trail among some chestnut trees.

"Maw says dat's whar yer is ter sleep, kaze we hain't no room to spare at us-uns' house."

"What's that, Bill? Am I intruding on you all?"

"No. Kain't tell yer what yer air drivin' at. But maw, she sed dis mornin' dat Joan could cook yer breakfast an' tote

it up fer yer, an' have yer sup'er when yer got back frum de school. Yer take yer din'er wid ye."

"Why, Bill, my boy, I am afraid that will be too much trouble for Miss Joan. I can—"

"No, yer hain't, nuther," Bill interrupted. "Maw sed dem dar wuds, an' what she says is th' law an' gospel truf, too. So s'pec' yer had better not cross her."

They were now descending the trail very near the back of Bill's home. Joan met them at the back door as they came up. She was busily engaged in dressing a chicken.

"Mister Alderman," she called, "maw says fer us-uns ter show ye yer room, but it's a leetle way up thar on yer way ter yer school. She says ter tell yer she shore am mighty sor'y ter onconvenient yer so, but kaze we hain't but two rooms here we hain't no exter sleepin' place."

"Why, Miss Joan, that's all right, perfectly. Bill has been telling me about this. And I want to say you need not bring my meals to me, for I am able to come for them."

Next day he went to his little school house. Several groups of men and children and a few women had already assembled. As he came up to the steps, a man came up to him and introduced himself as Mr. Scott, the boss of the trustee bunch. They entered the school room together. He tapped the little bell that hung in one corner of the room. All the children—a motley crowd—flocked in. Mr. Scott arose and addressed the children and their mountain parents, who came for mere curiosity or, as they afterward told him, "ter break their young-uns in the firs' day." Mr. Scott proceeded to enumerate the new teacher's past honors, adding some of his own manufacturing, and concluded by saying in a threatening manner:

"An' he kin lick a dozen of yer good fer nuthin' scalawags, besides. So, jes' make yerself as leetle hearn of an' larn all his larnin'."

Nothing eventful happened after his opening day. The children were strong, vigorous mountaineer children, who, with a little painstaking training, learned remarkably fast. He watched with great interest how eager they were to grasp

every new subject that they studied. In the evenings he returned to his cabin to find a steaming-hot supper. He had protested, but in vain, with the strange mountain girl about coming to cook his supper. Early every morning she would steal silently into his little dining room—a shed-room built onto the main body of the cabin—and cook his breakfast. By the time the sun was rising he found his breakfast ready.

"You are indeed good to me," he often remarked.

She would then look at him in a wistful way and smile. She always paid strict attention to her work. One afternoon he sat in the doorway watching her prepare his supper. He had returned a little early that afternoon from his school.

"Miss Joan, wouldn't you like to read books? I believe you said once you loved to read. Any time you wish to read any of my books, you are at liberty to help yourself. They are at your service."

He noticed that she blushed a little, but he thought it was only her peculiar mountain way. He also noticed that she started to say something, but hesitated.

"Thank yer. Much oblige' fer yer kindness," she answered, regaining her composure. "I will when I kin fin' th' time. Mister, would yer," she then asked, "like ter kum with me early in th' mornin' ter see an old Fowler critter? 'Tain't no way over thar. Old Mis' Fowler, she has a cough, poor critter. She seems ter be near dade. Maw has fixed up some truck an' told me ter tek hit ter her."

"Why, certainly," he answered. "I shall be very glad to go with you. If I can help the sick lady, I'll be pleased."

Early next morning he awoke to find two horses saddled and waiting outside his door. He went to the dining room and found that his breakfast was ready.

"Hurry with yer eatin'," she said, entering the door just as he sat down to his table. He made quick work of his meal, and soon they were in the saddle and hurrying down the trail. They wound around the narrow trail, up steep slopes and across small gullies. Half-way up a steep slope, after they had been riding for about thirty minutes, she

pointed her dogwood riding whip toward a big ravine that lay about a league away and said:

"Jest a leetle across that ravine is old Mis' Fowler's."

After crossing the bridge which spanned this ravine, an old hound greeted them with his barks, and continued until they had hitched their horses to the rail fence that zig-zagged around the house. Then he trotted, wagging his tail in a friendly manner, behind the girl as she strode on heavily in her coarse brogan shoes toward the steps of the dilapidated cabin—the shingles were rotten, and some were gray with a fungus growth. In fact, the appearance of the whole house seemed to be of decay. The girl walked up to the door and pulled the latchstring.

"Come in," she invited the professor, as the door swung open.

He followed her into a dark room, where over in one corner he saw an old woman in a crouched position.

"Mis' Fowler," the girl said, "here's some truck maw sent yer."

The old woman moved; then came a feeble answer:

"Joan! Joan! Come here!" Then came a jerky hiccough.

The girl stepped lightly over to the old woman and took a glass of water from some place in a dark corner and poured into it a dose of medicine.

"Here, tek some of maw's stuff. Hit'll hope yer," she soothed.

"Ah, child, s'pec' my days is 'most up," groaned the old woman.

After administering to the old lady's needs, the professor and girl remounted their horses.

"Yer know, Mister, that wuz a mighty fine woman once; but her triflin, good fer nuthin' boys went an' left her without even a piece of bread to live on."

" 'Tis a pity she had such boys."

"Yes, but that hain't th' wust of hit. She wuz 'bleeged ter work in all kin' of we'ther an' didn't tek any keer of her-

self. So, yer see, she has a bad cough. Poor critter, she is coughin' away her bref."

At that moment his horse pricked up his ears and gave a snort just as they neared the ravine where the old hound had first greeted them. A long blacksnake crawled across the trail directly in front of the little rustic bridge. His horse stood upon his hind legs and made one big leap over the bridge, throwing him violently against a big rock.

* * * * * * * *

"What's all this? Where—what does this mean?" he stammered, looking around over a room. "Where am I?"

Then a pain shot across his forehead; some one bent over him and adjusted a bandage on his head.

"Young man, better be quiet and rest," the person ordered.

"Who are you?"

"Doctor Parker."

"Parker? What are you doing here? What does this mean?"

"You see, young man," the doctor began, "you are a little bit worsted from your fall. You had better thank that lady who was with you. She saved your life. Why, when I found you, she had torn her skirts into shreds and bandaged your head and arm up better than I could have done. If she hadn't, you would have bled to death before I could have reached you."

"But," inquired the teacher, "how came you here?"

"Oh, that's easily told. Why, old Scott rode like fire to the village and brought me."

"Yes, but how did Mr. Scott know—"

"You blundering idiot," laughed the doctor. "Who do you think told him? President Wilson?"

Presently the girl entered and took her seat near his bed. She then prepared a dose of the medicine which the doctor a moment before had given him. She was very attentive in administering to his needs. At times he was delirious. But when he gradually grew stronger and his fever became lower, he would watch the girl knitting, sitting in her chair near his

bed. He would count the stitches sometimes. Sometimes she would tease him by placing the needles in his hands and show him how to use them, then laugh at his stupidity. He grew stronger and stronger. He was tired of the bed, but somehow all the past few weeks seemed like a dream. A great change had come over him. He never knew what it was until he had seen the bandage—the strips of the skirt. Then he felt himself growing deeper in love every day.

It was a bright July morning, one day, when Joan came over and took her seat by the doorway. In the chestnut tree just outside of his door a mockingbird was perched. He could see him as the breeze gently swayed the limb on which he was perched. Above him was his mate. The mockingbird began singing—he sang, sang—gradually working himself toward the female bird—his sweetheart bird. When he came to the lady bird, their bills met for an instant—then they flew away together. He had watched all this. Then, turning to the strange but beautiful mountain girl, he called:

"Joan—Miss Joan—come here. Sit by my bed."

She obeyed, smiling sweetly at him.

"Joan, what if I loved you?"

"Oh!" She looked up.

"Yes, Joan, what if I loved you?" he repeated.

"Do you?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Yes, very much."

"Sure?"

"Absolutely certain, dear Joan. I have since the moment I found those bandages."

She blushed.

"Joan, you care, dearie? When did you first care?"

"I think," she finally said, looking very thoughtful, "it was the moment you were touched by those mean boys' treatment of their mother."

"Joan, dearie, we love each other—don't we?"

"Yes."

"Joan, dearie, I have a secret."

"And so have I," she smiled.

"Yes, you seem to have—why are you talking such good English now?"

She laughed. "Yes. And you are not a mere mountain teacher, either?"

"Oh, never mind that! But tell me yours first."

She glided over to the corner of the room and pulled out of her wastebasket a card, then a roll of paper. She handed them over to him. He unrolled the paper. It was a diploma!

"What! A diploma, Joan? By George! let's see where from."

"Wellsley," he read. "Julian Mary Armstrong, Bachelor of Arts, etc."

"Oh, Julian, my Mary!" he exclaimed, "your secret is far greater than mine."

She smiled and said: "I know yours already."

"What? How do you?" he asked.

Then he glanced at her card: "Julia Mary Armstrong, Atlantic City."

"Mary, dear girl," he said, "I am afraid if I read much more I'll lose you—it all seems like a dream. You," he continued, "Julia Mary Armstrong, the great novelist?"

"Yes."

"How came you here?"

"Ah!" she laughed. "It is easy. But you were very silly and stupid! I came out here to spend a few weeks to get some local color for my stories. I wanted to know something about the old mountain feuds at first hand. So I ran away and came out here. These people liked me at first, and Mr. Scott brought me your application to get my approval. I at once recognized your handwriting, for you remember you once corresponded with my roommate at Wellsley. I thought it would be great fun to play off ignorant and be like one of these mountain people. So I had Mr. Scott to arrange to have you stay here. You have been stupid indeed not to catch me in my slang."

"Julia Mary, do you still love me?" he asked.

"Why, of course, John," she laughed. "Do you expect me to change so early?"

"Then, let's go back to the city tomorrow. Dad will be the proudest person alive when I tell him how you cooked for me, how you cared for me, how you, my own sweet mountain girl, saved my life."

"No." She shook her head. "Send for him. I love these mountains. Don't you? Let's stay here until summer has passed."

The old man was sent for. He came very near dying with joy when he saw Julia Mary and John married.

"To think," he said, "she can cook, wash, sew, and even manage the horses! She is just like my own wife—my own Mary in heaven." "R., '16."

Our Foot Ball Team

Owl —Suggs
TU**b**er'—Kenny
TR**a**mp—Mims

Forty—Moore
MO**s**e —Burnett
MO uth —Pruitt
ST one —Williams

Burr —Carter
J**A**ke —Covington
SL**i**m —Hamer
PL**u**g —Osborne

Tige —Boyle
PE**t**e —Peterson
RA stus—Whitesides
Ji**M** —Sprott

—B. S., '16.

WOFFORDISMS

When a Freshman comes to college
And tries to be a sport,
It generally means nothing more
Than a "four" on his report.

* * *

Don't think that because we win a football game, we are going to raid a picture show.

* * *

Of all the sad words
To a Freshman, no doubt,
The saddest are these:
"The Sophs are out."

* * *

Speaking of good football players, Wofford has Capt. Hamer and Forty-one Moore.

* * *

Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
But the greenest thing in all the world
Is the greenness of some Freshmen, O!

* * *

While recalls are in order, we demand a recall of the dormitory butter.

* * *

Some Sophomores are at least a little above an omniverous biped.

For unremitting, accretive, voluminous nothingness, the talk of some would-be smart Sophomores to apparently green Freshmen can find no equal.

* * *

Who said green caps, anyhow?

* * *

Theory suggests and experience has proved the statement that no Freshman should be allowed to go rowing upon the wide and treacherous current called college life without a real good paddle (ing).

* * *

Some Seniors' records do not seem to play very well on some professors' graphophones.

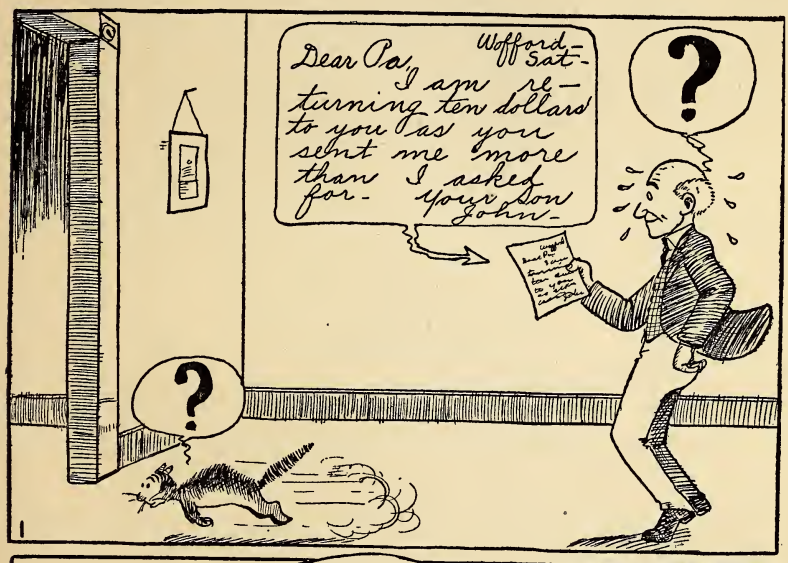
* * *

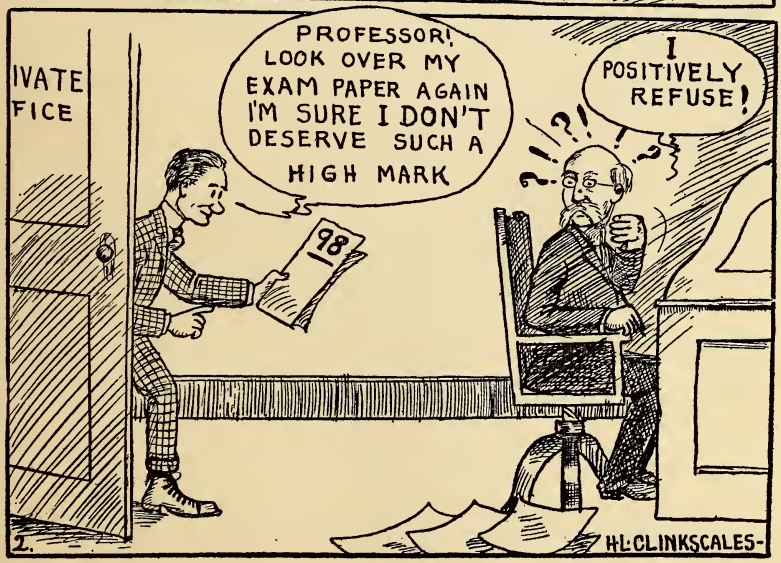
Freshmen will please take special care in crossing the streets, or their class may be easily divided into the quick and the dead.

* * *

To all students: The high cost of living is not near so great as the cost of high living.

THINGS WE NEVER SAY





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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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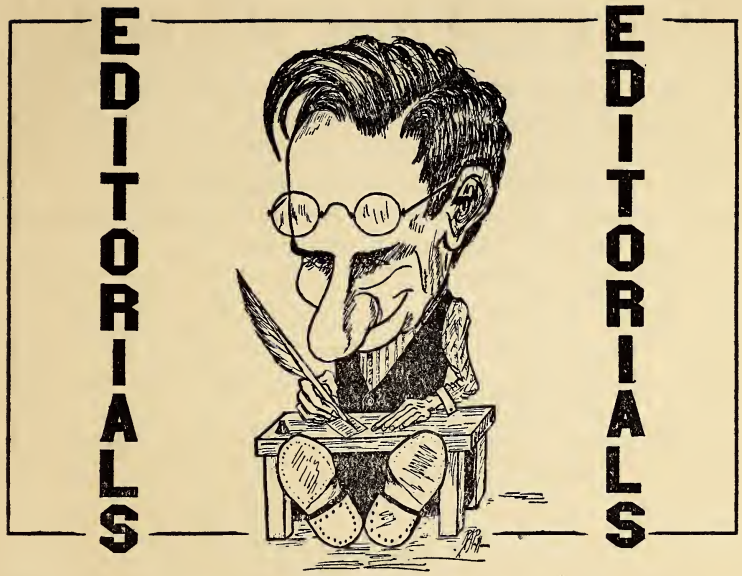


WALTER W. DANIEL.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
T. J. WILLIAMSON.....ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Greetings!

Father Time marches on. With this month's issue we start a new cycle in the history of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. Just what the outcome will be we are not prepared to say. That depends upon you as much as upon us. The entire JOURNAL staff realizes its responsibility and appreciates the trust you have bestowed upon it. It is our chief aim and ambition to publish a magazine that will be up to the standard which Wofford has set in previous years—namely, to print a magazine second to no other college publication in South Carolina. To do this, we *must* have your full co-operation. Will we have to beg for it?

A college is judged by the representatives that it sends out. Insomuch as Wofford is a literary college and the JOURNAL is a literary production, the JOURNAL should be more truly representative of Wofford than any other of its representatives. Will you join in and help to make it so?

In previous years the JOURNAL has been of highest rank. It has been Wofford's pride. This year we hope to maintain the set standard, and with your help will be able to do so. We beg you not to wait for the other fellow to write, but be the first to see your own work in print.

We invite your criticism. If you find fault with us, let us know. Telling the other fellow will not help either of us. If you are pleased with us, tell us about it. Praise, when justly merited, is an incentive to bigger and better work. Harsh and unjust criticism serves only to discourage. We only ask that in your criticism you use Arnold's method; that is, criticise in a disinterested way. Do not allow your personal prejudices to enter into the matter.

We ask your support and co-operation. We promise you our best efforts. Is not this fair?

Prohibition

Peace and joy to South Carolina! Any one needs but to hear these words to know their meaning. Perhaps there has been no greater joy and satisfaction to the reformers of South Carolina than the news of the result of the election held September 14, which decided whether intoxicating liquors should in the future be sold in our State. Needless to say, this victory over liquor means a great deal to the future of South Carolina. Not only was it welcome to the active reformers of the State, but even to the humblest home. And, further than that, South Carolina's move cannot be confined to selfish interests, for its example radiates to other States and means another score for prohibition throughout the country. And, too, coming closer home, prohibition is not merely an example to other States, but is an example on the part of fathers to their sons, who in time must take up the reins of government and in whose hands rest the future of South Carolina. Let it be hoped that this example and this victory may lead to greater motives and greater victories in time to come. And may the great chain of prohibition soon bind our country and be a means of bringing to it peace and welfare.

A New Book by Dr. Wallace

As the author of "The Civil Government of the United States and South Carolina," "The Constitutional History of South Carolina," and numerous special articles on historical and economic subjects, Dr. Wallace has established a wide reputation as a scholarly investigator in these particular lines. He has just added another book as the fruit of many years of research in his chosen field, "The Life of Henry Laurens," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, was one of the most distinguished among the Revolutionary leaders. He was a rich planter and merchant, a man who rendered invaluable service to the colony of South Carolina during the days immediately preceding the Revolution; was President of the Continental Congress in the most trying period of the great struggle; was captured by the British while on his way to perform an important service for his country among the neutral States of Europe, confined for a number of years as a political prisoner in the Tower of London, and after his release was the agent of the new republic in many matters of necessary adjustment after the war. Dr. Wallace's book is thus the biography of a notable and large figure in shaping the destinies of the United States while they were becoming a nation.

But the book is something more than a record of the life of this important character. Henry Laurens' interests and activities and achievements touched in a vital way the whole life of pre-revolutionary South Carolina and, in some ways, of all the colonies—social, economic, and political. Therefore, in the effort to draw for us Henry Laurens as he was, Dr. Wallace has also given to us an authentic picture of his world, not only how he lived and what he did, but also the life of the people, their industries, their trade and commerce, their social intercourse, and their political discussions and activities that led up to the Revolution. The book thus becomes an important contribution to our knowledge of this exceedingly significant period as well as a record of the life and

character of a man who helped largely to make it so significant.

The search for the facts and the organization of the material are in full accord with the scientific spirit and method of treatment. On every page of the book one is impressed with the conviction that Dr. Wallace has spared no pains to get at the original sources, and that, whatever may be said of his conclusions, at least he has done his best to set the facts in the case clearly before us. The result is that we feel that here is a dependable presentation of a great life and a record of an important period in American history done with such thoroughness and with such a close fidelity to facts that the life and the record will not need to be superseded by another.

Dr. Edwards

After an absence of two years, Dr. V. C. Edwards is again with us. We are glad to welcome him back. Granted a two years' leave of absence, Mr. Edwards left us to take a university course for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. During his absence his position in the chemistry department was filled by Prof. J. W. Scott, who has now gone in quest of a Ph. D. We are all glad to welcome Mr. Edwards back on the campus. He has a high reputation for efficiency and thoroughness of work, and we wish for him all the success possible.

"EDITORIALETTES"

Several essays were handed in to us for this month's issue which, on account of scarcity of space, we were not able to publish. They were all, generally speaking, very good, and we are saving them for a future issue. Hence, if you do not find your essay in this number, you may know we are holding it back. There was a woeful lack of stories (in regard to number) handed us this month. We want to urge everybody to try to write.

For the benefit of Freshmen, who will soon be writing themes for Dr. Pugh, we give the following equivalents for Dr. Pugh's marks:

A=Awful	E=Excellent
B=Bad	F=Fine
C=Classy	G=Glorious
D=Dandy	

We suggest that students transmit these marks to their parents.

The following are a few newspaper criticisms of Dr. Wallace's new book which should prove of interest to both students and outsiders:

The story is interesting in substance and exceedingly well told.—*New York Times,* August 29, 1915.

A distinctly valuable contribution to American biography. * * * Prof. Wallace gives evidence of indefatigable research favored by fortunate advantages of access to the "sources," and has put together the results of his industry in commendable style. * * * The attractive element in this well told story is the representation of a man stoutly patriotic, but not a jingo. * * * So commanding in interest is Prof. Wallace's handling of Laurens' services in national office * * * that we are moved with some misgivings of our selection for treatment of the earlier, less familiar part of the narrative. But the distinctive service of this biographer is perhaps the preparation of a proper background for the picture of the South Carolina patriot.—*New York Sun,* July 18,1915.

Story of his life is full of interest and ought to be widely read. It is very complete, every page bearing evidence of patient investigation and careful statement. The author has succeeded in bringing from neglect, which is as unfortunate for ourselves as undeserved for him, a man whom Professor Tyler calls "the noblest Roman of them all—the unsurpassed embodiment of the proudest, finest, wittiest, most efficient,

and most chivalrous Americanism of his time."—*New Haven Times,* July 15, 1915.

The following is taken from a story handed in to us this month:

> The family was seated at the table. Tabby was lazily rubbing her sides against the legs of the chairs. Little Willie was lustily shouting that he wanted the drum-stick. Sister Kate was quietly but firmly insisting that he must wait until the blessing was asked. In came Aunt 'Cinda with another waiter full of food. Pa asked the blessing. Little Mary looked at Ma and said sadly:
>
> "I know what I wish. I wish Jim was home from Wofford so he could help us eat all this good chicken."
>
> "Yes," sighed Ma, "home is not as cheerful as it was when he was here."
>
> Pa said nothing, but dived deeper into his cup of coffee.

Do you know why we wouldn't publish it in the first issue?

It is a good plan to lay up for a rainy day, but students should learn that every day is not a rainy day.

THE LOCAL COLLEGES.

Wofford and Converse Colleges have both opened with splendid lists of students, and the outlook at each of these institutions is for a splendid year's work. The attendance at each is better than last year, we understand, thus indicating a return of good times to the State.

What is true of Wofford and Converse appears to be true of the other institutions of learning in the State. All report good attendance.

The people of Spartanburg are delighted that the local institutions have had such a bright opening. Last year at this time the financial clouds were hanging low over our State and

there were great fears for both of the local colleges. Both survived the storm in splendid shape, however, the attendance at each last year being real good, all things being considered.

Spartanburg has no greater assets than Wofford and Converse Colleges.—*Spartanburg Journal,* September 22.

Well, we didn't beat P. C., but we let P. C. know there had been a football game.

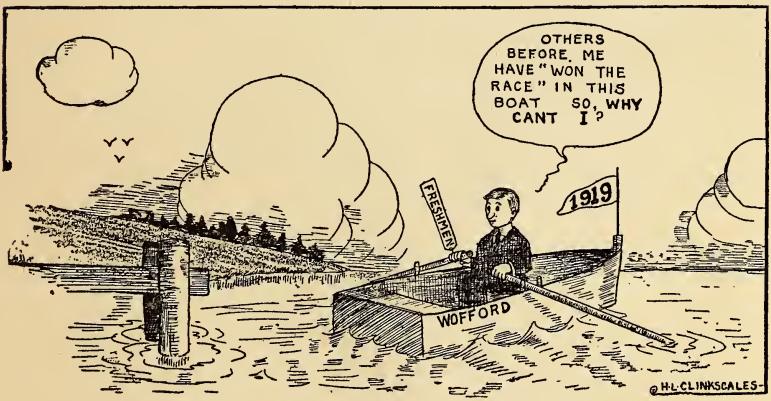
Every Freshman should get the true Wofford spirit and boost. There is no room at Wofford for a "knocker."

Watch Wofford Win.

We may not always practice what we preach, but we want it clearly understood that we have a license to preach.

Intaminatis fulget honoribus.

PUTTING OUT TO SEA



E. F. Moseley.....Editor

COLLEGE OPENING.

On the 15th of September Wofford opened its sixty-second session with very bright prospects as usual. Yet the prospects this year are exceedingly encouranging, since there are three hundred and twenty-one students, in spite of the prevailing hard times. The Seniors are to be congratulated on having such a large class this year. They have sixty-nine men, which fact enhances their chances to graduate the largest class in the history of the college. The other classes number as follows: Juniors, 69; Sophomores, 86; Freshmen, 97.

Although there seems to be a tide of prosperity turning towards the South, the pressure of the late past makes it necessary for the college man to use discretion in the use of his money. He should appreciate the sacrifices that have been made for him at home and take full advantage of the unusual opportunities available to him here. If every man realizes the status of affairs and performs his duties as he should, there is no reason why Wofford should not eclipse all former records and stand forth as the pre-eminent educational institution of this grand old State.

THE LYCEUM.

Under the efficient management of Prof. J. A. Gamewell, the Lyceum course for this year is of unusual interest. Special efforts have resulted in securing both educational and entertaining numbers.

The balcony of the chapel is in charge of the Athletic Association this season. This is a special privilege offered by Prof. Gamewell to our association to make some money with which to pay off the indebtedness now standing. In view of this fact especially, let every man secure a ticket and in consequence help both the Lyceum and the Athletic Association. No reasonable man could expect more for $1.50 than six numbers of the Lyceum that is offered, and a better investment cannot be made.

ELECTIONS.

The student body held its first meeting on September 18, and its elections resulted as follows: W. G. Ramseur, President; J. T. Huggins, Vice-President; R. H. Moore, Treasurer; W. E. Burnett, Secretary. Mr. R. J. Smith was elected chief cheer leader, with J. K. Montgomery and W. W. Daniel as associate leaders. Mr. J. C. Covington was elected President of the Honor System, while Prof. E. H. Shuler and Dr. V. C. Edwards were elected President and Vice-President, respectively, of the Athletic Association.

The Student Government at Carlisle Hall held its elections after supper September 18. Mr. J. C. Covington was elected President; W. G. Ramseur, Vice-President; and E. D. Whisonant, Secretary and Treasurer. Messrs. Huggins, Glenn, Rembert, Moseley, Dunovant, and Wiggins were elected members of the committee.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

There are three literary societies in college, Carlisle, Preston, and Calhoun. It is a faculty rule that every fellow must belong to one of these. The new man cannot make a mistake

which one he joins, but he should be satisfied that he can do the best work in that one which he decides upon.

The primary object of these societies is to develop and improve our speaking talents. The benefits to be derived therefrom are incalculable. Nevertheless, it must be understood that one must do his part in order to receive these benefits. In most things of life we get out of them what we put into them. So it is with the societies. Do not be timid because you are a new man. Enter into the work with earnestness and help make your society the best in college. If every man should recognize the opportunities and responsibilities in his society and do his duty thereby, he would arrive at the end of his college course a great deal better prepared to meet the problems of his life's work than he otherwise would.

Prof. J. W. Scott, who has been acting Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Physics at Wofford for the past two years, is now at Vanderbilt, where he is taking his doctor's degree. The regular professor, Dr. V. C. Edwards, is back with us now. Two years ago Dr. Edwards was given leave in order that he might get his doctor's degree, and since then he has been at the University of North Carolina for that purpose. We are very glad to have Dr. Edwards back with us, although we regret that Prof. Scott has gone.

Jokes

"Jay Gould" Dial.

Ask Pug Smith what he does with his pennies.

Fresh. Herlong (at the 'phone)—Where is the button on this 'phone? I can't get central.

Bob Collins (to a man out West)—Do these birds sing this way when nobody is around?

Man—I don't know. I never have been here then.

Stix Harmon (to Senior M.)—I received a letter this morning, and it was addressed to *Mrs.* Stix Harmon.

Senior M.—What did you do with it?

Stix—Oh, I sent it to Converse.

Senior M.—I wonder who will get it.

Stix—I don't know. Five or six will claim it.

R. H. Best (to Prof. Rembert)—Professor, I have a conflict with surveying then.

Prof. Rembert—Why are you taking surveying?

Best—I am going to study law and will need it.

Prof. Rembert—I didn't know you looked that far ahead. I believe you have got a little bit of sense.

Fresh. Stokes—I didn't know they had shower baths up here. I will have to get me a bathing suit.

Fresh. Love—I am going to follow Dr. Snyder's advise by studying until 10:00 o'clock and reading until 12:00.

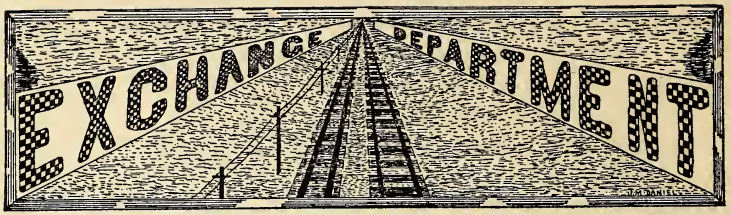
Fresh. Green—When are you going to take a bath?

Fresh. Love—Oh, I can do that the next day.

Wanted—To know why Eaddy wants to go home. Also, how Murph left Cowpens.

INTERESTING NEWS.

Ivy D. Dunbar, Esq., has decided to reform. He intends to patronize the picture shows and football games. We may also add that he has a different conception and attitude on matrimony now.



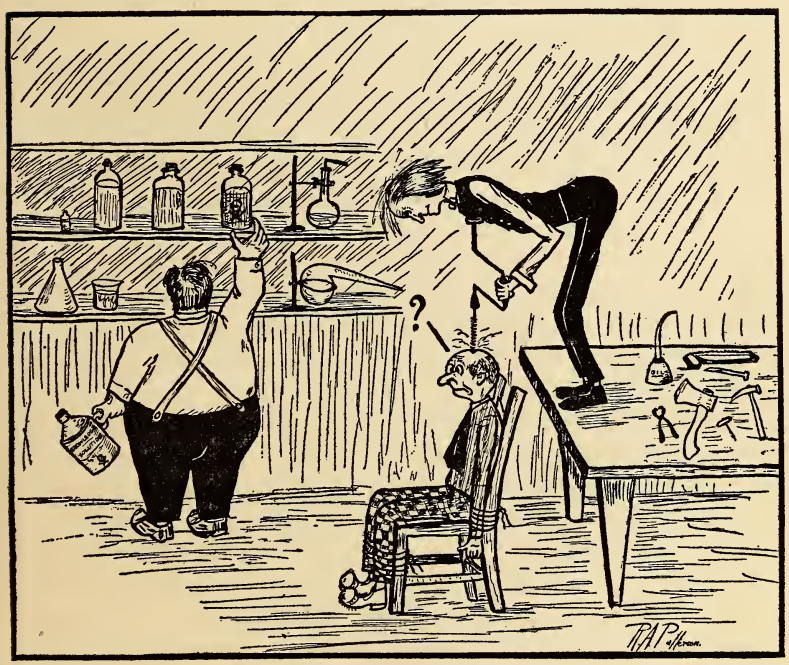
J. W. Harris, Jr.....Editor

To our brother and sister colleges we send greetings.

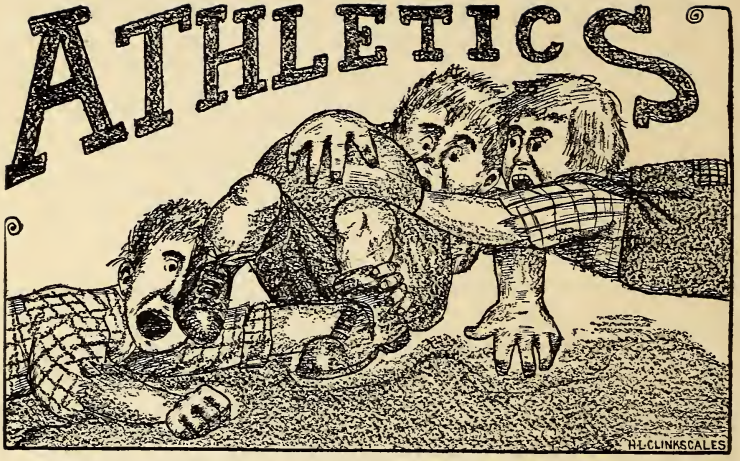
According to the great critic Arnold, the function of criticisms is: "To find the best that has been said and thought and done in the world and propagate it." If our presumption in daring to attempt to follow such a great theory will be pardoned, it is our purpose to follow as closely as possible the opinion and example of Arnold in reviewing the literary magazines of our fellow colleges. But to find what is best in a collection of stories, essays, and poems, it is necessary to take the whole and examine it thoroughly, point out the inferior as well as the good points in each paper, and contrast the two. Thus it will be necessary for our exchange department to hand out occasional "bricks" as well as "bouquets." Yet we would not scatter and receive only brickbats; nor would we become so effeminate and pampered by having to do with only thornless flowers. And, too, keeping in mind the saying that never grows old, "Variety is the spice of life," we wish to say at the outset that we fully expect all fellow critics to give us their honest judgment, however severe, on what we send out. This, we assure, will be greatly appreciated. And in this work we wish to express our hearty good will to all, and in the utmost friendliness we shall always speak our opinion frankly.

We do not forget the position of the various editors of college papers—the trouble and disadvantage with which they must often contend. To them we send best wishes for smooth sailing in the publication of each magazine. We also commend the contributors and would urge them to greater effort,

and that each one feel that the college paper is his paper; that he must do his part in making it better. Again, the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL will appreciate all suggestions and criticisms from its fellow college papers.



"Heinie"—"Hurry, Waller, with that knowledge solution, for at last I have effected an opening in this freshman's head."



J. C. Covington.....Editor

Another college year is begun, and for the past few weeks you have been settling down to some good, hard, honest work. A good start has made possible the winning of many a race, and a good beginning means much toward one's success in any phase of life. Of course, every student should grasp the opportunities which improve him morally and intellectually. However, the man who does not develop himself physically will find it hard to develop his mental qualities. For this very reason, the various forms of athletics have been instituted at Wofford. We urge every student to take part in some form of athletics. We do particularly urge the new students to go out for the various teams and let the college spirit get a hold upon them in the beginning. To get out winning teams, the co-operation of all the students is necessary. Let every man cast aside his personal ambition and work—not for himself—but for his college. Those who find that they cannot play on a team can give their help and encouragement, which will do much toward bringing victory to our teams. Let every one join in the cheering, for good cheering greatly improves the spirit of the players and encour-

ages them. If we students, both individually and as a unit, do all we can for our teams, there can be nothing but victory for dear old Wofford this year.

FOOTBALL.

The football season is now in full swing, and, though the game was only reinstated at Wofford last year, it has already become the leading sport. Wofford, though an infant in the game last year, put out a splendid team, and this year prospects are even brighter. Though we lost three "W" men last year, it is to be hoped that the loss will not be felt, as there is some very good material among the new men who are out for the team. The Athletic Association has been fortunate in securing the services of two excellent coaches, Mr. Harvey Hester and Mr. Passailaigue.

Mr. Hester is a former University of Florida man, and was noted as one of the fastest halfbacks in the South. He coached Bingham School, in Asheville, N. C., last season, and he comes to us highly recommended.

Mr. Passailaigue is from Charleston, S. C., and has had very wide experience as a football player. He played both at the Citadel and at the University of South Carolina, and has had six years of 'varsity experience.

With two coaches of such experience there should be victories for Wofford on the gridiron this season.

Below is the football schedule as Manager Ramseur has arranged it:

Oct. 2—Presbyterian College, at Spartanburg.

Oct. 11—Wake Forest, at Orangeburg.

Oct. 16—Davidson, at Davidson.

Oct. 22—Erskine, at Spartanburg.

Oct. 27—Newberry at Columbia. (State fair.)

Nov. 4—University of South Carolina, at Spartanburg. (County fair.)

Nov. 25—Furman University, at Greenville. (Thanksgiving Day.)

THE WOFFORD-PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME.

The football season opened at Wofford October 2, when the "Terriers" met the strong Presbyterian College team. The game was very interesting from start to finish, but luck was with the Presbyterians, and they won by a score of 16 to 6. The "Terriers" started off like a whirlwind, and it seemed in the first quarter as if they would sweep their opponents off their feet. Wofford scored its only touchdown in the first quarter during the first few minutes of play.

Wofford kicked off to the Presbyterians, who were immediately forced to punt. Then, by a series of line plunges, end runs, and a well executed forward pass, the ball was taken within striking distance of the Presbyterians' goal. The ball was then carried across in four down. The Presbyterians scored a touchdown in the second quarter by means of a forward pass. The forward passes of the Presbyterian team worked well, and three times by this means they carried the ball within striking distance of the goal, and each time one of the Presbyterian backs booted the ball over the bar for a field goal. During the latter half of the game the Wofford defense seemed to weaken, while the Presbyterian defense appeared stronger, and for the most part of the second half the ball was in Wofford territory.

Below is the line-up of the two teams when the game started:

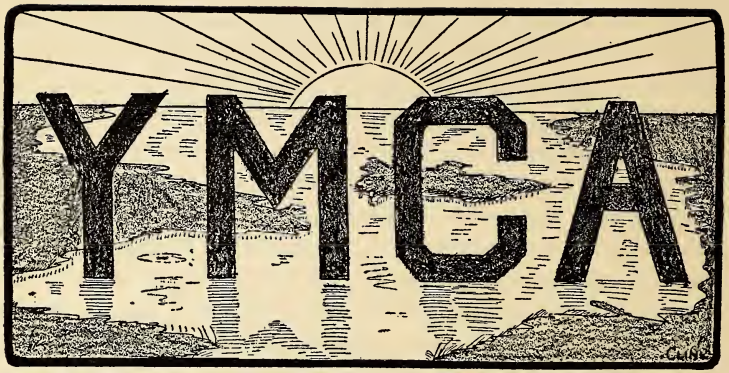
WOFFORD.		PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.
Sprott	Left End	Brice
Moore	Left Tackle	Bell
Peterson	Left Guard	Belk
Hamer (Captain)	Center	M. Woodson
Carter	Right Guard	Barksdale
Pruitt	Right Tackle	Eichelberger
Burnett	Right End	R. Woodson
Osborne	Quarterback	Galloway
Boyle	Left Half	D. Fulton
Covington	Right Half	W. Fulton
Williams	Fullback	McMillan

TENNIS.

Tennis has always been a popular game at Wofford, and almost every afternoon the courts on the campus are occupied by many ambitious players. The South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Lawn Tennis Association will hold its annual tournament at Spartanburg this year, and it is looked forward to with much interest. There are many excellent players on the campus, and the preliminary tournament to choose Wofford's representatives will be hotly contested. It is hard to tell yet who stands the best chance for the honor. Carl Morgan and J. P. Earle represented us last year, but Earle did not return to college this year. There is no doubt that Wofford will be well represented though. The new men in college are urged to join the contenders for the honor of representing Wofford. The S. C. I. L. T. A. tournament will be held on the Country Club courts October 20, 21, 22. There will be six or more colleges represented, and each college will have two entrants in the singles and two entrants in the doubles.

BASKETBALL.

Basketball has fast come to the front as a sport in southern colleges, and the game has won a strong place in athletics at Wofford. Wofford put out one of the strongest basketball teams in the State last year, and came second in the contest for the State championship. Prospects for a good basketball team are again very bright, as six of last year's team are back, and with an abundance of new material to choose from, Wofford ought to get out a very creditable team indeed this year. Practice will begin in about two or three weeks, and Mr. J. C. Cauthen, the manager of the basketball team, is already busy arranging a splendid schedule of games.



E. D. WHISONANT.....EDITOR

In assuming the duties of editor for the Y. M. C. A. Department of the JOURNAL we are not forgetful of the high standard to which our predecessors have attained. They have at all times tried to keep the students in close touch with the work of the Y. M. C. A., and have always laid the proper emphasis on those things which count for most in character building. We shall do our best to fill their places, and make it our constant care and business to present to our readers only such material as we trust will be good, interesting, and profitable.

FIRST MEETING FOR THIS YEAR.

The first regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. for the 1915 session was held in the Y. M. C. A. hall Friday evening, September 24th. The speaker for this occasion was Dr. A. G. Rembert, a member of our own faculty. Dr. Rembert chose as his subject, "Some Essential Things." In his introductory remarks the speaker said: "The future hope of the nation, or rather the future hope of the world, rests largely upon the shoulders of the Christian young manhood in the colleges of today." He then pointed out "why the hope of the future rests largely upon the shoulders of the college men of today, what

things are necessary to fulfill this hope," and, lastly, "how these things may be attained." The speaker closed by saying that "no life is worth living, no life brings forth fruit that is worth the effort, unless it is a life founded on faith in the divine." Dr. Rembert's address was a scholarly one, full of deep and serious thought, sympathy, and sound advice.

ON OCTOBER THE FIRST.

Rev. A. N. Brunson, pastor of Bethel Church, Spartanburg, S. C., was the speaker at this meeting. Mr. Brunson spoke from the words, "For me to live is Christ." The speaker interpreted these words as meaning "Christ is the author of life, Christ is the sustainer of life, and Christ is the product of life." Mr. Brunson is one of Spartanburg's foremost preachers, and the messages he brings us from time to time are always encouraging and helpful. The speaker told us to get out of life the best that was in it, and urged us as college men to take a stand for Christ and for the right. We are always glad to have Mr. Brunson speak to us, and we extend to him a hearty welcome to our meetings whenever he can attend.

ANNUAL Y. M. C. A. RECEPTION.

On Friday evening after the opening of school the annual reception for new men was given by the Y. M. C. A. At 7:30 o'clock the whole student body assembled in the college chapel and listened to the words of welcome extended to the new students by the representatives of the different student body organizations. J. W. Harris welcomed the new men to Wofford in behalf of the Senior class, J. T. Huggins spoke in behalf of the Junior class, and S. W. Barber represented the Sophomore class. The three literary societies were the next in order to extend greetings. The Carlisle Society was represented by R. H. Best, the Calhoun by J. K. Montgomery, and the Preston by T. H. Glenn. W. G. Ramseur then spoke a few words in behalf of the *Old Gold and Black*. *The Annual* was represented by T. K. Fairey, the JOURNAL by W. W.

Daniel, the Athletic Association by E. B. Hamer, and the Y. M. C. A. by E. F. Moseley.

The exercises in the chapel were concluded by a few appropriate remarks by E. S. Johnson, of the Freshman class, in which he expressed their gratitude for the kind words of welcome spoken by the older students.

At 8:30 o'clock the doors of Carlisle Hall were opened to the Freshmen, and, after shaking hands with all the faculty, they proceeded to entertain, or rather to be entertained, by a large number of young ladies from the town who were present for the occasion.

A WORD TO NEW MEN.

You are now separated, young gentlemen, from home and loved ones, and many of you are for the first time in life thrown on your own manhood. You are surrounded by environments and faces that are entirely new to you, and the one great task that confronts you is adapting yourselves to these environments. The Y. M. C. A. is anxious to help you find out what things are best and highest and noblest in life, what things are elevating and what things degrading, what things build up character and what things tear down character. So you owe it to your parents, to the college you now represent, and, above all, to yourselves, to connect yourselves with a Christian organization that is interested in your spiritual welfare and that will be of aid to you in determining what things are of real value and becoming to a college man.

The one great purpose of the Y. M. C. A. is to develop the spiritual side of your nature, and you should consider it just as much a part of your college training as you do your class room work. The habits you form in college, young gentlemen, are in a large measure going to determine your destiny in life. You should, therefore, associate yourselves with those things which count for most, and by so doing give your own best selves a chance to develop and expand. Don't be too hasty in choosing your companions and, by all means, keep away from places that will tend to tear down the work already

started at home. Remember the prayers that shall go up to God daily from the heart of a loving and consecrated mother for the spiritual welfare of her boy at Wofford. Make a right beginning, that you may be able to withstand the tests of the coming days. We are at your service, and if we can in any way help you along any line don't hesitate to call upon us.

BIBLE STUDY CLASSES.

We have organized several Bible Study Classes among the students. The Juniors and Seniors meet in a body and are taught by a member of the faculty. The Freshman and Sophomore classes are divided into groups of ten and these classes are led by members of the Senior class. The following is the course of study that each class is pursuing:

FRESHMEN.

Part I (first semester—Bible study)—"Student Standards of Action," by Harrison S. Elliott and Ethel Cutler.

Part II (second semester—Foreign Missions—North American Problems)—"Christian Standards in Life," by J. Lovell Murray and F. M. Harris.

SOPHOMORE.

Part I (first semester—Bible Study)—"The Life of Paul."

Part II (second semester—Foreign Missions—North American Problems)—"Strangers Within Our Gates," by J. S. Woodsworth.

JUNIOR AND SENIOR.

Part I (first semester—Bible Study)—"Introducing Men to Christ," by W. D. Weatherford.

Part II (second semester—Foreign Missions)—"The Present World Situation," by John R. Mott.

We have also arranged to have a series of lectures along moral lines which will be held some time towards the latter part of October. Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, of the University of Chicago, is to give these lectures, and we hope to have him with us about the 23rd or the 25th of October, if possible. Dr. Hall comes to us highly recommended, and his lectures

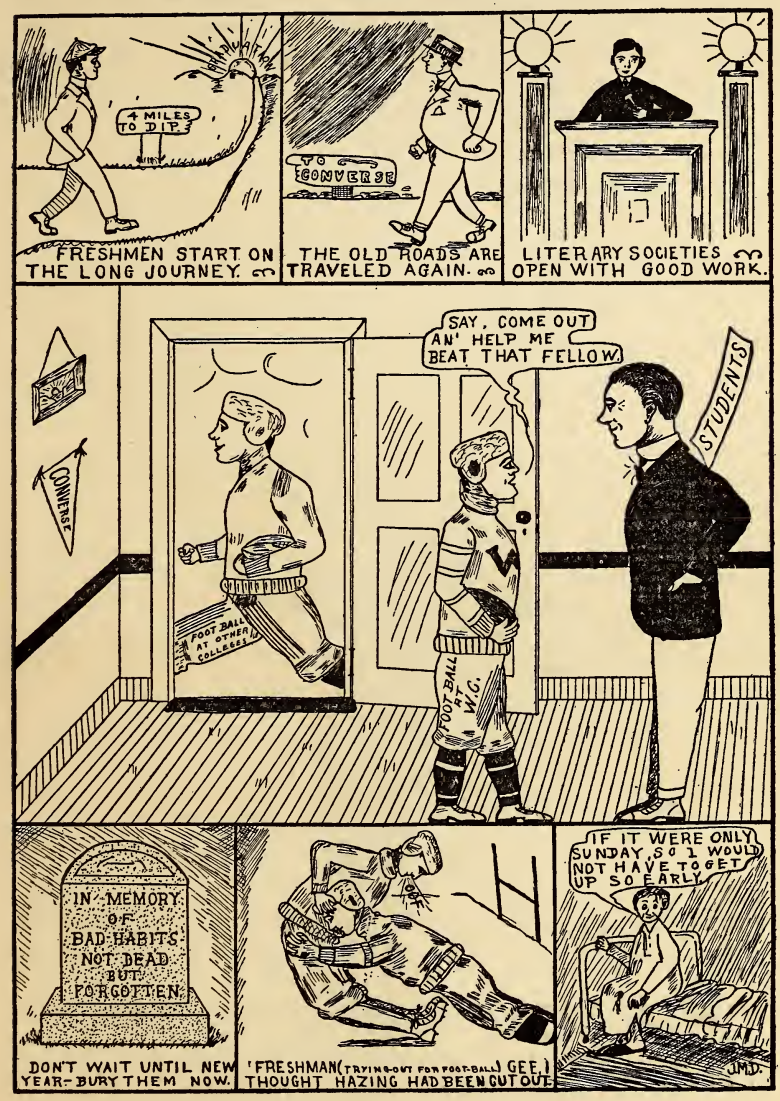
will be similar to those delivered last year by E. C. Mercer, whom we all remember gratefully.

Co-operate with us, fellow students, in promoting the work we have undertaken, and let us make this one of the best years in the history of the Y. M. C. A. at Wofford College.

To be Late is to be "shot." (A word to the wise is sufficient.)

PAST AND FUTURE

By J. M. DANIEL, '17



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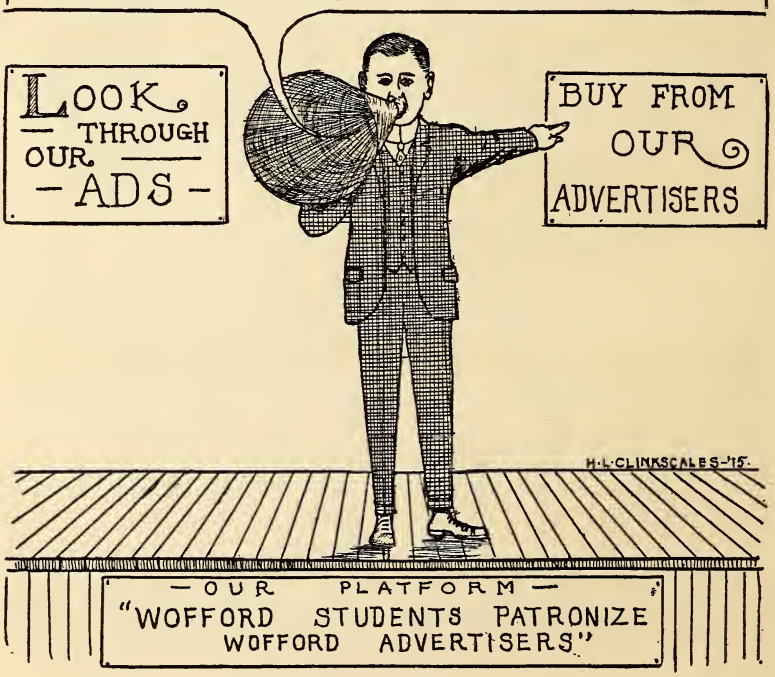

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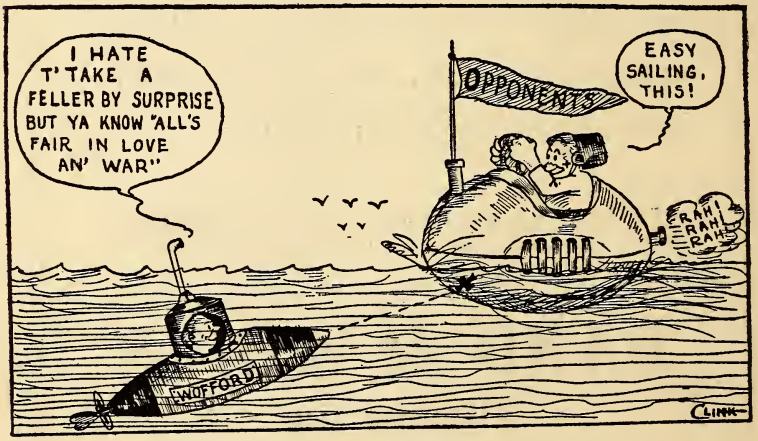

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Wofford College Journal

November, Nineteen-Fifteen

1915

Wofford College Journal

November, Nineteen-Fifteen

1915

Annual Banquet

of the

South Carolina College Press Association

held at the

Finch Hotel

Friday, November 19, 1915

Menu

Grape Fruit

Celery Pickles

Fried Oysters

Roast Turkey, Dressing and Cranberries

Cold Ham

Chicken Salad

French Peas New Potatoes in Cream

Creamed Mushrooms on Toast

Ice Cream Cake

Cheese Crackers

Cafe Noir

Toasts

1. To our Hosts, Wofford and Converse Colleges: May their graduates join hands and hearts, if they please, in every good cause.

   MISS TABITHA McFALL, Winthrop College.

2. Response.

   MR. J. E. EUBANKS, Wofford College.

3. The fountain pen, applied to paper,
   Condenses thought that else were vapor.

   MISS ANTOINETTE DENNY, Converse College.

4. To the Collectors of Jokes: Theirs is the hardest task to find some new humor.

   MR. O. F. CROW, University of S. C.

5. The Magazine Staff—"Wielders of the Pen."

   MR. G. D. OXNER, Newberry College.

6. The Intellectual Link Between the Colleges—The College Magazine.

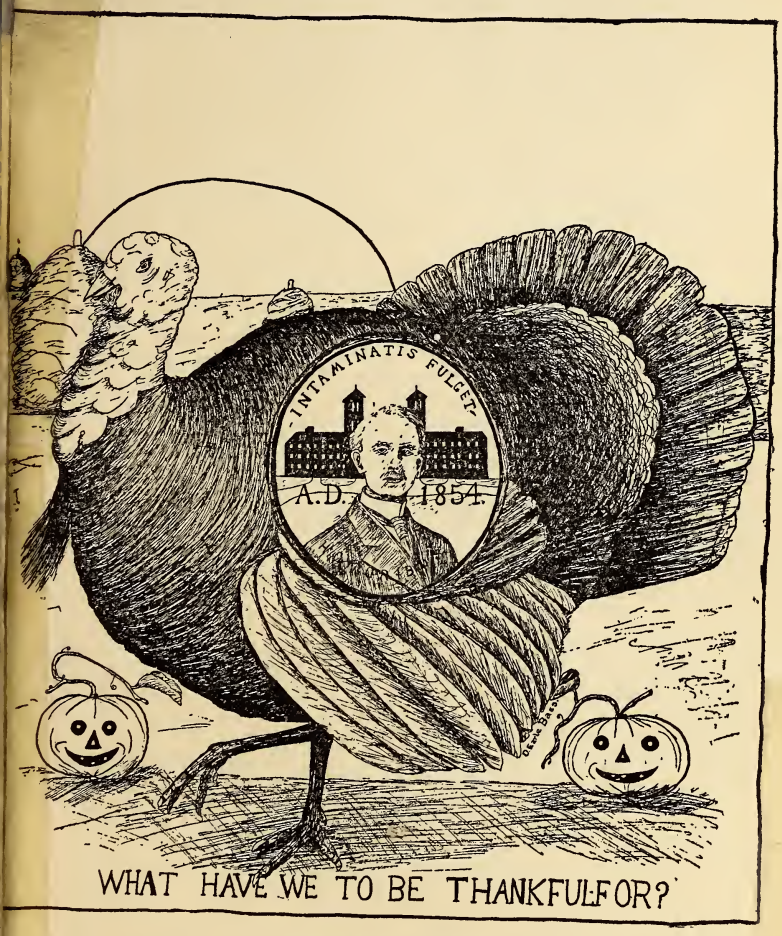
   MISS MARY EXUM. Columbia College.

Autographs

The Concept

Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.

The Wofford College Journal



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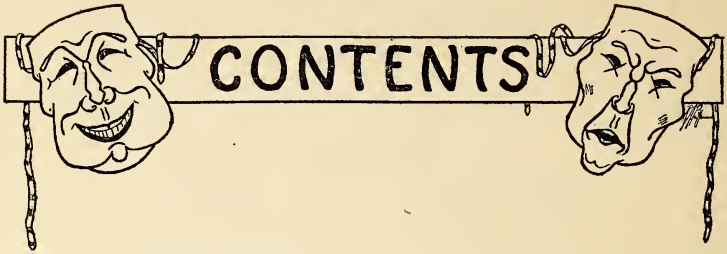

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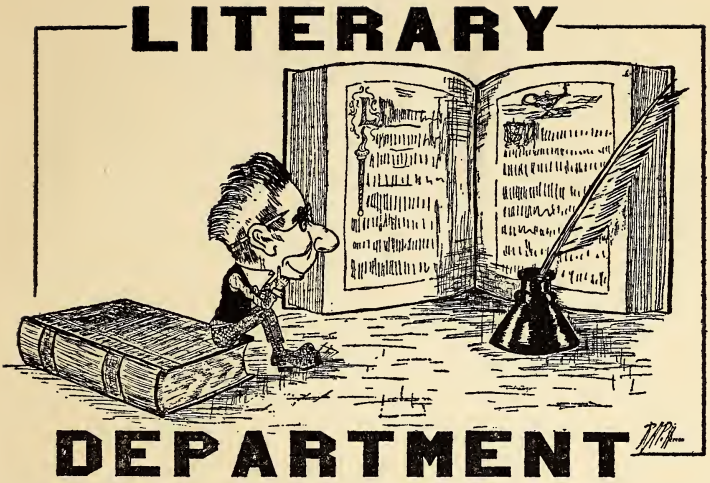


J. E. Eubanks.....Editor
T. H. Glenn.....Assistant Editor

For God is There

I love to roam the hilltops high,
To sit alone beneath the sky,
To wonder long when dusk is nigh,
For God is there.

I love to pick the flowers rare,
How sweet their fragrance and how fair,
To note here Nature's wond'rous care,
For God is there.

I love to gaze into the skies,
To ponder long with wond'ring eyes,
How great the Maker and how wise,
For God is there.

I love to look upon the plain,
Where Nature's man, by might and main,
Has built a city great, though vain,
For God is there.

I love to dream of the beyond,
Where many to the Call respond,
Where throngs will meet with greetings fond,
For God is there.

How great indeed this simple life
Is made sublime by Nature's knife,
Which carves a while e'en through the strife,
For God indeed is here.

"H.," '17.

The Will of Providence

PAUL having received his diploma, returned to the Sunny South with a gay heart and high hopes. It was perfectly natural that he should have such, for his family was exceedingly wealthy and still retained within their veins the blue blood of the old Anglo-Saxon race. But, above all of this, he was soon to be married to the purest, sweetest girl in all Dixie. They had been reared together from childhood, and it was always understood by both themselves and their parents that they were some day to become man and wife. Florence had graduated from Randolph-Macon the preceding year and had returned to her home on "Cardigan Terrace," in the suburbs of Charleston. She was the idol of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dean, and had always had everything that wealth could provide. It is needless to say that she was one of the most popular young women in Charleston, with both the old people and the young.

A few weeks after Paul's return from college, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rivers, gave a brilliant masquerade ball in honor of his graduation. The invitations read as follows:

> Dilworth Heights,
> Charleston, S. C.
>
> Your presence is requested at a masquerade ball to be given in honor of our son, Paul, on the evening of July fourth, eighteen hundred and fifty nine.
>
> Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Rivers.

Of course, Paul sent an invitation to his most sincere and best friend, James K. Denny, who was also a graduate of Harvard of the class of '59, and one to whom he had become attached from the beginning of his freshman year. James was the son of a prominent banker and financier of Boston, and had won the esteemed friendship of all of his classmates. From the beginning of their friendship, he and Paul had planned various excursions and camping trips for their summer

vacations, and it had happened that again and again their plans had been broken up. On this particular occasion James had accepted with pleasure the invitation of his friend and was awaiting very impatiently the approaching event. On the evening of the ball, James arrived in the city and was at once taken to Paul's apartments. At nine o'clock in the evening the young people were received in the drawing room, and here they selected their partners for the dance. Twelve o'clock was set as the hour to unmask, and all were looking forward with the greatest of pleasure to when they should meet their partners. When the hour arrived to unmask, James found himself in the presence of Florence, with whom he had been for the greater part of the evening. At the first sight of her beautiful face he had immediately fallen in love with her, and deep down within his heart he at once recognized in her the true type of aristocratic Southern womanhood. As the party drew to a close and the young people departed for their homes, James and Paul retired to their apartments and began to discuss the happenings of the evening.

As time passed, James became a more and more frequent visitor to the Sunny South, and his visits were usually in the suburbs of Charleston. Naturally the two young men had become rivals for the "Star of Life," for the hopes of both of them were centered in Florence Dean; but as yet fate would have to determine the lucky one.

In the following summer, on August 10, 1860, as the sun was casting its golden rays over the horizon and the two lovers sat discussing the critical conditions which were developing between the sections, Paul received a letter from James stating that public sentiment in the North was steadily growing in favor of the anti-slavery movement, and that if a change was not soon effected it was evident that the immediate result would be war. After having read the letter, he put it into his pocket and they resumed their conversation.

A mocking bird perched upon a large, spreading palm tree, had begun to fill the air with his thrilling notes, while several

boughs below him his mate was cheerfully brooding over her nest of young.

During the remainder of the summer and continuing into the fall, such scenes were frequently witnessed on Cardigan Terrace, sometimes by Florence and James, but usually by the former and Paul. As the gulf deepened between the North and the South, Denny's visits to Charleston became less frequent, but it was not because he had ceased to love Miss Dean.

On December 20, 1860, the climax was reached, when the Legislature called a special session and South Carolina seceded from the Union. In the following year the two governments called for volunteers, and Paul and James enlisted for their respective causes. As the war progressed, both were promoted time and again, until each was given an artillery corps under his command. The two young lieutenants were so enthusiastic in their work that they gradually grew colder and colder toward Florence, until she was practically forgotten. At length the two young heroes met in the "Battle of the Wilderness," and one suffered a disastrous defeat, while the other did not realize his decisive victory. Denny was compelled to fall back, having lost the greater part of his men; while, on the other hand, Rivers' troops were victorious, although he himself was struck by a falling tree which was cut down by a cannon ball. He was taken to a hospital in Richmond and immediately given medical attention, but, in spite of all this, the doctors said that he would probably never regain his mind.

In the meantime, in the suburbs of Charleston was a lonely girl, anxiously awaiting and afraid to receive news of those who were dear to her. Daily was she expecting to receive an account of the death of Paul, but this was not to be her fate, for she was destined not to receive any information from him whatever. Finally, his parents were notified that he had been wounded and was then in a very serious condition. Florence had lost all hope of ever seeing him again, and then it was that she began to realize how dearly she loved him. Day after day would find her out on the terrace, where she would go to console herself by recalling the pleasant hours that they had spent

there together from their childhood; but never could she reconcile herself to the fact that all of her dreams were past pleasures, and she would often find herself praying for his return.

The war having drawn to a close, James began to turn his thoughts to the South and to recall the pleasant visits he had made to Charleston. Well did he remember the occasion on which he had met Florence and at whose invitation he was given that pleasure. He had heard nothing from Paul since the day the war had begun, and now, thinking that possibly he had been killed, resolved to come South and try to win the affections of Florence. Without telling his father of his intentions, he boarded a steamer for Charleston, and on arriving there made his appearance at Cardigan Terrace. Florence accepted his company with pleasure, but it was mostly on Paul's account, for she thought that she might be able to ascertain something concerning his fate. To her surprise, James knew absolutely nothing of his whereabouts or conditions, and was under the impression that possibly he had been killed. When she informed him of the fact that he had been seriously injured and would not likely be well again, James seemed to be a little melancholy over the remark, but his sorrow was only on the surface, for within his heart he realized that he would now have a better chance to win her love.

Paul seemed to improve very slowly, and Florence, fearing that he would never be well again, had decided to receive James as a suitor. She realized now more deeply than ever that she would never love him as she loved Paul, but under the existing circumstances she had decided to accept his company at any rate. As time passed, James was to be seen almost every week end at Cardigan Terrace, and, of course, the social circles of the city had come to the conclusion that the noted event would soon be solemnized. On April the 17th the society columns in the daily papers of the city contained the following announcement:

> "Mr. and Mrs. Warren H. Dean announce the coming marriage of their daughter, Florence, to Mr.

James Arnold Denny, of Boston, on the evening of June the twenty-seventh, eighteen hundred and sixty-nine."

In the meantime Paul had been sent to the State asylum, where he was to remain until his condition had improved. On the afternoon of June 24, while he was out driving with one of the nurses for his health, the horse became frightened and ran away, throwing him from the buggy. He was removed to the hospital and given medical attention at once. When he awoke on the following morning, he had completely regained his senses, and to the surprise of his doctors began telling the story of the battle in which he had been so severely wounded. He remembered well the happy moment when he was facing victory, and at that same moment when he had received the fatal blow.

The next day he boarded a train for Charleston, leaving the capital city early in the morning, and went directly home without notifying his parents of his recovery. It is needless to mention that joyful meeting, when father, mother, and son were once more together in perfect health. He began to tell of his varied experiences durng the war and the manner in which he was so unexpectedly wounded. As was natural, his conversation came to the mentioning of Florence, and his mother began to tell him of the marriage so near at hand between her and James. Being overcome by this sudden shock, he fainted and fell into his father's arms, but he soon recovered.

On the following evening as the clock was striking eight, little did James realize the fate that was awaiting him. The appointed hour for the ceremony having arrived, Paul set out for Cardigan Terrace, and reached the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dean just in time to hear the minister as he spoke these words to Florence:

"Will you take this man to be your—"

At this juncture Paul came rushing in and threw himself on his knees at the feet of Florence. At first she seemed a little excited by the sudden interruption, but, after she recognized him, she put her arms around his neck, and he answered with

a smile on his face and a murmur on his lips the following:

"Thank God for saving you, for I could never have been happy without you."

The minister thereupon exclaimed:

"What God hath willed let not man put asunder!"

W. C. R., '16.

The Human Body

The human body is a wonderful creation. After the image of God are we created, and, while they last, our bodies are nothing less than perpetual motion machines. The human body in health and purity is fair and good to look upon. In sin and debauchery, repulsive and uncouth. Those of us who are physically strong should take care of ourselves and strive each day to grow more in stature as well as in brain.

Oh, the tragedy of an ill-spent life! Many of those who are today physical and mental wrecks were once fat and chubby-fist youngsters, whose mothers little dreamed would be aught but big in body and soul. Many young men who are today indulging in habits which dull the mind, dwarf the body, squint the eyes, and make pale the skin were once as pure as the morning dew, as they kneeled at their mothers' knees. When the time comes for us to give back our bodies to the God who made them, we should give them back developed and improved. Are you going to use your body to satisfy sinful lusts and passions while on earth, and then at the last say, "Here, Lord, I've no more use for it. You can have it now?" Is it just? Is it right? Is it fair? Friends, avoid all breaches of the laws of nature, and keep your bodies clean and pure—

His sovereign power our bodies made;
  Our souls are His immortal breath;
And when His creatures sinned He bled
  To save us from eternal death.

WOODROW WARD, '19.

The Ku Klux Klan

AMONG the mountains of middle Tennessee is situated the County of Giles, whose capital is Pulaski, a little town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants. Before the war both wealth and refinement belonged to the citizens of Pulaski; but there, as in thousands of other places, war left its marks.

In a somewhat accidental way, this town became the birthplace of one of the most mysterious and most awe-inspiring organizations that ever existed. This was the Ku Klux Klan. There being no business there that the young men of Pulaski could engage in directly after the war, any way to amuse themselves was eagerly sought. At a meeting of several of these young men in a prominent lawyer's office one day in the month of May, 1866, one of the fellows exclaimed: "Boys, let us get up a secret club or society of some description." To this all the fellows agreed, and in consequence a chairman was elected, who appointed one committee to select a name for the order and another committee to draw up rules regulating it. The primary object of the organization was amusement and diversion, and none of its members then thought or dreamed of any other object.

The committee which was chosen to select a name reported a great deal of difficulty in doing so. Among the suggested names was the word "Kukloi," being derived from the Greek word "Kuklos," meaning circle or band. Hearing this one, somebody exclaimed that they should call the organization Ku Klux. To effect alliteration and make the name more euphemistic, some one suggested that "Klan" should be added, making it Ku Klux Klan. This suggestion was unanimously accepted. To one hearing this name there is a feeling of mystery and awe. The fact that the name was of such a character had a great deal to do with the spread of the organization.

The committee on rules decided upon the following officers: "A Grand Cyclops, or President; a Grand Magi, or Vice-President; a Grand Turk, or Marshal; a Grand Exchequer, or

Treasurer, and two Lictors. These were the outer and inner guards of the 'Den,' as the place of meeting was designated."

The costumes required by the Klan were such as to make the wearers look like ghosts. The face was masked, leaving, however, places for the nose and eyes. The members also wore a long and gaudy colored robe which reached to the ground. For a hat they used cardboard and imitated a beaver. Sometimes they took a gourd and, making it look like a head, placed their hat upon it, so that when the gourd was removed the person appeared headless. Some had crossed-bones and skulls painted upon the dress. In other words, all such apparel was used as would be appropriate for apparitions. Therefore, by such things the feeling of mystery and awe was increased. When horses were used, they also were cloaked and disguised in such a way that no one could distinguish them.

In its youth, membership to the Klan was very select and limited. A wild fellow could not get in. Every applicant had to be a man of good morals and good habits. No intemperate man could join. Upon joining, the fellow had to solemnly swear not to reveal anything relating to the Klan. The initiation was a very great amusement to the members. The would-be member, upon arriving at the den to join, was blindfolded and escorted in by one of the strange personages known as Lictors. The Klan then proceeded to put him through all the degrees of initiation, which was a very elaborate affair and afforded much pleasure to the members at the expense of the poor fellow who was joining. When his blindfold was taken off, the new member gazed upon so strange looking assemblage that it always took a good while for him to recover his senses.

Owing to its mysteriousness and to the fact that it was a means of much innocent amusement, the popularity and size of the Klan grew rapidly. Men coming from other States were initiated into the Klan, and, going back home, established dens there. In this way the Klan was only a loosely organized order, and the Pulaski den, which was generally understood as the head of the organization, began to think of some

way to bind the dens together and effect a more systematic organization. Accordingly, in the summer of 1867, the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski Den called a convention of all the Dens to reorganize.

"At this convention the territory covered by the Klan was designated as the Invisible Empire. This was subdivided into realms coterminous with the boundaries of States. The realms were divided into dominions corresponding to congressional districts; the dominions into provinces coterminous with counties; and the provinces into dens.

"To each of these departments officers were assigned.

"Except in the case of the supreme officer, the duties of each were minutely specified.

"The officers were:

"The Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire and his ten Genii. The powers of this officer were almost autocratic.

"The Grand Dragon of the Realm and his eight Hydras.

"The Grand Titan of the Dominion and his six Furies.

"The Grand Cyclops of the Den and his two Night Hawks.

"A Grand Monk.

"A Grand Scribe.

"A Grand Exchequer.

"A Grand Turk.

"A Grand Sentinel.

"The Genii, Hydras, Furies, Goblins, and Night Hawks were staff offcers. The gradation and distribution of authority was perfect. But for one source of weakness, the Klan, under this new organization, was one of the most perfectly organized orders that ever existed in the world."

Beginning with this reorganization, the Klan had been transformed. Several reasons brought about this transformation. Reconstruction had begun, bringing with it political and social upheaval in the South. We awoke to realize that the negro, who had been our slave for generations and had been under our complete domination, was now suddenly given equal rights with us. The sudden political and social elevation of this race of subservient and ignorant people was enough to

shake the very foundations of our institutions. Many of the negroes, not being able to restrain themselves, became haughty and unmanageable. Had they been left to our sole management, things would have been different. But carpetbaggers came from the North, some for personal gain, others for good motives; nevertheless, all ignorant of our institutions. And even more odious than the carpetbagger was the scalawag, the native Southerner, yet nearly always of the lowest type, who went over to the side of the negro for his own personal aggrandizement and pecuniary gain. These two types of agitators added fuel to the flames. Also, at this time was organized a Union League in the South, its members being mostly composed of negroes and whites of low character.

Thus, in the midst of all this contention and strife, the Ku Klux Klan began to play an important role, and up until the middle of the year 1868 it performed a service to the South that no other organization could have done. This organization, by using its mysterious means, brought about wonderful results.

Different means were used by the Klan to effect its desires. Oftentimes to the obnoxious person concerned the Klan sent a warning in the form of a letter strangely and mysteriously composed. Generally the warning was heeded, and there was not any more trouble about it; but when the warning was not so successful more urgent means were used. Sometimes the person was taken from his house at night and whipped by the company of supposed ghosts. This was done, however, only in special and needy cases.

But the object of the Klan was to secure order in an orderly way. As a proof of this, the following words may be quoted from the constitution of the reorganized order: "We recognize our relations to the United States government; the supremacy of the Constitution; the constitutional laws thereof; and the union of the States thereunder." Therefore, if a secret organization had within its constitution such requirements, it hardly seems reasonable that it was organized for an evil motive. As a further proof of the character of the order, its

members were the best men of the South, such as General Forest, who was at one time Grand Wizard.

In the last days of the organization, some reckless and trouble-loving men got into it and gave it a bad name. It was such a pity that a perfectly good and useful organization should be wrecked by a few of its members. Such, however, was the case. But all the blame of its degeneration should not be laid at the door of the Klan's few unruly members. In fact, most of the blame should be placed upon outsiders, who did things in the name of the Klan, which had to suffer for them. Reckless men outside of the Klan would often dress up in imitation and perpetrate crimes that the Klan got all the blame for. Sometimes members of the Klan, in company with non-members, would get together and raise a disturbance. This was not done under the sanction nor the order of the Klan, but was attributed to the Klan in nearly every case. There were even cases where negroes disguised themselves as members of the Ku Klux and committed many disgraceful acts in its name.

What was at first its source of strength and largely its cause of spread—secrecy—now became one of the chief causes of the decay of the Klan. Because, when an investigation or inquiry was made, the Klan could not explain things satisfactorily to the public without revealing the secrets of the organization. And, because they did not understand everything fully, the public began to hate the Klan and show bitterness to it on every occasion.

In consequence of these things, the public demand was so urgent that both the national and State governments passed such stringent acts against the secret order that its members could not, upon the risk of their lives, afford to keep it up any longer. In its constitution the Klan had stated that matters of great importance should be decided by the Grand Wizard. Therefore, as the question of disbandment was of the greatest importance, the Grand Wizard, after much consideration, decided that it would be best for the organization to discontinue its existence. In his final proclamation, the Grand Wizard

ordered all the signs, costumes, and everything else relating to the Klan to be destroyed. And in testimony of the good character and motives of the Ku Klux Klan, the orders of the Grand Wizard were carried out almost without exception.

Thus arose, existed, and disappeared one of the most mysterious, yet useful, organizations that the world has ever known. "Its origin was an accident, its existence a comedy, and its disbandment a tragedy." E. F. M.

The Twentieth Century Girl

There was once a perfectly cute little girl,
With an awfully cute little way
Of using words promiscuously
Throughout the livelong day.

The sun was a perfectly lovely sight
When, so gorgeously in the morn,
Its awfully beautiful shining rays
Did the cute little dewdrops adorn.

The day was a perfectly ideal one,
If the sun continued to shine;
But it was a perfectly horrid day, indeed,
If the weather were not so kind.

She went to a perfectly terrible school,
This perfectly cute little girl,
But the perfectly horrible teachers there
Kept her brain in a perfect whirl.

Some of her friends were perfectly sweet,
Others were perfectly mean;
But, whether good or bad, no doubt,
They were the "perfectest" to be seen.

If one would know more of this wonderful miss,
The most perfect in all the world,
He'll make a careful study
Of the twentieth century girl. R. H. B., '16.

Jack Finds His Fortune

JACK was tall, muscular, and well-proportioned. His light blue eyes were in striking contrast to his darkly tanned face. One was wont to admire his dark brown hair, which he wore in a fine pompadour.

He was now in the presence of his most beloved lady, Miss Ruth O'Rouke. He was to leave for the gold fields of California on the morrow. He had always been obedient to his parents, but now he had a desire to go and seek a fortune in the West. His father and mother were opposed to his going, but this had no effect upon him. His education had been finished, and now he longed for western adventures. He had a question to ask Ruth before he left.

"Ruth," he said, "I suppose you know that I shall leave for California tomorrow?"

"Yes," she replied, with a quavering voice. "I am sorry you are going to leave."

"Will you be true to me until I return? You have been true, but I shall be away for a long time now."

"Yes, Jack; I will be true to you. Will you be true to me?"

"Of course I will. Have I not always been so?"

"Yes, you have, Jack," she replied.

"I shall not see you again in several years. When I return I have a very important question to ask you."

She did not reply, but only smiled. He was certain she understood.

He bade her farewell and departed. When he arrived at home his mother was greatly pleased to hear of Ruth's reply.

It was now eleven o'clock. Jack and his mother and father were standing at the train. His mother hugged and kissed him several times, and then said: "Jack, always keep yourself pure, and remember you have a mother who loves you. Do not prove false to Ruth."

"I will not forget, mother," he promised.

He entered the train and was soon on his long journey from South Carolina to California. On he sped over the country. Now he was very tired. Presently one of his party came to him and said: "Come, Jack, won't you have a drink of ice-cold beer with us? It will refresh you."

"No, thank you!" he replied. "I promised mother to keep myself pure."

His friend turned away and said no more, because he knew that Jack was resolute now.

Finally the long trip had been ended, and now his friends sat in camp planning for their new work. Meanwhile he sat in his tent smoking and thinking of his dear parents and Ruth.

"Come, Jack," said Olin, one of his best friends. "We are going to look over our claim and decide where we shall begin to mine."

Jack rose slowly and followed the party. He seemed to be homesick. They walked for several hours. When they returned, they saw two half-breeds ransacking their camp. They crept nearer and nearer; then Jack called out to the plunderers:

"Halt or I shall shoot!" They did not move. After they had been bound fast, he asked: "What are you doing here? Have you any right to plunder our camp?"

"Whether we got the right to do it or not, we done it, and 'll do worse unless you turn us loose purty quick," replied one.

"Oh, no! I do not think you will do quite all you think you will when I finish with you," replied Jack.

He took them to the sheriff and soon had them placed behind the bars under a sentence of six months' hard labor. One of the half-breeds grinned through the bars at Jack and said, "I'll pay you back for this." Jack then realized that he would have to watch these bad men whenever they were released.

He went on with his mining, and was rapidly becoming rich. He had now been in the West about eight months. When he first came West, he had written to Ruth very often,

but now he had grown lax in his writing to her. "I am kept very busy and do not have time to write often," is what he wrote Ruth; but really he had become very fond of the sheriff's daughter, Miss Mary Leonard. He knew her, although they had never met.

One day, as he was sitting in his camp drawing up a plan for a new excavation, he saw a riderless horse trotting along at the foot of the mountain. "It is Mary Leonard's!" he exclaimed. "Something must have happened to her."

* * * * * * * * *

It was a beautiful spring afternoon. Mary had said, "Papa, have my pony saddled for me. I want to ride down the trail a few miles."

"Mary, are you not afraid to go alone? I am afraid something will happen to you."

"No, papa; nothing will trouble me. I shall take my pistols along to protect myself."

Mary was soon riding leisurely along the trail. Suddenly she noticed the two half-breeds whom Jack Crawford had had put in jail. They started towards her. She wheeled her horse in flight. One of the ruffians set out after her. They had just been planning to capture her, because they thought Jack loved her. Mary forgot her pistols, and whipped her horse into a run. Nearer and nearer came the ruffian's horse. When he was alongside Mary, he jerked her from her saddle into his. She was too nearly exhausted to resist. The ruffian carried her to a dingy little hut deep in the mountains. There she was bound on a dirty little bed.

"Now, I gotcha," said Mike, the half-breed. "I'll have a big ransom afore ole Tom Leonard or Jack Crawford lays eyes on ye."

"You are a mean scoundrel," said Mary. "You shall suffer severely for this."

"Think so, do yer? Well, we'll see 'bout dat. I'm gonna send a note to yer ole dad an' tell him ter leave me three thousand bucks in dat ole holler oak down thar in the gully

by six o'clock tomorrer evening, or he'll never see his girl ag'in."

"You shall not have a single cent!" almost yelled Mary.

The other ruffian soon came in, but he had little to say. Both set to drinking very heavily.

* * * * * * * * *

Jack, on seeing Mary's horse, had jumped upon his and had caught hers. He wrote a note, saying that he feared that Mary had been kidnapped, and fastened it on the saddle. Then he sent the pony on its way home.

Jack believed that the half-breeds were responsible for Mary's disappearance. He knew where they lived; therefore, he started for their hut. When he was within half a mile of it, he was suddenly confronted by Abe, the younger of the half-breeds.

"What ye doin' prowlin' 'roun' here?" Abe sneered.

"I am looking for Miss Mary Leonard," Jack replied sternly. "If you know where she is, tell me at once," he demanded.

"Yes, I know where she is, but ye'll never know."

Suddenly he jerked a pistol from his pocket. Quick as a flash, Jacked knocked the ruffian's hand up and at the same time dealt him a stunning blow in his face. He was just in time, for the pistol was discharged at that very moment. Jack jumped upon him and tied him fast. He took a small piece of paper from Abe's pocket. It was the note to Mr. Leonard. "So you have captured her and hold her for ransom?" questioned Jack.

Abe made no reply.

Jack left the bound fellow in a clump of bushes and cautiously made his way towards the hut. He crept close to a window and peered in. There sat Mike, nodding and stupid from the influence of whiskey. Mary was trying desperately to free herself. Jack went to the door and quietly opened it. Then he yelled: "Don't move a limb, Mike, or I will shoot you dead!"

Mike sat still.

Jack cut Mary's bonds, and then bound Mike.

"Well, I guess ye've got me fer good now," whimpered Mike.

"Yes, I think I have, you scoundrel!" retorted Jack.

"Oh! Who are you? I am so much indebted to you for rescuing me. You shall be duly rewarded."

"I am Jack Crawford, the miner."

"I have heard father speak so highly of you."

"No, Miss Mary, I will not have a reward. I was too glad to render you assistance against those ruffians."

Jack took Miss Mary in sight of her home, and then he returned and got Mike and Abe. They were both put in the State penitentiary for life.

The next day Jack received a letter from his mother which said: "Ruth and Jimmie Long were happily married yesterday. Ruth has not proven true to you. However, forget that and live a pure life still." Jack was hurt very much at first. Soon, however, he felt better. He resolved to have another betrothed. He soon became a constant caller at the sheriff's.

One afternoon, as he and Mary were strolling along the mountain trail, they came upon the hut where Jack had rescued her.

"Do you remember this hut?" said Jack.

"Yes," replied Mary. "I remember it quite well."

"Well, do you remember saying that I should be rewarded?"

"Yes; but you refused to be," she returned, smiling.

"Do you think it too late to receive my reward now?"

"Why, of course not. I shall see papa about it right away."

"No; you need not do that. Just give me your consent to see him. I will arrange the terms myself."

Mary's face flushed. She had just realized what Jack meant.

"You may," she replied timidly.

"It is all right," replied Jack. "I have already arranged with your father. You are the reward."

Arm in arm, they walked homeward. Jack had found his fortune.

E. H. H., '18.

College and College Life

THE NEW WORLD into which the high school graduate enters on going to college is one which tests his manhood, tries his worth, and brings out his qualities of conformity to circumstances. In his previous life as a high school student he has had parental oversight and the watchful care of teachers who were almost as vigilant as his parents. Now he is thrown upon his own manhood, with the exception of the friendly interest that a professor or a fellow student perchance may show for him. Formerly negligence in studying his lessons and failure to perform his allotted tasks and duties meant that he must remain after school to make amends for his remissness. He was also subject to be reprimanded and punished for such offense. He may now study at will. Hence, a clear realization of the purpose for which he has come to college is indispensable.

Early in his college course he must distinguish the difference between adhering to home standards and adhering to home rules. He must realize that the former involves principle, while the latter is a mere matter of expediency. To refuse to sacrifice custom for the sake of harmony with the usual order of things in college life is foolish, but to prostitute principle and honor for the sake of the crowd is base and ignoble.

The student at college, more than any other individual, finds abundant opportunity for fellowship and for broadening his social life. In the literary society and by frequent visits to the library, he is also afforded the opportunity to develop those faculties of mind and heart with which God has endowed him as never before. Moreover, the gymnasium and the various games common to college students prevent the body from being dwarfed as the mind grows and enables him to develop in stature as well as in brain.

After all, the greatest thing about college life is its democratic spirit. It will not be long after a student has arrived at college that he will be taken for what he is worth, wealth

and good looks notwithstanding. This holds good for the way in which both teacher and fellow student will regard him.

After considering these points, one cannot help from coming to the conclusion that an institution better than a college for developing well-rounded character, physically, intellectually, and morally, is not to be found on God's green earth.

WOODROW WARD, '19.

Mirrors of Love

I read in your eyes all your secrets:
Just those two little jewels of blue
Show me of your love overflowing,
And tell me that you are e'er true.

I see in them wonderful goodness,
They relate of your innermost soul,
They plead of a heart full of kindness;
Yea, they show that you're worth more than gold.

They show me that you are an angel,
Just abiding on earth for a while,
To fill it with sunshine and gladness,
Kind words and your wonderful smile.

I read there the whole of your story,
Every deed that was thoughtful and kind.
My love has but been a giver of vision:
Now then, who says that love is but blind?

C. W. S.

A Night at Sanlei

THE DOLPHUS was a ninety-foot schooner-yacht. She had stranded on a reef opposite Gobotoa, and was given up as lost, when Ell Hillan came along and salvaged her for a song. Hillan had her scraped and painted white. He also added another jib and enlarged the staysail. Now the Dolphus was the fleetest sailing craft in the South Sea.

Ell Hillan, the owner of the Dolphus, was a large man, six feet tall and broad in proportion, brozed from exposure to the sun. His eyes sparkled mysteriously from deep caverns and from narrow slits when he smiled. He had ever been a rolling stone, a wanderer, ever in pursuit of adventure and fortune, and in both of these cases successful. This trip he was carrying his friends on a cruise to Malalai, where was situated the largest of his numerous plantations.

Captain Peter Wood gave the wheel to the big Malatai headsman and started pacing the scorching deck. "We are going to have a storm," he announced, after scanning the sky, to a group of four men seated under the aft awning. "Barometer down to 74.2 now."

"Hope it does—anything to cool things off," groaned Ben Lomer.

"We had better put into Sanlei instead of trying to make Malalai," suggested Red Lipscomb.

"Good idea! We need some supplies and water," answered Bob Waring.

"Don't fancy playing around in a cyclone all night," said Ben Lomer. "We can lie snug at Sanlei."

"Sanlei is only fifteen miles to port; we should make it before the wind breaks," announced Ell Hillan, as he consulted with Captain Peter Wood.

Shortly orders were given for the Dolphus to come about.

As Peter Wood's seasoned weather eye was invariably right, they decided to put into Sanlei instead of going on to Malalai, though apparently there were no signs of an approach-

ing storm. The sun, a little patch of gold, shone brilliantly in the copper sky.

"This sure is hot," ventured Waring, as all of them wiped the perspiration from their brows and wearily fanned themselves in the sweltering heat. "Hell don't get no hotter."

"Gee! A big wind is making," said Hillan. "Barometer down to 73.1. Hope we can make it in time."

The Dolphus rose and fell listlessly on an oily sea. Eventually a sea bird flew overhead and screamed. The break in the silence seemed to be the signal for the beginning of a slight breeze that steadily increased. Swifter it blew, so that ninety minutes later found the Dolphus racing into the harbor of Sanlei.

Peter Wood yelled orders for sails to be lowered, and seven black men ran forward to obey. Fish bone and rings protruded through their noses and ears. Necklaces of shell, on which were suspended keys and other hardware, hung around their necks. All were naked except for a narrow gee-string about their middle.

Soon the sails were furled and gasketed, and the Dolphus came to anchor in thirty fathoms behind the protection of a reef. The sun had long since disappeared behind the clouds. The wind was whistling overhead, and every gust brought a shower of water that swashed over the deck. The tall cocoanut trees were bent low. Large breakers were sent thundering and foaming far up the beach. Soon the gray evening faded into night.

The men had succeeded in making a landing, but not at the settlement. Wind and waves had pushed them out of their course, until they were two miles from the village of Sanlei. Night found them plodding on through the heavy sand. The storm increased, and they knew it would be useless to go on because of the danger of getting lost.

Peter Wood was the first to see a house outlined slightly darker than the sky. "I'll be the first there," challenged Ell Hillan. Together they raced and shortly burst into the front door entering into a long hallway. Cautiously they opened the

door on the right and entered. Scattered on the floor were some playing cards. Otherwise the room was bare.

"Set-back, faro, or poker?" panted Ben Lomer.

"Poker, by all means," returned Jack Waring.

"I won my block at college for poker," ventured Ell Hillan. "But that's another story. Come on. Deal."

Accordingly the five men sat down and began to play. Outside the wind howled. The shutters were continuously rattling and banging, and at frequent intervals the entire house would shake. Sometimes the deep boom of the surf could be heard above the roar of the wind.

"This is a good time for stories," suggested Lomer. "It was a night like this John Smith was murdered—"

"Cut it! I'm for sleep," urged Hillan.

After the game, they all lay down, but Lomer decided this would be a good chance to scare them. He carefully arose and sneaked out of the room, hunting a sheet or some canvas. An hour passed. Despite the noise of the storm, the men were sleeping. Ell Hillan turned and said, "Hang it! the roof is leaking. Peter Wood, light the lantern."

After a yawn or two, Peter lit the lantern.

"Those rain drops look pretty red."

"God! it's blood."

"Where is Ben? Hey! wake up, you two!"

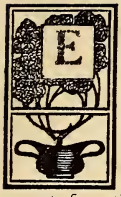
"Come! We'll go upstairs and see what this is. Things look bad."

They went, and as Hillan held the lantern up high, all of them recoiled at the sight.

There on the floor, terribly mangled and slashed, lay Ben Lomer.

Years passed, and all investigation proved futile. At length a smuggler was captured by the authorities and confessed that he, with ten others, had heard the men approach the house the night of the storm. They then retired to the second story, as they did not wish to have any trouble; but when a man entered the room in which they were concealed, they killed him and fled. P. W.

Southern Lawlessness



VERY custom or practice of any people has some foundation or cause. Oftentimes this cause may be so veiled by subsequent happenings that it is well nigh impossible to locate it directly. Such is not the case, however, with the subject we have for discussion. Southern lawlessness, as disrespect for the law in the southern part of our country is termed by many, has a direct cause. This cause, whatever may be its results, is one as honorable and upright as any custom may lay claim to.

During the evil days of Reconstruction, immediately following the Civil War, the South passed through a trial which few peoples would have been able to survive. The black man, then but two or three generations removed from savage cannibalism, was given almost unlimited freedom. In addition to this new freedom, he was given power which in his most wildly frenzied moments he had never even dreamed of. This freedom, although given in good faith, but by those who were totally ignorant of the negro and of conditions in the South, threatened, at least for a short space, the supremacy of the white man. Such a condition, as every one who has studied the past history of the Anglo-Saxon race knows, could never exist. Men who from their earliest recollection had been taught to reverence the law as a thing almost sacred, became breakers of laws passed by the vote of the ignorant black, which if observed meant for the woe of their native land. These laws, although forced upon the conquered South by a power which she was unable to resist, were evaded in many ways by the Southern people, and also many ways were found to punish the bigoted black who attempted to carry out these laws.

The negro who committed some crime and who would not have been brought to justice under the then law of the land, was seized some night in a lonely place by a band of men, tried with all justice and fairness, and, if guilty, was given his

proper punishment by this higher tribunal of law and order. Such an expedient was forced through circumstances upon the Southern man to protect his home and civilization. Needless to say men who were thus forced to disobey these unwise laws had absolutely no respect for law as it then was. As times grew more normal, a lingering of this old feeling still remained in their hearts, and it was exceedingly hard for them to stand idly by and allow the law to pursue its proper course with the black criminal. In a measure, though perhaps unintentionally, this feeling was passed on to their children, whose blood tingled with the stories related to them by their fathers of their deeds of the past. These children, as times grew still more normal, held in a measure that old lack of respect for the law, and finally when law and order were absolutely in power this old feeling had not entirely disappeared.

As the spread of education and culture, which inevitably follows in its wake, becomes more general through the Southland, the spectacle of the midnight lynching grows less frequent, and the time is not far distant when it shall be a matter of past history. In the mountainous regions of the South, in the rural districts, in the huge industrial centers, live a people in whose veins run some of the purest English blood, but they are a people in whom the traditions of the past and their own prejudices and dislikes are deep-rooted and hard to be moved. It is this people, whose incessant struggle for their daily bread in a toil but a few stages above that of the negro in the social scale, that are responsible for many of the lawless deeds. They are easily influenced and susceptible to varying emotions; and, without the restraining influence of education and its concomitant virtue, culture, they are at times unable to restrain their primeval desires. It is these primeval desires that cause them to commit lawless acts.

This same Reconstruction, which dealt the highly developed civilization of the South such a blow that it has not at the present time fully recovered its ancient prestige, dealt to the cause of education a like blow. Thus we see that in a twofold sense the South has inherited the stain which she now bears:

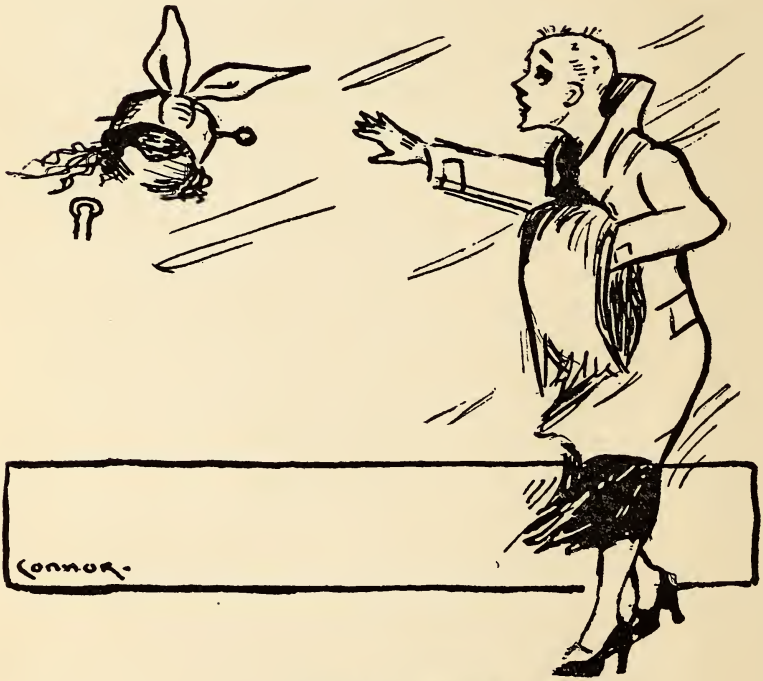
first, by a definite tendency, namely, that of inherited disrespect for law; and, second, by the lack of a definite stimulus, namely, education, which has the power of restraining this tendency.

Education is rapidly growing more universal, but the problem now confronting the Southland is: how can this remedy be applied more rapidly and more thoroughly? Ignorance, as is a well known fact, is a thing that fosters itself. The uneducated father and mother reason that what was good enough for them is all-sufficient for their children, and consequently the children are cheated out of their normal birthright, an education. According to our present knowledge and understanding, a law requiring that every child should be granted this birthright is the safest and sanest method that can be applied to the situation. A mother administers unpleasant medicine to her sick child, even though the child may rebel to the utmost extent of its power; why should not this remedy be administered to this the diseased part of our citizenship and the whole people be benefited? Whenever a lawless act takes place in a State or community, the whole State or community is held responsible for the act, even though it may be committed by only a small fraction of the whole. This whole community, State or section of country has a large majority of right-thinking people who are capable if they so desire to enforce the remedy that may be applied to the situation and thus save the whole people from the blame of the lawless deed, and also to save those who would do the deed from themselves.

What more fitting instrument for enforcing the application of this remedy of universal education can be found than the law? Such a law as one requiring education for all is one which would not be revolted at as one that forbids vengeance to be taken upon a negro who has committed an unpardonable crime. It is only when men's passions are deeply stirred that they take the law in their own hands; hence, we see that a law demanding education for all is one that would be enforced in enough instances to warrant its being tried as the only present remedy for the present situation. These facts

may well be taken into consideration, and as we only know to do what seems for the best, we should do all in our power to hasten the time when education shall have advanced to the proper degree over the entire Southland, and with the advance of education the final doom of that frightful monster—Southern Lawlessness.

W. H. H., Jr., '16.



A "cool-headed" woman

WOFFORDISMS

Late to bed and late to rise
Makes a man yawn and rub
his eyes.

* * *

"How great was Wofford, pa?"

"Oh, Wofford, 10; Newberry, 7."

* * *

Talking about four-in-hands, some fellows were handed fours on their reports and were tied up all summer with back work.

* * *

Some fellows study hard to pass. Others just laugh at the professor's jokes.

* * *

Of all the glad words of
tongue or pen,
The gladdest are these: "Cotton rose again."

* * *

A fellow who sits on the front seat at the theatre is usually found on the back seat at church.

* * *

Flunks and back exams wait for every man.

* * *

Some professors' trains of thought carry no freight for some fellows. Many sleepers accompany such a train, however.

A wise answer turneth away "fours." But foolish replies arouse a prof's indignation.

* * *

The long road that knows no turning must lie between the dormitory and town.

* * *

Any old fool can flunk, but it takes a man to pass.

* * *

We've got a hunch that a certain college by the name of *Furman University* is going to get the socks beat off them Thanksgiving Day.

* * *

A fellow from Furman told us a Ford story the other day which was new—at Furman.

* * *

"Sell your hammer and buy a horn." Do you know what that means, fellows?

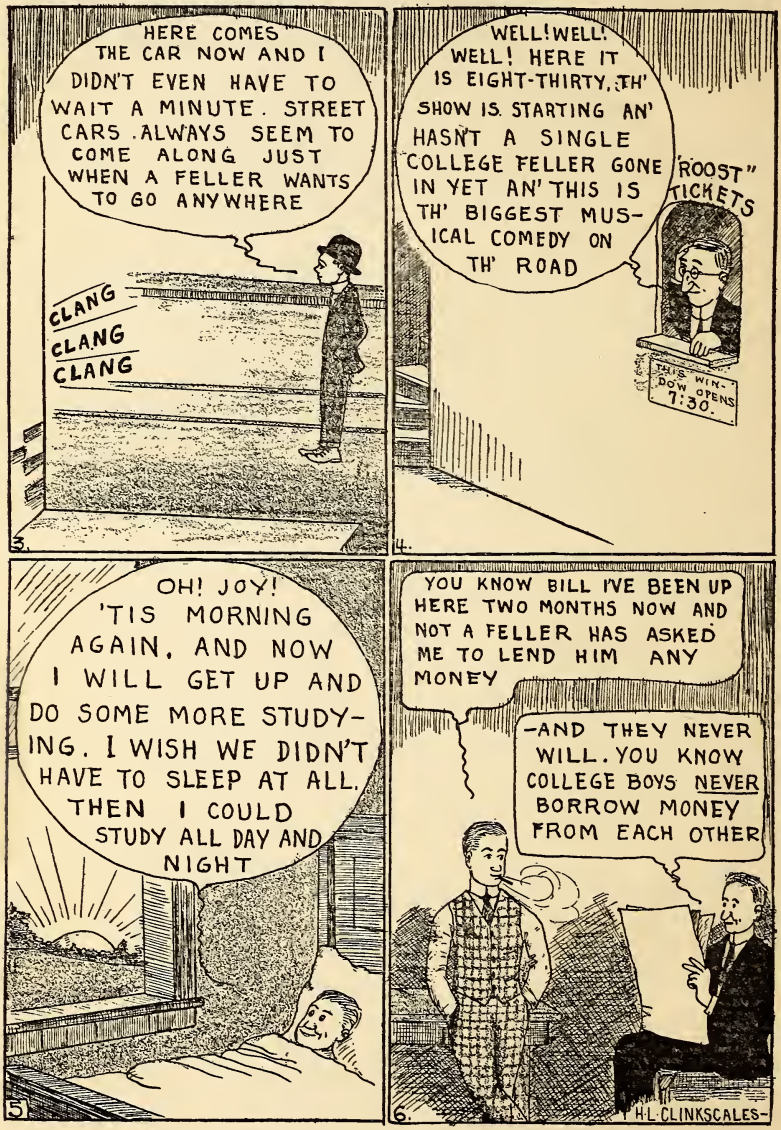
* * *

Consider the Sophomores in college. They study not, neither do they think; yet no professor in all of his knowledge can hand out "hot air" like one of these.

* * *

A hog certainly has one good feature—he knows how to root.

THINGS WE NEVER SAY



Wofford College Journal

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

Subscription per year, $1.50; single copies, 20 cents.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES, SEE OF WRITE THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

WALTER W. DANIEL.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
T. J. WILLIAMSON.....ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The Bible Study Spirit

Hail, fellows! *Watch the Bible Classes grow!* This should be a slogan in the college as much as Watching Wofford Win is on the athletic field.

There have been organized on the campus several Bible study groups, with a marked attendance at every meeting. Indeed, there is untold good to be derived in these groups. They are not, as some of the fellows seem to think, for the benefit of a few on the campus, but are organized for the good of all who feel disposed to take part. There is not only an immediate benefit to be derived from them, but the study will prove an immense benefit in time to come. It is not a question of whether one is studying for the ministry or some special phase of Christian service, but every station or position in life should be guided by Christian motives. Indeed, there is no

better place to prepare or lay the foundation for service and leadership than in one of the Bible study groups.

Fellows, let this be a call to all who mean to attain the highest in college life. And let us enter it with a spirit of hopefulness and surely it will mean much to our future career.

S. C. C. P. A.

The South Carolina College Press Association will meet in Spartanburg this year as the guest of Converse and Wofford. This association was formed with the object of promoting and upbuilding the college magazines of the State, to raise their literary standard, and to bring the officers of these magazines into a closer relationship with one another. The convention will meet, as provided for in the constitution, on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of this month. There are twelve colleges in the association, to wit: Columbia, Converse, Winthrop, Clemson, Charleston, G. W. C., Newberry, P. C. of S. C., U. S. C., Wofford, Woman's College, and Furman University. All of these colleges will be represented by delegates chosen from the magazine staffs of the respective colleges. The association offers four medals each year: One for the best story; one for the best essay; one for the best poem; and one for the best sketch. In previous years, Wofford has been very successful in these contests, and we hope to bring home our share this year. It will be a great pleasure to help entertain the association this year. We extend to all visiting delegates a hearty welcome, and hope the meetings will be a source of profit to all concerned.

Watch Wofford Win

Watch Wofford Win is a good slogan. We give last year's editor of *The Old Gold and Black* the credit for originating it, but do not believe that he meant for it to be taken literally. If we all sit back and watch, who will do the winning? It takes more than watching to make anything win. Now, understand, the editor of the JOURNAL is not trying to register a protest against this slogan. He believes the slogan

is all right, and if heeded in spirit rather than in letter, can hardly be improved. In spirit it should mean, "Wofford boys have the proper college spirit; they work hard, and they will eventually win. Endurance cannot be defeated." Fellows, go out for the teams. Even if you fail to make a team your first year out, you will be gratified to know that you helped. Maybe you will make it your second year. A "scrub" team is absolutely essential to a good 'varsity, and the "scrubs," working uphill as they do, deserve as much credit as the 'varsity. It would be well for all of us to bear this in mind.

"EDITORIALETTES"

We are gratified to note that so much interest is being taken by the students in the JOURNAL. We wish to take this opportunity to thank the student body for their support in the way of contributions. The underclassmen, especially, have responded. We are pleased to be able to say that several Freshmen have contributed. Keep it up. College spirit extends further than the athletic field.

The track team will probably start practice soon. What Wofford needs is about ten Russian track men and two German starters.

A reel truth—"The Blindness of Virtue."

How would you feel if your father were to come to Spartanburg and find you loafing on a street corner with a cigarette in your mouth? Think over this seriously. Much time is wasted that could be transformed into profit. Loafing soon becomes a habit which is as hard to break as any other habit. If you must loaf, loaf in the college library, thereby combining your pleasure with profit.

Wanted—To know what organized body on the campus is the most inconsistent.

ADAM'S ADVANTAGE.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
  This must have made him sore:
When he and Mother Eve fell out,
  He couldn't slam the door.
—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

Whatever troubles Adam had,
  And he had some, I 'spose,
He never sat behind a hat
  At moving picture shows.
—*Houston Post.*

Whatever troubles Adam had,
  He always had a chance;
For sure he never had to fear
  That Eve would wear the pants.
—*New Orleans Item.*

Whatever troubles Adam had,
  He didn't have to shiver
Out upon a mountain road
  Patching tires for a Flivver.
—*La Jolla, Cal., Journal.*

Whatever troubles Adam had,
  I'll bet one made him fleet-o:
Not having any clothes, you see,
  He had to dodge the spry mosquito.
—N. N. B.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
  He sang a joyful song;
He never had to go to class
  And study all day long.

———

Examinations are approaching rapidly. We had better get busy. We can fool some of the professors all of the time, and all of them some of the time, but we can't fool all of them all of the time.

The seven modern wonders of the world must be: 1, the Standard Oil Co.; 2, Panama Canal; 3, Newlywed's Baby; 4, Ingersoll Watch; 5, Ford Car; 6, the Junior who passed Geology; 7, the Freshman who passed the first term of Math.

Well, we went to the State fair, had a big time, and expect to get our "dip" just the same.

How do Erskine and Newberry feel this morning? Some game! What?

Wofford enjoys the distinction of having the second football team that has made a touchdown on Carolina's strong team this year. A. & M. of North Carolina made a field goal and a touchdown; otherwise Carolina has not been scored on this season. Go to it, Terriers!

Some folks were born bores. Others tell Ford jokes—*Ford Joke Book.* Or discuss the present war in Europe.

We have an essay this month on Southern Lawlessness. However, this Southern Lawlessness we hear about is just a little Yankee *kultur* the Southerners picked up.

Help Wofford Win.

Mother, save your boy from—

D uPre
Chil **E** s
S nyder
P ugh
W **A** llace
Cl **I** nkscales
R embert

B. S., '16.

E. F. Moseley.....Editor

LYCEUM SEASON OPENS.

A very rare treat was accorded the members of the Wofford Lyceum on October 14, when the Lyceum Arts Conservatory Orchestra gave the first number of the course here. The applause of the evening attested the popularity of the entertainment. Nearly every selection was encored several times. The program was as follows:

PERSONNEL.

Miss Hilda Eiler—First Violin.
Miss Gladys Palmer—Second Violin and Second Soprano.
Miss Ruth Foote—'Cello and First Alto.
Miss Esta M. Willoughby—Clarinet.
Miss Eleanor Pardee—Cornet and Piano.
Miss Faye Palmer—Trombone and Second Alto.
Miss Marie Asquith—Piano and Soprano Soloist.
Miss Beulah Truitt—Drums and Reader.

Aida March .....*Verdi*

L. A. C. Orchestra

Valse .....*Selected*
Horn Duet .....*Gustav Luders*

Misses Palmer and Pardee

Overture—Raymond ..... *Amb. Thomas*

Reading ..... *Selected*

MISS TRUITT

Soprano Solo—"In Italy" ..... *Jeanne M. Boyd*

MISS ASQUITH

Violin Solo ..... *Selected*

MISS EILER

Selection ..... *Victor Herbert*

L. A. C. ORCHESTRA

Ladies' Quartette ..... *Selected*

MISSES ASQUITH, PALMER, FOOTE, AND PALMER

Request Number .....

L. A. C. ORCHESTRA

Reading ..... *Selected*

MISS TRUITT

Trombone Solo—"Air Varie" ..... *Clay Smith*

MISS PALMER

American Patrol ..... *T. W. Meacham*

L. A. C. ORCHESTRA

Judging from this first number, it is very evident that the course this year will be exceptionally good. The Metropolitan Grand Quartette will be here November 23. A large crowd is expected, as this was one of the most enjoyed numbers of last year.

All the students of Wofford College wish to extend to Dr. W. L. Pugh our deepest sympathy at his recent bereavement.

FOUNDER'S DAY.

A holiday was given October 19 in memory of Rev. Banjamin Wofford, the founder of Wofford College.

STATE FAIR.

The State fair was held October 25-29. From all reports, it was the biggest and best yet. A good number of Wofford boys attended.

Dr. Winfield Scott Hall, Professor of Physiology in the Medical Department of the Northwestern University, at Chicago, gave two very interesting and valuable lectures to the student body on October 21. Dr. Hall is a specialist in his line, and his lectures were greatly appreciated by all who heard him.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

On October 29 the three literary societies held their regular election, and the results were as follows:

Calhoun—J. C. Covington, President; R. A. Patterson, Vice-President; P. T. Carter, First Critic; ....., Second Critic; ....., Third Critic; W. H. Crews, First Censor; H. B. Carlisle, Jr., Second Censor; R. H. Moore, Recording Secretary; J. C. Dial, Corresponding Secretary; F. L. Chenault, Junior Marshal; Porter Williams, Sophomore Marshal; John Kinney, Freshman Marshal. J. E. Barrentine was chosen as oratorical speaker, in place of one of the boys who didn't come back.

Carlisle—J. W. Harris, President; W. D. Gleaton, Vice-President; J. C. Pruitt, First Critic; J. E. Eubanks, Second Critic; C. A. Carter, First Censor; W. K. Suggs, Second Censor; Archie Keaton, Third Censor; F. F. Roberts, Recording Secretary; Charles Henry, Corresponding Secretary.

Preston—W. W. Daniel, President; E. D. Whisonant, Vice-President; R. J. Smith, First Critic; J. H. Hood, Second Critic; E. F. Moseley, First Censor; Ralph Sheider, Second Censor; F. L. Fitzsimons, Third Censor; T. H. Glenn, Recording Secretary; Gee Frey, Corresponding Secretary; W. W. Daniel and W. C. Reid, members Debate Council; W. G. Ramseur, Senior weekly orator; J. E. Wiggins, Junior weekly orator.

FRESHMAN CLASS ELECTIONS.

At a meeting of the Freshman class, November 2, the following officers were elected: Woodrow Ward, Vice-President; J. C. Dozier, Secretary; J. E. Ellis, Treasurer. The President will be elected in December.

Jokes

Wanted—To know the name of the lady at G. W. C. with whom "Red" Williamson wanted to correspond.

Dr. Pugh told his English class of a man who could be buried seven cubits underground and hear an ant fifty miles away.

If it were very hot weather, would Barnes Boyle?
No, but Gee would Frey.

Why is Ed Hamer short-winded?
Because he has such long pants.

"Economical."—Fresh. Ouzts (to Soph. Watson)—I am opposed to holidays.

Soph. Watson—Why?

Fresh. Ouzts—Because I want to get the full benefit from my tuition.

Freshman German Class.—Prof. A. Mason DuPre—Herr Wright, translate the following sentence: Haben Sie einen Lehrer oder eine Lehrerin?

Fresh. Wright—Have you a teacher or a teacheress?

Dr. Rembert (to Fresh. Ward)—Did they have the same Bible in 1885 that we have now?

Fresh. Ward—No, sir; the printing press had not been invented and the Bible had not been translated out of the original Greek.

Fresh. Barron was passing through the campus the other day and Prof. DuPre's cow started after him.

"I didn't know your cow hooked," said Barron to the professor, who happened to be near.

"She doesn't hook," replied the professor; "but she does run after green things."

Mr. E. D. Whisonant tried to get in free to the Furman-P. C. football game in Greenville because he was a delegate to the Y. M. C. A. conference.

"Stix" Harmon (to C. W. Browning)—Say, old sport, you ought to have some of those new collars that C. & F. have just got in.

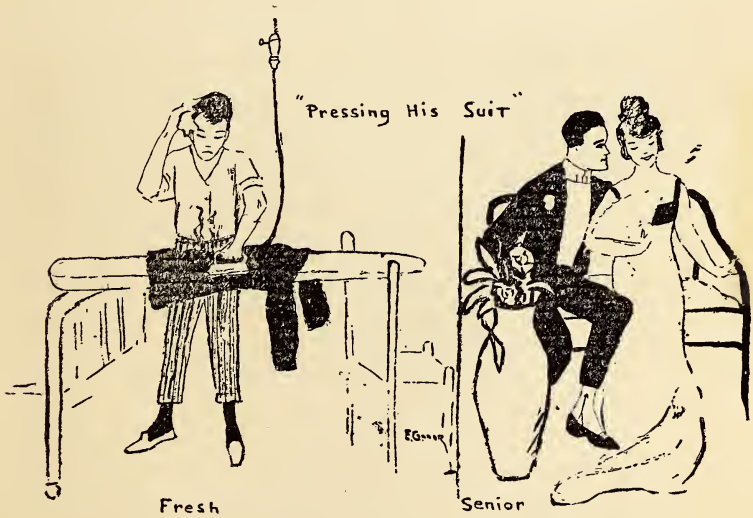
Browning—What kind are they?

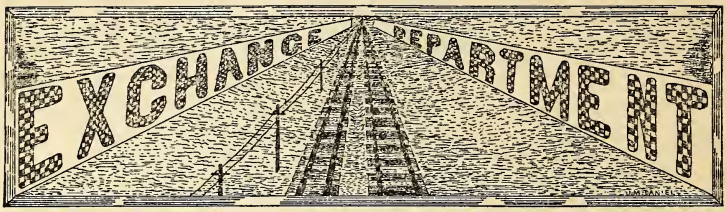
"Stix"—Sandpaper collars for roughnecks.

J. S. Wallace was caught raising his hat to the wax figures in the show windows down town.

Senior Montgomery (at class meeting)—Mr. President, I move that all Seniors carry canes.

Senior Eubanks—I wish to offer an amendment to that motion. I move that the Senior class get a cane and let Montgomery carry it.





J. W. Harris, Jr.....Editor

The Wofford Journal exchange department is very much pleased with the productions of its fellow colleges which reached its table this month. Of course, as these were the first issues, there was no criticism of the Wofford Journal, and we cannot thank any one for kindly remarks and criticisms. We shall appreciate the notice that is taken of our paper, and will give freely and in the most friendly spirit our criticisms of other magazines.

Isaqueena
Greenville Woman's College

The Isaqueena was the first magazine that came to our notice. We have carefully read it, and wish at the outset to favorably express ourselves in its behalf, especially of its stories and essays. "Matthew Arnold's Doctrine of Culture" shows very plainly that the writer knows whereof she speaks. And, too, the essay on "Robert Browning's Obscurity" is a good example of deep study and critical thought. There, however, is a woeful lack of poems. The two that have been published are short and follow up a somewhat trite subject. Taken as a whole, the paper is far above what it has been heretofore, and we extend to the editors and contributors our congratulations and encouragement.

The Concept
Converse College

The first issue of *The Concept* was read by the Exchange Editor with a great deal of pleasure. This magazine is well prepared and the literary matter is also well arranged. The poems are all very well executed, but we consider the first

one, "Kanuga," by far the best. It shows that the writer is a lover of nature and possesses the ability to express her emotions as aroused by the beauties of nature. The stories are much the same as they have always been, the best in our consideration being the "Game of Cards." This story is well executed and the plot well laid, although it deals with the same old love strain that is prevalent in college magazines. "Rudyard Kipling, the Modern Anglo-Saxon in Poetry," is the best essay, and shows study on the part of the author. The editorials and particularly good, and show that the editor keeps up with the college life and spirit, and also studies *psychology*.

The Chronicle
Clemson College

The October number of *The Chronicle* arrived in due time at the exchange department, and we wish to express our appreciation for it. The three stories are well placed and all very interesting, and their literary feature is as good as the plot. They are all very short, and it is hard to decide which is best. "The Greatness of Little Things" is an essay well worth the reading. It is short, but strikes at the heart of many of the evils prevalent in our day. The poems are all really very good and show signs of great future poets. We enjoyed *The Chronicle* very much, although it was somewhat short in proportion to the literary societies which publish it. We hope to be further favored with its future publications.

The Era
Emory and Henry College of Virginia

The Era is in many respects what a college periodical should be. The arrangement of the material is especially good. The stories are all tragical, and it seems that the story-tellers are somewhat sombre in their conceptions of life. "Across the Great Divide" is a rather wholesome digression from the general line of college stories. It deals with a question which most young men have to face, and is a good story with the exception of the rather lengthy introduction. The essays are on the whole better than the stories in our estima-

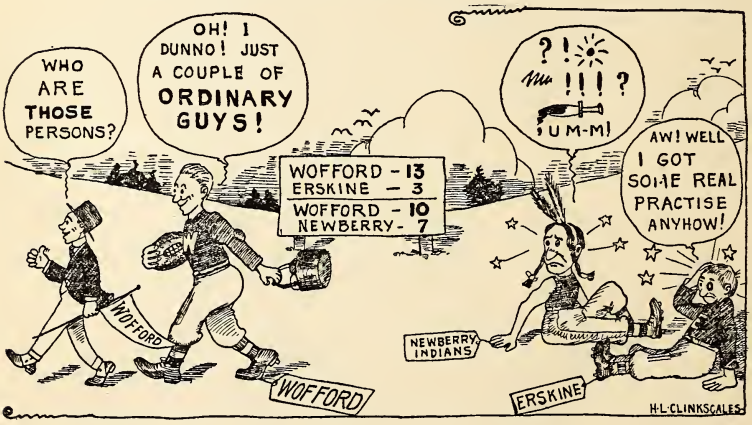
tion. They deal with questions of present-day interest, especially the two, "The Future of War" and "The Special War Tax of 1914." The editorials show good college spirit and wholesome enthusiasm and interest on the part of the editor.

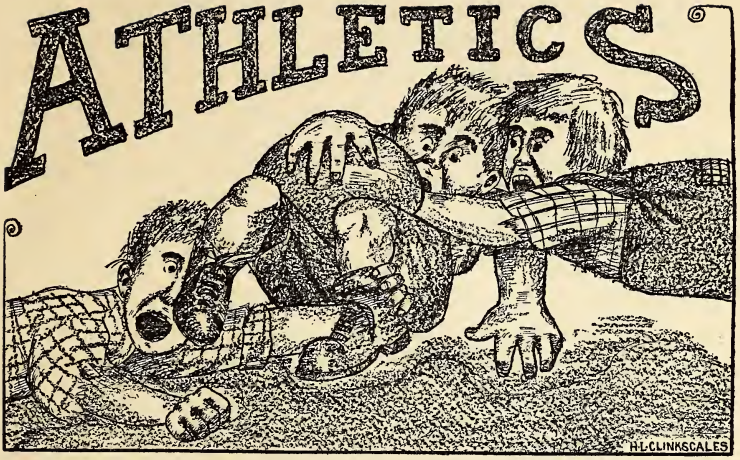
The Carolinian
University of South Carolina

We congratulate the University of South Carolina for its step in the extension work, to which they devoted the introductory pages of the September issue of its monthly periodical. This account and also the other essays were read with much interest in the Wofford circle of publishers. "Back to the Fold" is the longest and assuredly the best of the stories, although the others do the authors credit.

We also wish to acknowledge the *Furman Echo* and the *Newberry Stylus,* which lack of space prevents us from going into lengthy criticisms of. The *Echo* is up to the average, and the *Stylus* shows much improvement. Both were appreciated and will be discussed later.

BUT 'TWAS TWO GLORIOUS VICTORIES





J. C. Covington.....Editor

FOOTBALL.

The football season is now nearly over, and Wofford, although luck as a rule has been against us, is making a very creditable showing upon the gridiron this year. Five games have been played so far. Two were victories and three were defeats, but Wofford was hardly expected to win two of the three games that were lost, as they were games played with much stronger and much heavier teams, who have had long experience in the game. Much credit should be given Coaches Passailaigue and Hester, who have worked so earnestly and so faithfully to get out a winning team; also to Mr. Mills, our last year's coach, who has so kindly assisted in coaching the linemen. The results of the games played so far are as follows:

Wofford, 6; Presbyterian College, 16.
Wofford, 6; Mercer University, 13.
Wofford, 0; Davidson, 45.
Wofford, 13; Erskine, 3.
Wofford, 10; Newberry, 7.
Wofford, 6; Carolina, 33.
Wofford, 2; Cumberland University, 0.

Only one more game remains to be played—that with Furman at Greenville on Thanksgiving Day. It is to be hoped that Wofford will be the victor in this last game.

THE DAVIDSON GAME.

October 16 the Terriers met Davidson at Davidson, and, although they were defeated by the large score of 45 to 0, the game was far more interesting than the score would indicate. The day was far from being an ideal one for a football game, the weather being intensely hot and very hard on the players, especially the Wofford team, as a sufficient number of men did not take the trip to permit proper substitutions. The Terriers, nevertheless, fought hard and for three whole quarters held the Presbyterians to thirteen points. The Davidson regulars were taken out at the end of the first half for a rest, and at the end of the third quarter re-entered the game fresh. The Terriers were too tired and weak to hold the fresh team, and the result was that the Presbyterians were able to run the score up to 45 points. Wofford's best chance to score came in the third quarter, when, by some well executed forward passes and line plunges, the ball was carried to Davidson's ten-yard line, but the necessary drive to take it across was lacking.

THE WOFFORD-MERCER FOOTBALL GAME.

On Monday, October 11, the "Terriers" journeyed to Macon, Georgia, where they battled with the strong Mercer University team. It was Wofford's second game, and the first played away from home this season, but the "Terriers" put up a splendid game. Although Wofford lost, the game was somewhat of a comeback after the Presbyterian College game the week before. Though the game goes down as a defeat, it might really be called a victory after taking everything into consideration. Mercer ranks high in Southern athletics, and the holding of the much heavier and more experienced Georgia team to so close a score was almost equal to a victory. The score was Mercer, 13; Wofford, 6.

Wofford kicked off to the Mercerites and obtained the ball

after holding them for downs. The "Terriers" then, by terrific line plunges through the Mercer line and some splendid end runs, carried the ball across for a touchdown in the first five minutes of play; but a try at goal was unsuccessful. Wofford kicked to Mercer, and the ball was, till the last few minutes of the first half, kept in the middle of the field. With three seconds to play before the half was up, Mercer crossed the Terrier goal line, after having brought the ball from the middle of the field by plunges through the Wofford line. Wofford came near scoring again in the third quarter, when Moore recived a forward pass and went thirty-five yards to Mercer's five-yard line, but the Mercer line held here like a stone wall, and the ball went over after the fumble of a forward pass on the goal line. Mercer then marched up the field for her second touchdown, the Wofford defense having weakened. For the remainder of the game neither goal was seriously threatened, and when the whistle blew the score stood Mercer 13; Wofford, 6.

WOFFORD-NEWBERRY GAME.

Wofford again came off the victor in the game with Newberry College at Newberry, Tuesday, October 26. The Terriers put up their best game of the season against Newberry, and they completely outplayed the Indians at all stages of the game. From start to finish interest never lagged, and the team showed more pep and fight than in any previous game.

Captain Hamer won the toss and chose to receive, and on the first play the Terriers made thirty-five yards on an end run. In three minutes the Terriers were on Newberry's ten-yard line, but here the Indians held, and on the fourth down Quarterback Osborne stepped back and scored a pretty goal from field by the drop-kick route. Newberry kicked to Wofford, and again, by some splendid end runs and off-tackle plays, the ball was on Newberry's ten-yard line. The heavy Newberry line held here, but a forward pass across the goal line, Osborne to Moore, netted a touchdown. Wofford would have scored again in the third quarter, when the ball was taken

across, but was there fumbled and recovered by Newberry. Newberry scored in the last quarter, when some forward passes which the Wofford backs were unable to break up placed them on the Terrier's eight-yard line; then pierced the Wofford line for their only touchdown. Newberry kicked to Wofford, who punted to Newberry, and a Wofford end recovered the ball. The game ended with the ball in Wofford's possession on Newberry's twenty-five-yard line.

Every man on the Terrier team starred, and if there may have been any particular feature to the game it was the long end runs of Mims. He repeatedly circled the ends for twenty-five or thirty yards. The Wofford interference was said by some who saw the game to have been the best they had seen this season. If the Terriers keep up the fight and pep they exhibited in the game with Newberry, there ought to be some more victories for old Wofford ere the season is over.

THE WOFFORD-ERSKINE GAME.

The Terriers won their first football game this season when they defeated the Erskine team on Wofford field, Friday, October 22. The game was close and very interesting from start to finish. An easy victory for Wofford was expected, but the team from Due West showed a fight that would be creditable to any team, and the Terriers had to stretch themselves to the limit in order to win a victory. Wofford scored her first touchdown in the first quarter by some long end runs and some good line plunging, and in the fourth period again carried the ball across Erskine's goal in a similar manner. Erskine was good with the forward pass, and the Wofford backs seemed unable to break them up. In the third period, Erskine, by some splendid passing, came within striking distance of the Terrier goal and scored a goal from placement. The final score was Wofford 13; Erskine, 3.

THE S. C. I. L. T. TOURNAMENT.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 21, 22, 23, the South Carolina Intercollegiate Lawn Tennis Association held

its annual tournament at Spartanburg on the Wofford and Converse College courts. Six colleges were represented: Wofford, Furman, Erskine, Presbyterian College, Clemson, and University of South Carolina. All the matches were good and were witnessed by a large number of tennis enthusiasts. Probably better tennis has never been seen in Spartanburg, in spite of the fact that the weather was for the first day or two unfavorable. Wofford's representatives, Morgan and Langford, showed up well and won three matches in the singles. Morgan reached the semi-finals, but unfortunately in the doubles he and Langford were pitted against Sims and Wallace, of Carolina, who were the winners of the cup. This match was, however, closer and more thrilling than the score indicates.

The results of the matches were as follows:

In doubles, Bangs and Haskell, of Clemson, defeated Jacobs and Gosset, of Presbyterian College, 6-2, 6-0; Galloway and Kennedy, of Erskine, defeated Askins and Hewell, of Furman, 9-7, 6-3; Morgan and Langford, of Wofford, were beaten by Sims and Wallace of Carolina, 6-3, 6-0.

In the second round of doubles, only one match was played, Galloway and Kennedy, of Erskine, defeating Bangs and Haskell, of Clemson, 9-7, 4-6, 6-1.

In the finals, Wallace and Sims, of Carolina, defeated Galloway and Kennedy, of Erskine, 6-3, 6-4, 6-8, 6-4, winning the cup.

In the first round of singles, Morgan, of Wofford, defeated Jacobs, of Presbyterian College, 6-0, 6-4; Bangs, of Clemson, was beaten by Haskell, of Clemson, 6-2, 6-1; Galloway, of Erskine, defeated Wallace, of Carolina, 6-1, 7-5; Langford, of Wofford, defeated Burnett, of Furman, 6-1, 6-3; Sims, of Carolina, defeated Terrel, of Presbyterian College, 6-1, 6-4; Campbell, of Furman, was defeated by Kennedy, of Erskine, 6-1, 6-4.

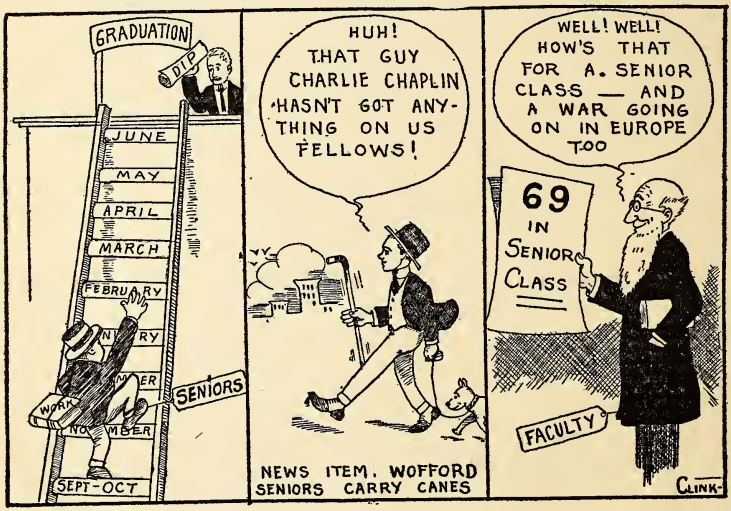
In the semi-finals, Galloway of Erskine, defeated Morgan, of Wofford, 2-6, 6-4, 6-2.

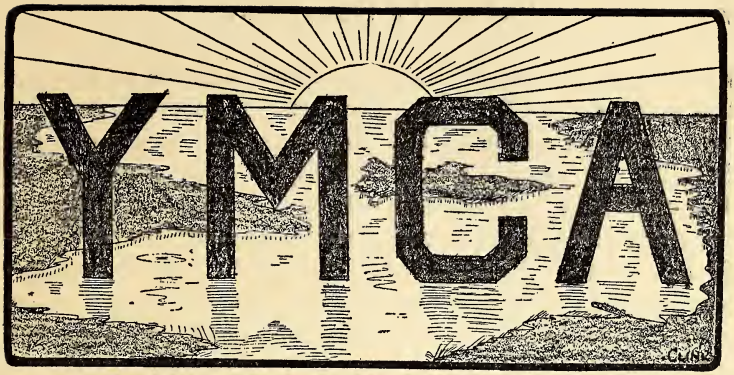
In the finals, Galloway, of Erskine, met Sims, of Carolina,

and was beaten, 6-3, 6-4, 9-7, Sims, of Carolina, winning the singles cup.

The tournament apparently was a success in every way, and Wofford was forunate in having the tournament held in Spartanburg this year. At its business meeting, the association decided to hold its tournament next year at Furman University in Greenville. The officers of the association for next year are: President, L. H. Sims, of Carolina; Vice-President, C. E. Morgan, of Wofford; Secretary, C. E. Cauthen, of Wofford. In addition to the cups, the association awarded each winner a silver souvenir with his name engraved upon it.

LITTLE BITS O' SENIOR NEWS





E. D. WHISONANT.....EDITOR

In going about the campus endeavoring to get the students to attend the regular meetings of the Y. M. C. A., we find that quite a number of students, and especially the new men, look upon these meetings as being held only for those who are Christians, or, perhaps a better word in this connection, religious. This is a mistaken idea, and we take this opportunity to remind you that these meetings are held for the good of all.

Now, the attendance at the Y. M. C. A. meetings this year has been very gratifying. We notice, however, that many of the best men on the campus are neglecting this part of their college training. We are a part of everything we come in contact with, and no man can be an educated man in the true sense of the word who develops one side of his nature at the expense of the other. Out of a student body of 316 men, we ought to have at least 150 men present at every meeting, and we sincerely trust that the men from now on will make it a point to attend these meetings every week and get in touch with the thoughts and teachings of men who have experienced life. There are lessons to be gotten at the Y. M. C. A. that will help you in any field of work, so, whether you are religious or non-religious, come out.

OCTOBER THE EIGHTH.

This meeting was the first of a series of "Life Work" talks that we have planned to have at different times during the

year. "The Law as a Life's Profession" was the subject for this occasion, and Mr. S. T. Lanham, a member of the local bar, made the address. Mr. Lanham's talk was interesting from the very beginning and was enjoyed by every one present. The speaker pictured the dark side of the profession as well as the bright side, and his address was well applicable to any field of work in life. Mr. Lanham said that "the lawyer had a great field for human service, and that a good living was in store for the man who was willing to persevere through long years of hard study and fair play."

OCTOBER THE FIFTEENTH.

As most of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet were attending the annual Y. M. C. A. Conference in Greenville, there was no meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on October 15th.

ANNUAL Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE.

The annual Y. M. C. A. Conference of the South Carolina Colleges and Universities was held at Furman University, Greenville, S. C., from Thursday, October 14th, through Sunday, October 17th. According to Mr. E. G. Wilson, Field Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.'s of North Carolina and South Carolina, this was the best conference that has ever been held in South Carolina. All of the colleges were well represented, and the delegates from each college seemed anxious to find out just how to make the Y. M. C. A. accomplish the things for which it stands.

We had with us at this conference some very able speakers. Among those who delivered addresses were: Dr. W. S. Currell, President of the University of South Carolina; Dr. W. D. Weatherford, Student Secretary of the International Committee for the South; Mr. C. G. Hounshell, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement; Mr. F. M. Purser, Secretary of the Baptist Board of Missions; Mr. E. S. King, General Secretary of University Association; Mr. Roy John, General Secretary of Clemson College Association.

We were invited to meet with Greenville Female College

Saturday night. And, after an interesting lecture by Dr. Weatherford on "Negro Life in the South," a reception was given to all the delegates and a number of others who came to hear Dr. Weatherford.

Every meeting of the conference was both inspiring and instructive, and all of us came away with our lives strengthened and with a new attitude toward God and our fellow men.

OCTOBER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

This meeting was held for the purpose of creating an interest among the students in the Bible study courses we have begun for the different classes. We were fortunate in securing Dr. E. M. Poteat, President of Furman University, to speak to us at this time on "The Importance of Bible Study." In his introductory remarks, the speaker pointed out the three periods through which the Bible had passed. The first period spoken of was a time when the Bible was considered such a sacred book that it was reverenced, but never read. The second period pointed out was a time when the Bible was subjected to severe criticism, and the third period mentioned was that of modernism, or a time of Bible study.

Dr. Poteat then went on to give three reasons why we should study the Bible. We should study the Bible, said the speaker, "because of its heroism, because of its heroes, and lastly because of the one great hero, Christ Jesus." Dr. Poteat said that the greatest thing in the world is the Bible, if we could speak of it as being a thing. It points out to us the greater things of life, shows us how to accomplish these things, and has a solution and words of encouragement for every difficulty. The speaker, in emphasizing the heroes of the Bible, said that it is just as essential that we study about the heroes of the Bible as it is for us to study about the heroes of the Greeks or the Romans. Dr. Poteat's address was the finest we have ever heard along this line, and we are very grateful to him for his helpful suggestions.

Dr. Snyder was also present at this meeting, and in a few

well chosen sentences emphasized what Dr. Poteat had already said.

OCTOBER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

Rev. C. C. Herbert, pastor of Central Methodist Church, spoke at this meeting. Mr. Herbert spoke on that wonderful saying of Christ, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." The speaker said that we have reached a time when all things are judged by their results. Mr. Herbert explained this point first by taking illustrations from the present war. He said that the only guns used by the warring nations were the guns that do the desired work. He went next to the field of athletics and showed how only such men as had proved themselves able were chosen to take part in athletic contests. The speaker then reminded us that the same truth holds good with regard to our lives, and said that no life can produce lasting results unless it be a life centered in Christ.

Mr. Herbert often speaks of himself as being the pastor of Wofford students, and we are glad to have him speak to us at different times.

THINGS IN GENERAL

By J. M. DANIEL, '17

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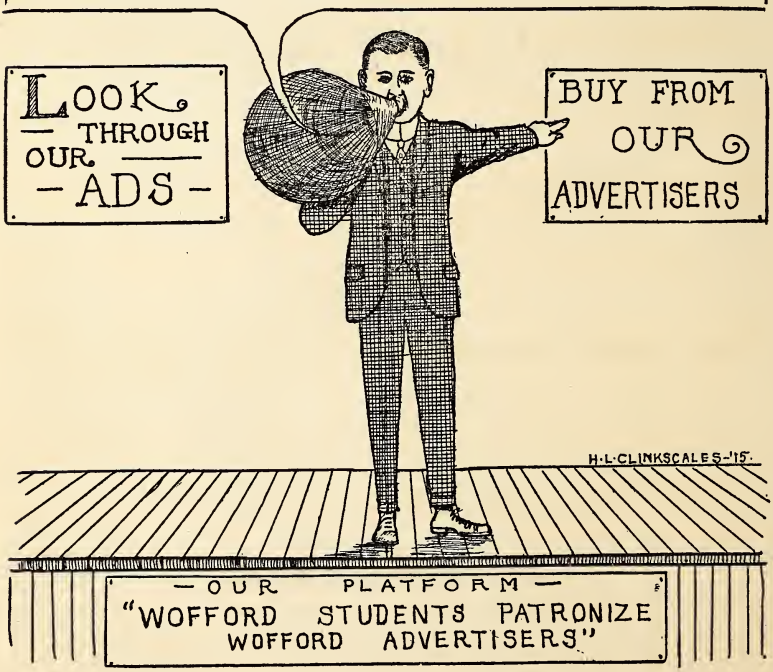

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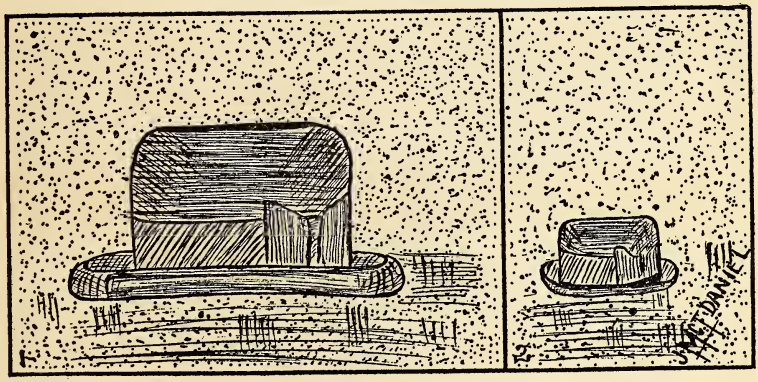

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The Wofford College Journal

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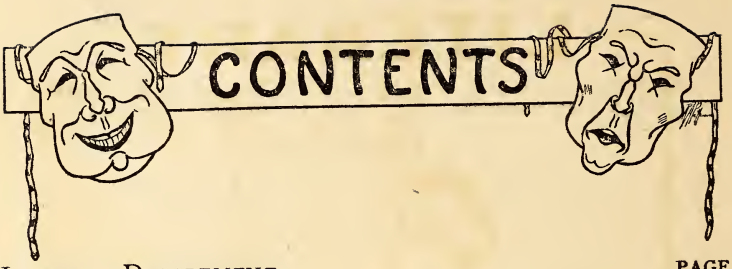

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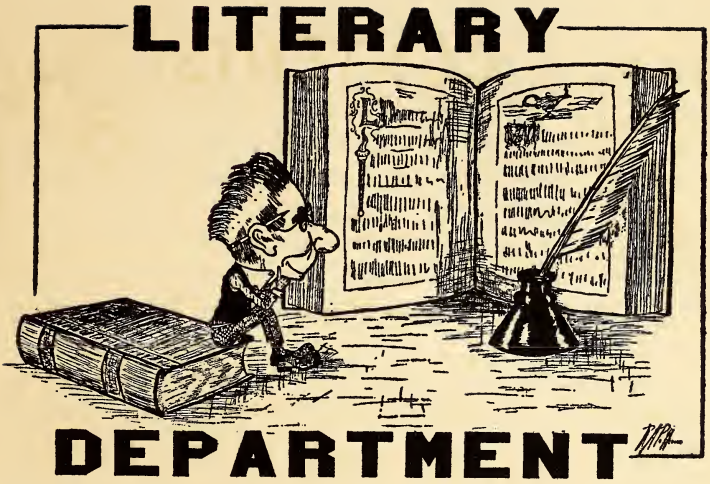

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I'll Come Back to You

When the cotton fields are white,
And the golden Autumn light
Floods the landscape which in mellow richness lies;
I will wander back again
Down our happy lover's lane,
And I'll gaze into the love light of your eyes.

I'll come over dale and hill—
Come from where the nights are chill—
Just to feel the touch of your soft hand in mine;
And 'twill be a happy day
When I come from far away,
For my life shall be drawn closer, dear, to thine.

G. D. L., '18.

Plain Mary

"SORRY, madame, but we'll be here for some time."

"Oh, Boggs! Is it that bad?"

"Yes; the main bolt in the magneto is broken," said Boggs, the chauffeur, crawling out from beneath the big Ellsmobile car.

On getting to his feet, he shook off some dirt from his hands and explained to a beautiful young girl of about seventeen summers who was looking out over the car door:

"Madame, the magneto has its main bolt broken, and I have no means of repairing it on hand; tried to get a spark, but can't even get any current; will have to get a blacksmith to put a bolt in for me."

"Oh, well, too bad!" replied the girl, stepping out of the machine. "Boggs, try again; maybe you can find some old bolt to fit," she continued.

"All right, madame; I'll do my best to get her off."

The girl strode on up the hill, at the foot of which this car had stopped.

"Melissi," the beautiful young mistress flung back at her French maid, "you stay with Boggs and help him, if you can. I am going to see something of the country—going to explore this hill."

The girl walked slowly up the winding, rocky roadway, with her arms akimbo, gazing down at her dainty little shoes. On reaching the top of the hill, she saw a brook flowing peacefully around at the foot of another little hill about three hundred yards away. By the side of the roadway she saw two persons seated, like they were fishing or playing. On seeing these people, whom she could not recognize immediately, she set out to seek aid from them. At a closer distance, the girl saw that the two persons were a lad of about fourteen or fifteen and a girl of the same age. The lad was seated on a log, with his bare feet hanging off in the stream, and the girl

by his side on the log, looking on. Both were dressed in a very simple style: the lad had a pair of overalls on, a plain calico shirt, with one suspender across his left shoulder, which served to keep the overalls in place on him; the girl wore a plain gingham dress, no bonnet—her hair flowing in a loose mass over her shoulders. She, too, was allowing her bare feet to play in the water.

"My dear young people," the traveler said as she came up, "can you tell me where there is a nearby house? My car is broken down beyond the hill. I wanted to get some one to help repair it."

The boy jumped around, and looked sheepishly.

"Me and Mary can take you to our house—it's just over the way," answered the boy.

As he raised his eyes till he met those of the stranger, he paused, blushed, then looked at his own companion for a moment, and then back at the stranger. He had never seen a more beautiful girl, he thought, than this one standing in front of him. Her red lips, tinted cheeks, and black eyes were the most beautiful he had ever cast his eyes on. Then the gentle breeze moved her black, silky hair in the glow of the setting sun—for the sun was then sending forth long golden beams of light over the crest of the hills. All this seemed to hold the lad spellbound, until his little companion sitting on the log spoke up:

"Lem, go on and show the lady your house, so she can get help."

"All right, Mary," the boy answered; "you are right. Come on, let's go."

The trio took a bypath, and, after walking briskly for ten minutes, came to a small farm house, shut in by vines, set on top of a low hill. Dogs greeted them, but were soon quieted by their young master. The little host ran into the house and called to his father; then back to the two girls who were in the porch.

"Be seated, miss," he invited, offering her a large rustic

arm chair. "Papa will be out in a moment and send some one to see about your car."

About the time the lad finished speaking, his father came out and greeted his new arrival.

"Rest easy, my lady," the chivalric old farmer said. "I'll send my man over to get your car. Where is it? At Lawson Stream?"

"Thank you ever so much," the girl answered, smiling sweetly.

"Lady, my name is Morton—Phil Morton," he said, introducing himself. "What's yours?"

"Chloe Landicutt, of Chicago," the girl replied. "We—my maid and I—were on our way," she continued, "to Louisville when my car broke down. Sorry to put you to such trouble."

"Tut! tut! No trouble, no trouble, Miss Landicutt," the old farmer answered, shaking his head. "Glad to help you, I assure you. I know what cars get people into. I own an old Ford myself, and it's forever cutting the fool. Glad to have you."

"Am so glad I am not troubling you, then."

"Sure you are not the least. Glad you broke down, aren't you, Lem?" the father interrupted and addressing his son in a teasing manner.

The boy blushed, and stammered something in reply. For him this was a real feast—such beauty, such charms, the perfect, goddess-like form—his eyes took in as he gazed at the strange girl. He looked at his own little playmate, and then on the beautiful stranger. His little sweetheart was good, nice, and pretty in her way; but the strange girl brought an atmosphere of a different world to him. He wondered how the world was from beyond these hills in the far-away city home of hers; if he would ever go into such a world, a world of this goddess. Soon his dreams were broken, for the hired man returned and announced the car was ready and that the chauffeur would come immediately. Oh, that "darn old machinist!

Why did he break up my paradise? Why didn't he let that car go to smash?" Lem asked himself.

The "honk! honk!" of the horn announced the arrival of the limousine.

"Mr. Morton, I thank you very, very much! Can't tell you how much I appreciate your help!" said the girl, offering her snow-white hand to the big old rustic farmer. "If you and your son are ever in the city, look up our home; we'd be delighted to have you."

"All right, miss," the old farmer grinned; "but don't think I have done you any great service. It was merely a trifle. Hope Jennings has put your car in good shape to carry you to Louisville. Come to see us again when you pass through."

Then the boy had his turn. Oh, the joy—those dark eyes that gave him a hope and determination—all came in when she offered him her hand.

"And I hope that we'll meet again," she smiled.

Then she entered her car and motored off over the neighboring hill and out of sight.

* * * * * * * *

It was in the last quarter, in the midst of cheers from one side or another, the referee's whistle blew; the two gigantic teams flew at each other; excitement was high.

"Go it, Overland!"

"Hit 'em, Cornwallis!"

"Look, quick now!" some one commanded from the grand stand. "Look! look! look! look at 'em! Rah! rah! Overland—he's got the ball!" screamed a pretty figure dressed in a navy blue coat suit, waving her handkerchief.

A man with a great big "O" came flying down the field, shoving aside first one pursuer and then another. Now he was in a tortuous turn—now fighting his way out—now running at full speed, plunging through two more men. It seemed as if he surely would be taken— but, ah! the handkerchief is seen fluttering—he saw it, and a determination is flashed through every limb of his body—some unseen power has taken force. Head back, legs flying, down the field like a tornado

he came, ball under his arm, his free arm fighting back everything in his way. Suddenly there swings out from near the goal line a man with a "C" on his breast. The man with the great "O" on his swerved by, was tackled as he was within a foot of the goal line. "Crash!" the two men came down together.

"Touchdown!" roared the grand stand.

But alas! what a dear price it cost the "O" man! Disabled, staggering along between two fellows, a doctor following, the hero was carried off of the field to an ambulance.

"Boys, three cheers for that Lemmon boy—he saved us!" the bleacher leader yelled through the magaphone.

"Rah! rah! rah! Lemmon! Lemmon! Lemmon!"

Then the score went up: Cornwallis, 3; Overland, 7.

Everybody went mad except one person. She had dropped her handkerchief and stood, deathly pale, the moment the doctor placed the hero in the ambulance. She caught sight of the senseless form—a familiar face. She threw up her hands and screamed. A gentleman caught her hand and said:

"Lady, what's the trouble—sick?"

"Oh—er—er—nothing, thank you!" the stranger replied, regaining control of herself.

Several days after the game, Lemmon's chums had gathered in his room at the hospital.

"You were a brick, Lem, old man! You won us the pennant!" one of his chums spoke up. "But, see here; tell us what made you go through that line like a greased bullet?"

"Yes," said another; "tell us."

"Shut up, you blockhead!" the football captain ordered. "Didn't you see that Landicutt girl waving him on? I'd have knocked the whole line to smash, too, if I had had that old millionaire's daughter in love with me!"

"Tell us about this, Lem. We didn't know we had a prince in disguise as well as the greatest football star. Where did you meet her? Must have been mighty lucky, since we poor dogs can't even get a smell at her for those blamed old society guys."

"What's her name, did you say?" inquired the invalid hero.

"Look at him! Pretends not to know that girl! Why, since you are so ignorant, she is none other than Miss Chloe Landicutt, daughter of Chicago's richest steel magnate!"

Lemmon fell back into his pillows and stared at the wall. Could this be the same girl whose car his father had had repaired? Could she be the goddess of his life—the star of the East which had made him fight his fight to go to college to get an education so he could go into her world? Ah! it was impossible! No, she, too, must have remembered, for he certainly saw her waving her handkerchief at him, and when he caught the earnest plea in her eyes to make goal, the whole tornado of his physical force broke loose.

"How's the football star?" a nurse inquired, breaking into his reverie. "A lady who was passing through wants to meet you—says she saw your glorious feat."

"Sure! Be glad to know her," he smiled.

"Let's get out, boys, before his girl gets in," the football captain said.

Immediately all his chums filed out amid his protests.

"Come in," he invited, in answer to a gentle rap on his door. Then entered his nurse and a young woman dressed in a motor garb.

"Why, I am so glad to see you looking strong!" the woman greeted him.

"Oh, I'm all right," he laughed. "Glad to have you. Be seated, please."

"This is Miss Chloe Landicutt, Mr. Morton," the nurse introduced.

"Why—er—er—I believe we've met before," he stammered.

"Yes," the young woman replied. "Then you were my friend when I was in need of help. Now, it's my turn, isn't it, to be a friend to the little football star?"

"No; I was not much of a friend to you, Miss Landicutt. Think it was more Mary's and father's help that you received."

"Yes, they helped; but remember it was you—the gallant

little barefoot boy—who led me to your home and secured the help."

"Now, you are doing me an injustice. Mary was the one who suggested my going to father."

"Have it your way, my football champion. I'll have it my way, too."

The nurse, soon after introducing her visitor, retired on the excuse of attending her other patients, leaving these two alone.

"Tell me about our little Mary," inquired Miss Landicutt. "Where is she? Is she as pretty and sweet as ever?"

"Yes, she's all right," the star answered in a careless way.

"Oh, come now!" she commanded in an enticing manner. "Tell me about your little girlie. I know she's your best girl. Remember my two little country sweethearts seated on their natural bridge."

"That was childhood days, Miss Landicutt—gone. I hear indirectly about Mary. She has finished high school with the greatest honor. Understand she will go to college soon. Hope so; she is a smart girl. But we are only friends now."

"You are joking me! I saw in that girl's eyes the undying worship of true love for you. You shouldn't forget this."

"Come, let's forget this—that's all past. I have another subject—a little secret to confide."

"Oh! Do you really mean it?"

"Sure!"

"How lovely of you!"

"Do you remember when I got the ball out on the field and made that end run? When I was 'most across the field and was about to be downed, a certain beautiful young woman stood up in the grand stand and waved her handkerchief at me. I was sure I could not make goal till I saw this girl; then a force, strong, irresistible, shot into my muscles and said, 'You can, your goddess is watching you!' My whole physical force responded to this force—made me throw off all resistance and fly to the goal post. Even in the last moment,

when I was tackled a few feet from the goal, this force made me knock my man out of the way far enough to roll over the goal line."

The beautiful young woman turned pale and was nervous. She took up the end of her motor coat and pretended not to notice him.

"I want to tell you," he continued, growing softer in his tone, "this force was implanted some years ago by the most beautiful woman I ever saw. This force is what we men feel as 'love.' It's what make men grow great. And this force was rekindled in my heart which made me determined to win when the grand stand woman cheered me—for something told me it was 'her.' "

"Indeed! This is very interesting," the visitor answered in a nonchalant way. "How romantic you are!" she continued, playing with her rings.

"And the goddess was no other than the person whom I have the honor and happiness of knowing now and having as a visitor—y-o-u, Miss Landicutt."

"How dare you," she stammered, emphasizing it with a knock of her shoe heel on her chair, "say such to me! You must be delirious! I'll have the nurse called immediately."

"Not in the least. On the contrary, I am very cool and sensible—just telling you the plain truth."

"How dare you insinuate such!" she said demurely.

"Come, Miss Landicutt. I know more about you than you think. I know how you acted in the grand stand; how you waved a boy to victory; how near you came to fainting when you saw that football star get his life knocked out; how you screamed when the doctor said his spine was injured. Now, after all this, you tell me I am delirious! Girlie, it's inevitable. Why resist the inevitable force which I and no man can resist? We both are for each other."

And so it came about these two became engaged. But it was on this condition: that as soon as young Morton graduated—for this was his Senior year—he should go into business, and when he had made $50,000 of his own capital he could

claim the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the rich steel magnate. In vain had the two lovers entreated the stern old father to allow them to marry and then make their fortune; but to all their entreaties and arguments the unrelenting old governor knocked on his office desk with the ball of his fist.

"No, no; you won't! Chloe, marry no man till he can keep you up decently. Why, the very idea of your marrying this farmer boy, when your confectionery bill alone a year is more than he can make in two!. Let him go off and make enough, if he has the manhood and the right stuff in him. Not till then can you marry him."

"Why, papa, how dare you—you are awful!" his daughter sobbed.

"Look here, Chloe, I am mighty tired of your way of messing affairs. Why don't you give your attention to John Wilson? He will soon be my junior partner—worth a couple of million—and could give you the social position you deserve. He's worth a whole city full of those farmers."

"The idea!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I hate, despise, and abominate that scamp!"

"All right—we'll see!" her father said, and turned off to his work, leaving the two lovers.

Hence, there was no other way for young Morton but to borrow of his father a capital and seek his fortune for his purpose. He decided to buy out a large salmon cannery on the Columbia river from a bankrupt company. One of his classmates became his partner, each of the boys putting up a capital of $50,000. They bought the company out for $40,000, and took the remaining $60,000 of their capital to improve the plant. By July of the year after they had graduated they were at work. Morton's partner—Sanders—left immediately after commencement for their canning factory. He had the whole plant overhauled and repaired in general, hired his employees, and picked up a beautiful stenographer from a stenographic school in San Francisco who had won the prize in the Pan-American Exposition as the fastest and most efficient stenographer. In short, the young man Sanders was one

who understood how to make things go the right way in business.

* * * * * * * *

"Sanders, old man, what's that going up across the river?" inquired Morton one July morning immediately after his arrival at the cannery. "Looks like some kind of a factory going up."

"Why, yes, Lem; that's our new competitor."

"What competitor?"

"Oh, haven't you heard about your rival's plans—the famous Mr. Wilson, of Chicago?"

"No. News to me."

"Why," continued Sanders, on knocking the ashes off his cigar, "Mr. John Wilson, believing to improve his health and to develop the salmon industry in the far-off State of Oregon, has brought his sanitarium up here. His pastimes will be in superintending his new $150,000 salmon factory."

"A what?" shouted Morton.

"One hundred and fifty thousand!"

"Yes?"

"Well!"

"The dickens, old chap! You take this little come-off seriously. Why, we'll beat him! Why, man, you have seen my new stenographer! She's worth more than the Klondike gold mine! She alone can beat that old chap."

"Why—er—er—what are you driving at?"

"I simply mean that with the assistance of Miss Mary Galt we can beat him at his own game. Why, man, are you so stupid! Don't you see? This is plain as sunlight—to bankrupt you and take your girl besides. This scoundrel means to put up a plant three times our capacity, pay higher wages, and block us out of business in general."

"I'll be doggone if he does!"

"Now, you're talking! Just wait till he tries to take our men away, then I'll show you the power of a woman whom this cannery worships."

Things were indeed dark for the farmer boy. After having

completed the well-nigh impossible task of getting his $50,000 capital, now comes this new danger—the danger of a rich competitor. But for Chloe's sake he determined he would win. But he wondered who this strange woman could be. He knew of only one Miss Mary Galt—couldn't be her. He had heard when he was home that she was out East somewhere teaching school. Yet he could not be easy—the name Mary got on his nerves. Old memories of his boyhood sweetheart Mary haunted his mind.

"Just as I said," shouted Sanders one night after all the men were off duty except a force of Chinese laborers, who were slashing fish right and left in the main factory building. Only Sanders and Morton were in the main office, some distance from the packing house. "That rascal Wilson tried to do us one today."

"How?"

"By trying to make our men strike. Actually had the nerve to shoot at our men fishing!"

"Confound it! I was so busy with the orders today I could not get around. Sanders, old sport, you are a fortune!"

"Shut up, you idiot! Better get on your knees to Miss Galt—the silly coolies would have listened to Wilson's men if she had not interfered. Man, she is a goddess among these people! When she first came here some of these poor devils were accidentally cut in the back in the main factory. Miss Galt, having been a nurse once, knew what to prescribe, and soon the scamps were well. This began her medical career. Within a few days she had a regular list of patients. Now I have to give her half of her time visiting these men, attending to their needs; increased her salary from $80 to $100 per month, too, for she is the one and whole business here. So today she only told these men to go back to their post and work; they at once obeyed. Man, she has the power of a magnet to hold these Japs on their job."

"Sanders, I want to see this woman. I never see her. Seems she avoids me. Every time I go to her office she is out

or too busy to receive a caller. Evidently she doesn't know her second bossman."

Sanders smiled and looked straight into Morton's eyes.

"She's cunning. Has a right to be. Oh, she's great!"

One morning young Morton had just awoke, and was almost ready to turn over in his comfortable bed for his second nap before rising to go to work, when he heard the whistle from the engine room blowing under full pressure.

"Toot! to-o-o-t! toot! toot!" it sounded. "Toot! toot! t-o-o-t! t-o-o-t!" It seemed as if the whole engine was blowing to pieces. Morton jumped out of his bed and into his clothes. Out he rushed from his room and down toward the boiler room.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" some one shouted.

Here and there were hurrying in confused masses men from out of the main factory.

"Boom! boom! boom!" came three terrific explosions. Up blew the engine room! Young Morton stopped at the door of the packing house and looked at the falling debris.

"All gone!" he sighed. "The infernal Wilson!"

Out of the office of the packing house came a well-dressed young woman. She halted directly in front of him.

"Don't take it so hard, Mr. Morton! It was only the engine room that blew up. I discovered the plot to burn your plant and had the fire extinguished. The bomb was overlooked in the engine room, or no damage at all would have been done."

"What! Do *you* mean to say you have discovered the plot of that d—n rascal Wilson? Oh, pardon me for using such vile language, but the devil is best described in terms of his own language."

"Yes; it was easy. Chris, my old negro help, found this out yesterday, when he was bribed to burn the factory. Chris was faithful to me and told me of the plot. So it leaked out. The bomb business I never suspected."

"Miss Galt— Y-o-u? Here? Mary! Girl, I—we—owe you everything! This is indeed a great surprise to me. San-

ders has told me lots about you, but I never the least suspected you being here. In fact, you have grown so much taller and prettier that I never one time recognized you till now."

"Oh, Lem, old boy! It was only for old time's sake. Let's forget this little event. It was my duty as your employee to save your business."

"No, no, Mary! You are too good to me. I—I—"

But he never finished, for she had turned aside and ran away to her office. He watched her as she entered. Then, as she closed her door, she paused a moment and smiled at him. Then the door slammed.

"Young Morton hastened back to his room. He was sorely troubled. Here of late Chloe had become more indifferent to him. He was as loyal as any lover knew how to be, but, in spite of all his affection, she grew colder.

"My! it sure takes you a long time to make your little $50,000," she threw at him one day. "I'll be gray-headed and a genuine old maid before you'll ever be ready." And she at once burst into tears and ran off, leaving him alone on deck of her father's yacht, which was at this moment lying in the mouth of the river.

He in his room went through untold torture, suffering from the loss of his love and mad at the unfair means his rival was using in trying to put him out of business. Then he, in the midst of this, saw a new light—a new star rising. This star was the star of his boyhood, when he was young and played in the brook. He remembered—saw it plainly in his memory—one day, when he and his little playmate were fishing from their old log across the brook, his little sweetheart had told him her dream. It was something like this:

"Lem, I dreamed a big, purty woman came and carried you away. You left me and forgot all about the little farmer's maid—she had no charms."

Then appeared this well-dressed young girl at the moment Mary had finished telling him her dream, asking for help. How confused he was, and how Mary had come to his rescue! Then he remembered what Miss Landicutt had told him in

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NO.

the hospital: "The worship of love that girl has can never be broken." He compared this with the recent success he had had with Chloe. It was evident she knew of Mary being in his employment—that was why she treated him so cold. She had become jealous, even had returned his ring. This great panoramic scene passed through his mind like a dream. He looked out of the window toward the mouth of the river. The star that he had named "Chloe" was setting—could hardly be seen—into the ocean. On turning around, he saw far up the river another star, the star which he and Mary as playmates had watched in the little brook. This star stood out bright and distinct in the heavens, shining down at him. Suddenly he jumped up and exclaimed:

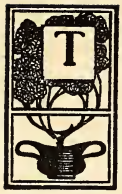
"I see it all now! I am a fool! Sanders is right! I have followed and worshiped the wrong star. Mary is the day star of true helpfulness; Chloe, the western star of beauty, just gone down into the ocean never to rise again. Mary, the Mary who had no charms, is the Mary with all the charms!"

As he turned away from his window, he remembered the old scripture passage he had repeated at the bedside of his dear old dying mother:

"And whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all."

He paused a moment at his door before opening it, asking himself: "Who was the truest servant of his love, Chloe or Mary, and which was the chiefest of them?" His whole soul breathed the answer. He went out a changed man, to seek and to woo again his "Plain Mary!" R., '16.

Prohibition in South Carolina



THE FOURTEENTH DAY of September, nineteen hundred fifteen, will pass into history as the birthday of Statewide prohibition in South Carolina. The old Palmetto State has placed herself beside the eighteen other States that have outlawed the whiskey traffic within their borders. Christian men and women, who have worked and prayed many years for this law, have at last seen their efforts rewarded.

We are now face to face with a greater responsibility than before. Obtaining this law was a great victory; to have it enforced will be a greater victory. In order that we may see real prohibition, we must see that our offices are filled by men who are pledged to enforce the law.

I believe that the so-called "gallon-a-month law" should be repealed and replaced by a law prohibiting the shipment of alcohol in any quantity into our State. If it is wrong for a person to have more than a gallon a month, it is wrong for him to have a gallon. Let us get rid of this compromise measure and complete the good work. We have tried many ways of regulating the whiskey traffic, and not one of them has been successful. The only solution of this great question is absolute prohibition. The vote on September fourteenth shows that South Carolinians are tired of whiskey. They want to be rid of this curse. We cannot afford to compromise with sin.

I believe that the holding of a United States license should be made prima facie evidence that the holder is engaged in the whiskey business. It would then be much easier to convict any one for running a blind tiger. These two laws, properly enforced, would mean absolute prohibition in South Carolina.

Let us continue to work and pray for the great victory that we expect by 1920—national prohibition by amendment to our Constitution. It has been proved that the larger the unit the more successful is prohibition. The whiskey question is no

longer a local issue, but a national one. It will never be finally settled until we have a national law prohibiting its manufacture and sale in the United States. I look forward to that day when the Stars and Stripes will float over a saloonless nation.

J. E. E., '19.

In the Night-Time

I like the gladsome night-time, after the work of the day,
When the thousand cares of the morning like shadows have passed away;
When out in the far-away reaches our day-dreams are being told,
And the stars are calling softly earth's people—young and old.
There seems to come a sweet message on every fragrant breeze,
And the wind, blowing warm from the Southland, is singing a song in the trees;
And the beauties of Nature around us are all a glorious sight,
When we see them in the radiance of the starlight of the night.

Oh, 'tis then I leave my study and stroll 'neath the jeweled sky,
And listen to the whispers of south winds passing by;
And the tales that the rippling breezes tell of countries far away,
Where golden treasures are waiting for me to win some day.
While I hearken to these voices from out the dreamy night,
Which bring a happy message of love and life and light,
There comes to me a feeling that the world is all in tune;
Hence, I like the starlight better than the sunny glow of noon.

G. D. S., '18.

Armenia and Her People

WHAT nation has so ancient, so pathetic, so romantic a history as Armenia? What people have so patiently stood such grievances for so many centuries as the Armenians? What people have borne with such fortitude the terrible yoke of a foreign oppressor as these dwellers of Eden? Where is there a more vigorous national pride, a greater susceptibility of the highest culture, a demonstration of greater courage, or a more ardent of love of freedom than in this crushed people?

It is not easy to bound Armenia at any period in her history; but, roughly, it is the tableland extending from the Caspian Sea almost to the shores of the Mediterranean. Its limits have been changed so often by conquering Persians, Byzantines, Arabs, Romans, Russians, and finally Turks, that all lines are now obliterated. It is no longer a state, but merely the region where the Armenians live. When Armenia was at the height of her power and at her greatest extent, it consisted of about 500,000 square miles of fertile land, extending from the Black Sea and the Caucasus mountains to Persia and Syria, which made it larger than modern France and Germany combined. The tableland rises until it reaches 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and then ascends abruptly up to the snow-capped peak of Mount Ararat. This historic peak is 1,000 feet higher than Mont Blanc. Most of Armenia's soil is rugged, but fertile. The history of Armenia has always been influenced by its physical features. The isolation of its valleys caused separation of the people. Its rugged mountains have ever been the abode of hardy and warlike mountaineers. Armenia stands as an open doorway between the West and the East. From the remotest past nations have contended for its possession. A native writer enthusiastically says:

"Armenia is the motherland, the cradle of humanity, and all other lands are her daughters; but she is fairer than any other. Even her mountain tops are a crown of glory; the sun kisses her brow with the smile of the morning, and she sup-

plies the beautiful rivers Euphrates, Tigris, Pison, Araxes, and many others from the jewels of her crown."

Armenia's soil is one of the most fertile to be found in the world. It is excellent both for agriculture and grazing. Some of its products are: grapes, wheat, Indian corn, barley, oats, cotton, rice, sugar, all the vegetables raised in America, peaches, apples, and other delicious fruits. It is also rich in mineral deposits, such as coal, iron, copper, and silver; but the Turkish government has not allowed these to be mined. Surely this country is blest by nature. It has a fertile soil, a mild climate, extensive mines, and great natural beauty.

The civilization of this nation does not date from some comparatively recent event, such as the Norman conquest, the landing of the Mayflower, but from the beginning of recorded history. The Armenians begin their history with the Garden of Eden, which they claim was in their country, basing their claim upon the fact that their land is beautiful enough to have included Paradise. They also laughingly hold that their apples are delicious enough to have tempted a most Epicurean Eve. They find their first recorded ancestors in the Book of Genesis. Such is the age of this people destined to be saddened for many centuries by hideous torture and barbarous misgovernment.

The appearance of the Armenian is strikingly Eastern—swarthy, black-eyed, aquiline features; he looks more oriental than the Turk or the Slav. He resembles the Jew in physical features more than any other people. Like the Jew, also, he has been persecuted and held under an oppressive foreign yoke for many generations, but he has learned to "bend, and not break." He shows unusual artistic gifts, a striking talent for languages, a keen business mind, and a remarkable power of concentration. The Armenians are judged to be Aryan, however, and not Semitic. They have an ardent love for their country and a strong national pride, but misgovernment has crushed their hope for national freedom and unity. The Armenians have become very much embittered by the dreadful persecutions that they have suffered during the last century,

and more especially during the last generation. Many have become very vindictive and hateful toward their Turkish oppressors.

Out of a population of 2,900,000 Armenians now living, 1,500,000 live in Turkey, 1,000,000 in Russia, 150,000 in Persia, and 250,000 in Europe, the Americas, and the East Indies. About 1000 B. C. a distinct Armenian people appears around Mount Ararat. As the state had no natural boundaries, it was seldom free and independent, but was conquered in turn by the Babylonians, Medes and Persians, and the Romans. But in the early Middle Ages—which we speak of as "dark," but to the near East a period of great culture—Armenia attained its highest position in the history of the world.

Bordezog, with its narrow, paved streets and houses of unslaked brick, is a typical town of the better class, and is noted for its intellectual activity. Here is a Gregorian church, a silk mill, an English orphanage, and an American college for boys, which is the center of enlightenment for the community. Behind the well-tilled fields surrounding the town rise the beautiful hills, from which marauding bands of Kurds sweep down and plunder their neighboring villages. Here the women dress in oriental fashion—bloomers, hair braided and often dyed, and when on the street a kerchief over the head. The men dress like Turks. Stone work, decorative sculptures and carvings found in the remains of other towns show an artistic development of no mean order.

A brief account of the Armenian Church will show the fervor of this people for religion. It was through Christianity that Armenia gave her contribution to the world. In the year 310 A. D., fifteen years before the establishment of the Greek Church, the Armenian Church was founded by Krikor, and at that time Armenia became the bulwark of Christianity in the East. Krikor was attached to Tiradates before the latter became King. After his elevation to the throne, Tiradates persecuted Krikor because he would not accept the old gods; but he was later converted himself and was baptized along with a thousand Armenians until, in eight years, Armenia was

fully Christianized and this religion was adopted by the state.

The glories of an independent Armenia, however, were destined soon to pass away; for, with the seventh century, there arose a power in the East more fatal to Armenia than any other of her enemies had been. This power was the religion of Islam. Although this religion of Mohammed spread like wildfire from Mecca to Gibraltar, it found in the Armenian people a substance it could not consume. Their kingdom could be burned to ashes; their kinsmen could be mercilessly massacred and enslaved; their homes could be devastated; but they could not be converted to Islam. Here Mohammedanism and Christianity met and struggled, but neither could conquer the other. After long, desperate fighting, they settled down in the same land, sullenly irreconcilable. Mohammed the Conqueror did not have enough Moslem subjects to fill his empire, so he accepted the great body of Armenians with tolerance of their customs, laws, and religion. Turkey governed very well, as far as the government went; and in the first centuries of her rule the Armenians were not very unhappy. Their greatest hero was Vartan, the story of whose brilliant youth, spent at the courts of Constantinople and Persia, of his military genius and success, and of his heroic death in the battle that won Persian tolerance for Christianity is one that Armenians never tire of relating. Many of them, especially the students of Constantinople College, observe with solemn enthusiasm "Vartan's Day."

What is the "Armenian Question?" It was brought about by Russia when, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, she conquered the province of Karabag. This province was inhabited by 200,000 Armenians, 100,000 Moslems, and was governed by Armenian chiefs under the suzerainty of Persia. Therefore, it is not difficult to see why modern Armenia is divided between Russia, Persia, and Turkey. In Persia the Armenians are treated well and are content; and in Turkey up to 1876 they were enjoying at least fair treatment. The trouble began when Russia framed her policy of protection, first for those of her religion, and then for the Armenians.

At the Treaty of San Stefano, which closed the Russo-Turkish war, the grievances of the Armenians were clearly and definitely put forward, and Russia promised to carry out the reforms in behalf of the Armenian people. England, after the Treaty of Berlin was substituted for that of San Stefano, weakened Russia's power to act in behalf of the Armenians, and in consequence took upon herself a share of the responsibility. Great Britain again showed an interest in Armenia at the Cyprus Convention of 1878, and influenced the Sultan to promise reforms. Thus the Armenians got the impression that Great Britain was their friend, and were bitterly disappointed when they found out that England was more anxious to keep the "sick man" on his throne than to help his distressed subjects. Hence, one finds much intense bitterness among the Armenians against England.

The Armenian massacres fill one of the blackest and bloodiest pages of history, and no account of the Armenian people would be complete without giving an idea of their horror. It has been proved that some of the bloody deeds have been decreed by authority; but a large majority of the Moslems disapproved of them, and many Armenians were saved by their Mohammedan friends. Germany and Russia refused to act on the reforms promised the Armenians, and so irritated the Sultan against the Armenians that he began a definite policy of massacre against these peaceful people, his harmless and useful subjects. The purpose of these dreadful slaughters seems to have been, first, to reduec the number of the Armenians; and, second, to take possession of their property. This policy has, of course, driven many Armenians into revolutionary organizations, which naturally worked for the downfall of Abdul Hamid II, one of the most hated and abominable tyrants the world has ever known. Probably no people, not even excepting the Jews, have ever been the victims of such a relentless persecution as have these peace-loving people. The worst of the massacres have occurred within the past third of a century; and, while the storm has lessened in its fury at times, the present terrible era in Armenia is only the climax

of this generation of horror. In 1893 some of the Armenians tried to throw off the Turkish yoke. The revolt was quelled, and thereafter a series of the most brutal massacres took place, in which thousands of Armenian lives were lost. In June, 1896, a carefully planned disturbance broke out in Constantinople, in which about 6,500 Gregorian Armenians were slaughtered, and outside of the capital about 22,500 lost their lives. The perpetrators and the ones who carried out the massacres were Moslems of the ignorant, fanatical class. This mass of Moslems of the lower ranks were stirred by the report that the Powers were going to aid the Armenians in revolt against them. They were also appealed to by the fact that they would thus wipe out heavy debts which they owed to Armenian merchants. Many men and women were slain in cold blood in their houses and churches. The cry "Islam or death!" rang throughout the country, and was herocially answered by many who chose the latter. The Turks who took part in the massacres were not punished, and many were awarded. But, horrible as have been the Armenian massacres of previous years, they are surpassed by the terrible conditions of the present year. Never has the world seen a more furious effort to drive a people out or more cruel methods in their persecution than are now being used against this unhappy race.

The grievances of the Armenians may be divided into two classes: those which arise from the inefficiency and weakness of the government, and those which arise out of the deliberate policy of the government. To the former class belong general disorder, brigandage, unsafe transportation, and utter failure of justice; to the latter class belong the massacres, the impoverishment of the peasants by taxation, and the impunity granted to the Kurds for their crimes against the Christian Armenians, together with the disarming of the latter and the supplying of rifles to the former. In the courts the word of an Armenian will not be taken against that of a Moslem. The Armenian trader has to recognize that he will be heavily taxed in pursuing his calling, and then probably have his home taken

from him by the Kurds for their winter home. No Armenian's life or property has been safe in Turkey for a century.

The enthusistic belief of the Armenians in the movements of the Young Turks was very touching. Many an intelligent Armenian eagerly went to the new Turkish parliament as a delegate from his hopeful people. A very moving sight was the body of several hundreds of Armenians marching through the streets of Stamboul on that great day when the new parliament first met, singing the song of "Fatherland." For a thousand years they had not been allowed to feel that they had any fatherland. Undoubtedly a great many good changes were made. But in 1909 the Armenians were sadly prophesying the failure of the Young Turk party, when suddenly came the counter-revolution of Abdul Hamid, now trying to repossess himself of his former power. His massacres were not carried out very generally, but in Cilicia they were executed with sickening horror. The Armenians, now greatly saddened and downcast in spirit, reluctantly abandoned hope of freedom from the Turk. Large numbers went to Russia, and many emigrated to America.

Russia's Armenian policies were: First, to make Russian subjects of the Armenians in trans-Caucasia; and, second, to bribe the Armenians to join the Orthodox Church. But neither coercion nor bribery could turn the faithful Armenian from the worship of his fathers. This goes to prove the strong national feeling of the Armenian people. The intense feeling of many Armenians against Russia is shown by the following answer an Armenian gave to an American missionary:

"Don't you wish you were still under Turkey?" asked the American. "Yes; for Turkey lops off our branches, but Russia digs us up by the roots," came the reply.

But in 1904 the Russian policy was completely changed. The property that the Russians had taken was restored, and the Armenian Church was free again. The Armenians were also allowed to speak their vernacular and to maintain their excellent schools. So, at present, many Armenians are vol-

unteers in the Russian army, and many more are eagerly hoping for the success of the Allies in the Dardanelles.

If the Powers have done little for Armenia but raise false hopes, that cannot be said of the people of Europe and America. The greatest work done among the Armenians has been done by Americans, whose hospitals and schools, says an Englishman, "might almost be called the makers of modern Armenia." The American mission schools in different cities are filled with Armenians. The American Board of Foreign Missions, through its hospitals, schools, Bible societies, churches, colleges, and its press, has done an enormous work for the Armenians. They are eager to learn and to obtain a higher education, and are now carrying on the work the Americans so nobly began without assistance from abroad.

Let us hope that this ancient people, whose land was the first abode of man; who have patiently and heroically striven for all the great principles of a Christian nation; who have labored with so wonderful a courage for political and religious freedom under the oppressive yoke of barbarians; and who still dream of a fatherland; that at some day they may realize this sublime hope and take their place in history among the independent nations of the world. A. J. J., '18.

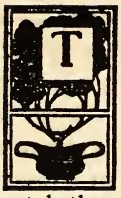
My Friend

I've lost a lovely friend, a friend indeed;
The kind that bore me up when I, in need,
Had thought that even life was not worth while;
The kind that dried my tears with her sweet smile.

This friend that suffered much that I might be
Has been down here one-half of life to me.
Without this friend my life had been but naught.
She led me right and half my battles fought.

But, ah! this friend has gone, gone far away;
Gone to a home where I too will go some day.
I've sought a friend, but I can find no other
That takes the place of my departed mother. "H."

The Watchful Passenger



THE WIND whistled through the broken panes of the dreary little railroad station. I struck a match and saw by my watch that it was about train time; then, tucking my hunting jacket close around my neck, I walked over and roused the old night watchman and reminded him that I wanted to catch the city bound train. He scrambled to his feet, grabbed an old, smutty lantern, and, snarling out an oath under his breath, sauntered across the platform and flagged the evening train.

The train was crowded, so crowded that after walking the length of two whole cars I at last found an empty smoker; empty with the exception of one lone passenger. The conductor took my ticket, asked about the luck of the day's hunting, but never approached the gentleman sitting in the corner. The two shivering bird dogs, Romeo and Juliet, stretched themselves out leisurely before the warm heater, and the train rapidly sped towards the city.

I had just placed the game bag on the floor and was nestling up in the corner for a nap after the long hunt, when all at once I noticed that the passenger opposite me was staring into my face.

"Good evening!" I said, by way of starting a conversation; but no reply.

"Probably he is a little deaf," I said to myself, and repeated my salutation, with a comment on the severe cold outside. But still no reply.

"If he is deaf and dumb," I thought, "it does look like he would make some signs to show it."

He could not have been asleep, because he was looking at me. I walked around to his side. "What?" Yes, one of his eyes was closed. Immediately the fable of "Little Three Eyes," who slept with one eye on the watch, came to me. But "Little Three Eyes" was dead, even to fable, many years since. Had he this fabled gift also?

"I don't even hear him breathing," was my next thought. "Could this man be dead? Could some one have murdered him? Why had the conductor not asked him for his fare? Had some one murdered him? Ach himmel! I was alone with him, and how was I to prove my innocence?"

The dogs sniffed loudly at the bulging gamesack. Right up before my eyes there seemed to rise a scaffold—a hangman's rope—an electric chair, and what not! I turned nervously in my seat. "Why on earth doesn't he move, if he's alive?" I said, half aloud. Choking on the coal smoke, I gave a hoarse cough. A small black fly, flitting about in the close room, alighted on the stranger's forehead. Then it crawled slowly but surely until at last it landed right on the passenger's opened eye. "This seals my fate!" I said, out of breath. Then, must I rush off when the train stops, or shall I jump from the window now Had the police headquarters been notified? There I was with my gun! Would the blood on the sack be against me? My blood ran cold. A cold chill ran down my spinal column. What on earth was I to do?

The train sped faster and faster. Soon I saw a few scattered lights of the city. Then they became more numerous and dotted the distance as the stars dot the heavens of a clear night. I grew resigned to my fate. Just then the conductor squalled in at the door, "Hollyville!" At that the apathetic gentleman in the opposite corner started to his feet. He looked up, stretched himself, gave a deep yawn, and calmly brushed the cinders from his coat. One of his eyes still remained in the same position! Yes, and—if this passenger is living today—he is still constantly in an ever watchful attitude, for his eye was made of glass!

G. E. SIMMONS, '17.

His Best Lesson

Hours when the student's notes and books
Should be before him much
Were spent in pleasant little nooks,
Just talking love or such.

Then, when examinations came,
He piled up many fours;
All marks on his report the same:
Just four and four and four.

And when his father wished to know
If this were not a jest,
He said his eyes were very sore
And needed a good rest.

But then his père remembered when
He'd been to college once,
And he could not be taken in
By such a college dunce.

So father took him out of school
And put him to the plow,
And said, "Just handle this nice tool;
It'll help your eyes, I vow!"

That night his père said to his mère,
"It's hard on him, I know;
But let him work for one good year—
Next year he'll study more."

And right he was, that father wise,
For handling of that tool.
Ere a month had passed, for his d— lies
He called himself a fool.

But finally the year has passed,
The boy is back in school.
Now if to town at night he's asked,
"Too warm!" or "It's too cool!"

C. W. S.

The Opportunity of American Citizenship

FROM the earliest dawn of creation man has ever been suspicious of his fellowmen; he has distrusted him. In fact, he has never completely understood him. As he advanced from the arboreal habits of his ancestors, he built his castle, made it a fortress, and his servants armed soldiers. Later these castles were united under one leader and into one tribe. With no strong controlling power at the center of the state, each tribe ruled independently and developed into an organization of society, known as feudalism, wholly independent of a monarch and democracy. But in the evolution of civilization this tribal, feudalistic age was replaced by the strong monarchial age. The iron rule of the monarchial hand moulded these tribes into states and the states into a nation. But these advances were not accomplished without untold spilling of blood and battlefields strewn with the wreckage of humanity. Thus, all the world's controversies and wars are due in almost every instance to misunderstanding, lack of knowledge and of brotherly love. As it was in the medæval ages, so it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the Protestants never understood the Roman Catholics, nor the Roman Catholics the Protestants; the Cavaliers did not understand the Puritans, nor the Puritans the Cavaliers; and likewise in our present age, the men of the Southern States did not understand the men of the Northern States, nor did the men of the Northern States the Southerners—it took four long years for the Northern and Southern brothers to bury their animosities with their gory battleaxes and to unite themselves in mutual bonds of unionism and fellowship. Thus it is today. The hampering ambitions, such as world power, territorial lust, selfish interest, and lack of knowledge among the nations for each other, hurled forth the cyclone of disaster upon the European civilization which only last August, over a year ago, promised so much for peace.

No selfish spirit has ever accomplished any worthy deed,

neither has war decided any question rightly or justly. When the Servian match was applied the red lust of war and selfish greed overswept Europe. And now the lines are drawn, the world's colossal war is on, and millions upon millions of slaughtered men lie staining red the battlefields, leaving ashes and ruins for the women of the lands because of the lack of knowledge of one nation in another, and by the three royal families: Hapsburg, Romanoff, Hohenzollern. Only America today stands immune from this desperate conflict.

We Americans are proud to see our republic stand in a stately and neutral might, giving friendship, help, and love to all humanity. We are proud that the American eagle drove away the hungry wolf from Belgium's door; that amid the hellish slaughter, the roar of cannon, the sputtering of red blood, and the spattering of brain America stands, calmly and coolly, the arbiter of righteousness, with her flag a true symbol of justice and a refuge of safety. But, "Let not him who is girding on his sword boast himself as he who is putting it off," because we are saved from the fate of Europe, America's hour has come. It is time, high time, for her thinking people to lead the way. The world wants and demands a constructive civilization, to prove the ideals of humanity—the federation of man. The American people can make it.

When this gigantic conflict ends, all the protagonists will return exhausted, battered, and completely undone. War will claim the hideous toll of hundreds of thousands of virile men from each contending nation. The hundreds of thousands of youths who marched out last August to the beat of the war drum, with their flags fluttering—the very strength of the nation—will be mouldering in soldiers' graves under the sods of Flanders and many other battlefields. Their bereaved mothers and sisters and sweethearts will await in vain for their return. The fair maiden who, with tears in her eyes, kissed her lover good-bye will in vain wait with a wistful face for the strong hand to lead her to the altar of love and the happy land of motherhood.

And still this is not all. The statesmen of the world will

stand aghast at the enormous debt this infernal war has placed upon unborn generations.

Out of this chaos what nation's influence is to mold the remnant of civilization? Is it America? Ah! She must take her place at The Hague bar in the great test issues to substitute arbitration for strife and in the disputes of nations. And to America the other nations will be bound by both the terrible memories of this dreadful war and by their mutual interest; and will plead their causes with whatever eloquence they can afford before her, because she will be not the presiding force of an American federation, but the participator and chief instigator of the world federation of nations. Here all the differences are to be settled by equitable methods of specific adjustments.

This will be America's hour. She must needs train her citizens for that hour. But in what way? Is she to force her sons into the glare and charms of militarism which dealt the crushing blow to the peaceful and industrial inhabitants of Europe, in time of peace, and which brought upon them the awful tragedy of a gigantic war? Must she request her mothers to go down into the dark valley and shadow of death to rear their boys for cannon food? No! She must dress herself not in the uniform of modern barbarity, but in the uniform of a new age and a new philosophy. Her sons, taught by the lessons of this war, are to establish the victory of a world-wide democracy.

To establish this world-wide democracy, there must first be a citizenship, not of local communities nor of nations, but of the whole world. All citizens of every nation must not be in ignorance of their neighboring nation, but must know how to differ and to agree and must appreciate the relations of other lands to their own lands. In this world of chaos this opportunity stands out prominently, calling to the American citizens. This country, in whose melting pot of civilization are men and women of every nationality, alone has the opportunity to train the children of today for the constructive civilization of the future. In her public school she can use the war

as a vitalizer of geography by showing, with maps, the positions of the armies and countries involved. The minds of all children are easily impressed by teaching them history in the making and by the historic tendencies that throw light on this momentous epoch which is making at the present time, from day to day, history greater than ever before for the generations yet to come. From a non-partisan position the American child can be impressed, without any distinction of parties or countries, by the barbarity, brutality, gruesomeness, and destructiveness of war, and the blessing of peace. Then, as the child advances in his education, his mind grows in the knowledge of all countries and nations. He is taught to know the relations of all the nations to his own. Gradually he must ripen into the full bloom of maturity, possessing all the rights of citizenship. The citizenship that is to lead America, the foremost nation and the most effective lord of the world, cannot be demagogical; but must know how to differ and to agree, how to cultivate a cosmopolitan as above all partisan attitude, which is the palladium of the strength of every country. This kind of citizenship will mean the outgrowing and rising above all racial animosities and the Old World prejudices which have made nations suspect and hate their neighbors. In the atmosphere of this citizenship all nations, small as well as large, petty kingdoms and world powers alike, will have a wholesome realization that there will be no more European militarism and navalism in their political structure ready at any moment to ignite by the least undiplomatic move. The American citizen alone has this opportunity.

At the worst, this deluge is but of a few months' duration. Then in splendor will peace and prosperity come more glorious than ever before. Regardless of the way the dice falls in Europe, the profits and the glory remain for America. Out of the Old World will drift the flower of civilization—ministers of finance, artists, inventors, and profit-seekers—because of the enormous burdens of loans and taxes. These men and women will come, taught by the horrors of the bloody war, to seek in a better part of the world a happier home. They will

join their own American countrymen. And upon the American citizenship will rest the responsibility and opportunity of turning from out of the melting pot of American civilization a new citizenship, not of America nor of the Old World, but a citizenship of the whole world. The barbarity of the past ages will be no longer instilled in the hearts of nations, neither will nations have such hampering ambitions as a world's power nor territorial lust; for there will gradually and continually emigrate from this country a new citizenship which has a clean and pure heart. The sons of those who sought better homes in America, taught by the country who did not fight for peace, but lived to make peace, will return to their mother country to rebuilt and to reconstruct a new civilization, binding the world together in "brotherly love." This opportunty is calling to the American citizen. Oh, citizens of this brave country, the land of the free and the home of the brave, the call is for you to wave the old star-spangled banner over every nation—not in the defiance of war, but in the lead of the constructive age of civilization, the age of international peace. Opportunity, with her bearded face, stands in her majestic might, calling to you to hold up before the whole world a citizenship of universal sympathy and of righteousness that shall bind all nations in an indestructible federation of the world.

But some tell us that this citizenship is only a delusion and an idealistic thought. Others say the other great nations will suspect us of having an ulterior motive in saying to the world, "Let's have a progressive age devoid of war. Let's break our swords and destroy the whole military system." Ah! will they do this? Can they suspect the citizenship composed of men and women from every clime and every land? Will our mother country suspect us of being mere cowards and afraid, because our citizens have learned what universal peace is and how to make it? No. Not when the sons of her brave veterans who followed Wellington at Waterloo and fought on many other bloody scenes, have settled in the hills and valleys and the cities of this country. Then will sunny France accuse our na-

tion of any base motives and greedy designs because our citizens held up to the world "true brotherly citizenship" and say, "We will have no more national fratricide." No, not when her millions of brave lads who followed Napoleon, completely rearranging the map of Europe, are living on and cultivating our soil and have sworn allegiance to our flag. And there stands scientific Germany. Will she say we are only bragadocia cowards when over twenty-five million Germans, direct from the Fatherland, have made their homes in America and are ready to fight for the Stars and Stripes? From the olive-bearing hills under the Italian blue skies, from the land of the midnight sun, from heroic Belgium, from the frozen lands of Siberia, and from the land of the yellow race; yes, even from the four corners of the earth, the bravest men—liberty-loving men—all have been gathered into the American cauldron of civilization; from out of this will come Phoenix-like a new citizenship more glorious than ever before, holding up to the world "genuine brotherly love and good will to mankind."

At The Hague bar the contending nations of the world will assemble and stand aghast at the horrors of their bloody slaughter. The decrepit Emperor, the superstitious, greedy Czar, and the haughty, paranoical Kaiser will stand behind the bar of justice, not with the power to hurl forth the European civilization into a barbaric deluge of blood, but will be forced by every nation to follow America in pronouncing, "We are all brothers now," and will thank the Almighty for the nation who dared not to fight her neighbors, but who trained her citizens to lead in universal peace. Then the blessings and prosperity of the world will hasten that hour for which all mankind should work—that hour when

"The war drum throbs no longer
  And the battle-flags are furled
In the parliament of man,
  The Federaton of the World."

R., '16.

WOFFORDISMS

Some girls would take a blue ribbon at almost any poultry show.

* * *

O would some power the gift
to gi' us
To study as professors wish
us!
'Twould from many a flunk
free us,
And lecture from our dad.

* * *

Never too late to study.

* * *

"A pretty good sort of fellow" is not always a model man.

* * *

Some students' motto is: Never do today what you can put off till tomorrow.

* * *

The fellow with an auto always has lots of friends.

* * *

Judging by how often we get hot water in the gymnasium, we don't think Saturday comes but once in two weeks now.

* * *

It is an easily noticeable fact that both Freshmen and Sophomores are very brassy. The latter shine a little more only because some of the green has rubbed off.

* * *

A lot of fellows with wisdom teeth don't show any wisdom.

* * *

If blaming it on the faculty helps any, blame it on them. They don't care.

* * *

Self-conceit is the booby prize given to fools.

* * *

We think the Peace Conference should be held on the Pacific side of the world.

* * *

Take our advice and laugh loud at the professor's jokes, even if they were stale when Methuselah was a child.

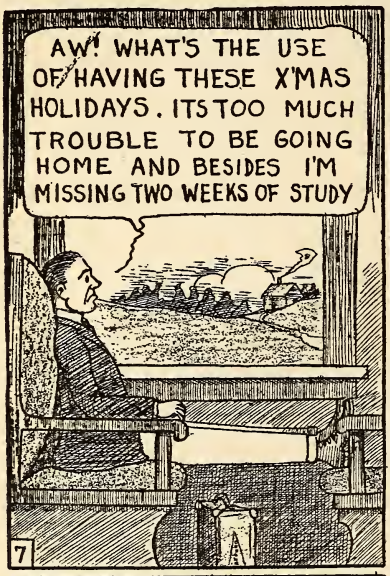
* * *

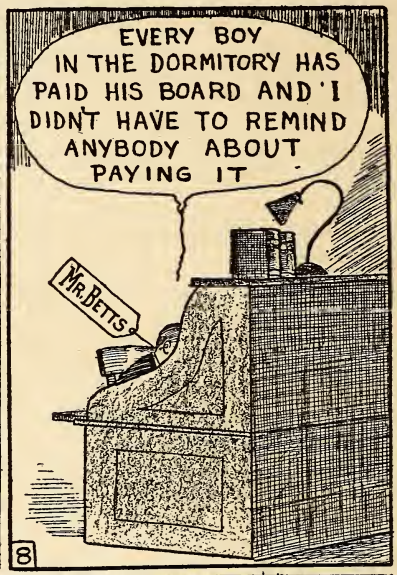
On some cards 4's look good, but not on report cards.

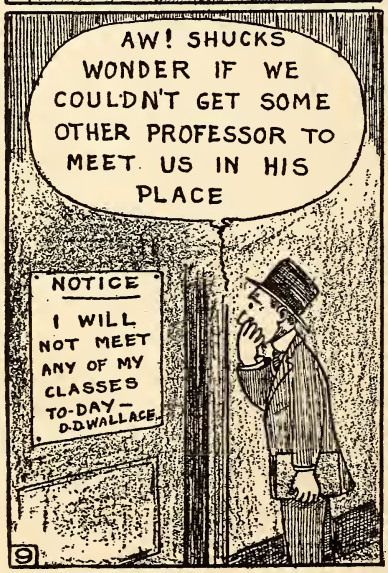
* * *

Once upon a time there was a girl who understood football and who didn't know how to swim—an impossible combination now.

THINGS WE NEVER SAY







Wofford College Journal

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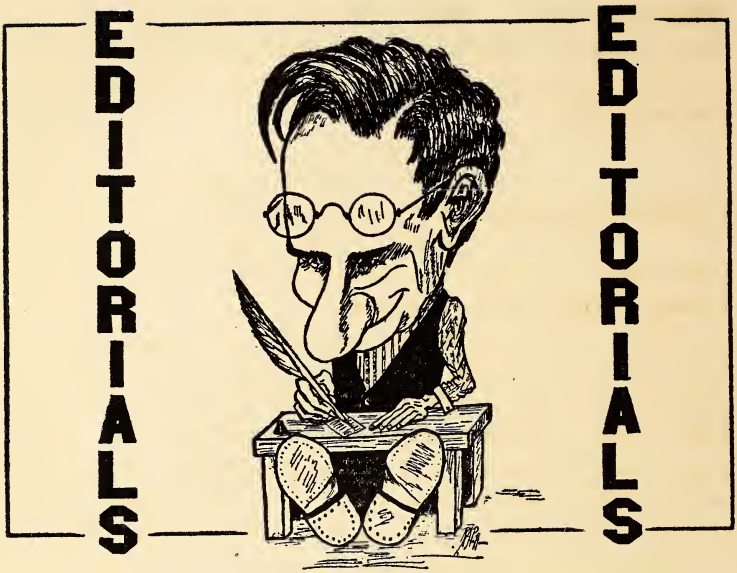
Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

Subscription per year, $1.50; single copies, 20 cents.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES, SEE OF WRITE THE BUSINESS MANAGER.



WALTER W. DANIEL.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
T. J. WILLIAMSON.....ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

College Advertising

At the recent annual convention of the South Carolina College Press Association, held in Spartanburg, November 17, 18, and 19, much was said in regard to college advertising. One of the important issues brought up was "How to Make It Pay." If the average student realized how necessary advertising was to the success of his magazine or weekly paper, we do not believe it would be a hard matter to convince him that firms advertising with us should have the preference to all others. Firms that do not support us should not have our support; nor should firms that we fail to support be expected to support us. Look at the matter in this light and give it a serious thought. Apply logic to it. When a firm says advertising with us does not pay and refuses to advertise for that reason, show him that it is to his disadvantage. If you have the right spirit, you need only to have this matter

suggested to you. College spirit—the right kind—embraces every phase of college life. Co-operate with those who will co-operate with you. We earnestly ask this of you, and believe you will respond.

Through Europe with Ford

The country's attention has been called in recent days by an intivation of Mr. Henry Ford's to many prominent men and women to accompany him on a tour through Europe in the interests of peace.

This is a very worthy aet of Mr. Ford. He purposes to bring about, if possible, a temporary cessation of hostilities, particularly so as to allow the young men and boys in the battle front to spend Christmas out of the trenches. We do not realize, in our comfort and well-being, the arduous toil and hardships of those who are living in the cold and muddy trenches. So, let us extend our sympathies to Mr. Ford and his philanthropic deed, and hope that it may accomplish much toward the cause of peace.

Our Policy

The editors of the JOURNAL have a few statements to make regarding their plan for running this magazine. For lack of a better name, we shall call these statements our policy. It is our purpose to be as broad in our views as possible. In case our views are contrary to yours, we heartily invite your response, and, unless it be too lengthy, will gladly publish your views, omitting your name if you so desire. No anonymous matter will be noticed, however. We throw open our pages to the faculty and alumni. If they have anything they wish to transmit to the students, their letters, if short, will be gladly printed. Of course, this excludes poems, stories, etc.

"EDITORIALETTES"

Christmas will soon be here, and we will all be glad to be at home once more. Everybody will be happy; yet we cannot help being saddened by the sight of the wistful faces of the unfortunate ones to whom Santa Claus means nothing more than gaily decorated store windows. Fellows, if you can make Christmas be more joyful for one of these, your gladness will be trebled.

A certain member of the faculty who, last year, was a plain "professor" was at that time wont to call one of his dalliant students by the somewhat prosy name of "Cow's Tail." Since then, however, he—the "professor"—has been raised to the rank of "doctor," and the one-time "Cow's Tail" now answers with a much more cheerful and contented spirit to the name "Bovine Appendix." Both cases go to prove that there is something in a name, after all.

Take off your hats
  To Adam Tipe,
For he invented
  The first pipe.
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Our bows we save
  For Noah Wirt,
For us he gave
  The See-more skirt.
—*Columbia State.*

Off comes our hat,
  Though thoughts may rankle,
To the modiste that
  Put watch on ankle.
—*Fayetteville Observer.*

We make our bow
  Just where we ought—
To the guy who said:
  Make dress skirts short.
    —*Memphis Commercial-Appeal.*

Off comes our lid
  To Lucinda Crews.
She wears furs
  On top of her shoes.

Woman's suffrage failed in New Jersey, 'tis true; but who says that South Carolina isn't ahead of New Jersey?

Some Freshmen seem to think that they are the "candy kid." When exams come, maybe they will feel like a "lemon drop." However, that's candy too.

Rev. Walt Holcombe made a trip to Spartanburg about the first of the month, and the crowds he drew show that the valuable teachings he gave us last spring have not been forgotten. Rev. Holcombe is an unusually strong man, and Spartanburg owes him far more than she can ever hope to pay.

A little extra work between now and January the nineteenth will enable us to give exams the horse-laugh. What do you say?

The gun that has the rapid-firing mouth and the muzzle-loading brain never hits the big game.

Ye old editor wants a self-thinking fountain pen for Christmas.

Help make Wofford win.

E. F. Moseley.....Editor

PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Wofford and Converse had the pleasure and honor of entertaining the South Carolina College Press Association, November 17-19. There were thirteen colleges represented and thirty-four visiting delegates, this being the largest attendance yet at the annual convention. Erskine College was not represented this year, in view of the fact that their magazine has been discontinued. Another college was lacking in representation, in that Chicora and C. F. W. have been combined into one college since last year's convention.

There were several real good addresses made before the association by outside speakers. The address of welcome was given by Dr. H. N. Snyder in the Carlisle Society hall at the opening meeting, Thursday morning, Nov. 18. At the same meeting Dr. J. A. Chiles, of the Wofford faculty, gave an interesting address on "Some Impressions and Experiences of a Reporter." At the afternoon session Dr. W. T. Myers was heard on the subject, "Another Battle of Books." Mr. Stuart Dudley spoke at the Friday morning meeting on "What It Means to Be a College Editor." The association was very

fortunate in securing such a distinguished retinue of speakers. The members of the association who spoke at the different meetings were: H. O. Hanna, U. S. C.; R. M. Edens, Wofford; S. C. Stribling, Clemson; J. D. Holmes, College of Charleston; S. M. Derrick, Newberry; E. P. McIlwain, P. C. of S. C.; T. C. Johnson, Furman; Miss Florence Orndorff, Converse; Miss Sara Haskell, Winthrop; Miss Louise Funderburk, Due West; Miss Priscilla Poteat, G. W. C.; Miss Eva Wyatt, Columbia. The speeches and papers of each of these showed much and careful preparation and were attentively listened to by each and every member of the association and outside visitors.

A number of things of importance came up at the business meeting Friday afternoon. Upon application, *The Bashaba,* the literary magazine of Coker College, was admitted to the association. The weekly papers, the *Old Gold and Black, The Tiger, the Gamecock,* and *The Weekly Winthrop News,* were also allowed to enter the association. It was voted to send a resolution of regrets to Erskine because of their withdrawal. Greenville was decided upon as the place of meeting next year.

The social features added much to the success of the convention. Thursday evening, Nov. 18, in the Wofford library, the WOFFORD JOURNAL staff was the host of a formal reception. This event resulted in quite a success, in spite of the exceedingly inclement weather. After the regular meeting Friday afternoon, Nov. 19, *The Concept* staff, of Converse College, gave an informal reception of about an hour's length. But by far the most enjoyable occasion took place Friday evening, Nov. 19, at the Finch Hotel, when the annual banquet entertained the association. The menu was excellent and the various toasts quite in keeping. The toastmaster of the evening was Mr. E. P. McIlwain, of the Presbyterian College.

Considering all, the association experienced the most successful and most enjoyable convention yet. May it be as great next year!

METROPOLITAN GRAND QUARTET.

Tuesday evening, November 22, the second number of the Lyceum course was greeted by a fairly large yet very appreciative audience. This number was the Metropolitan Grand Quartet, which was here last year also. By all who love good music it was agreed that this is one of the best companies on the road. The success of last year's entertainment was repeated again this year.

The most interesting personage of the club was Mr. Lane, who gave several entertaining readings. He was encored again and again, rendering a popular piece each time.

Although there were several substitutions and exceptions in the numbers, the following is the approximate program:

Quartet—Invitation Waltz.....*Herbert*
Solo—Toreador Song, from "Carmen".....
MR. LANE
Duet—I Arise from Dreams of Thee.....*Yates*
CHASE AND EDWARDS
Quartet—Absent .....*Metcalf*
Solo—A Spirit Flower.....*Campbell-Tipton*
MR. NETH
Quartet—Swing Along.....*Cook*

INTERMISSION

Quartet—Alahaoe "Farewell Song".....
Solo—Rolling Down to Rio.....*German*
MR. EDWARDS
Readings .....*Selected*
MR. LANE
Quartet—A Mammy's Song.....*Gillette*
Duet—First Act "Faust".....
MESSRS. LANE AND NETH
Quartet—Without You.....*Speaks*
Solo—Morning .....*Cadman*
MR. CHASE
Quartet—Sextet from "Lucia".....
Finale.

THANKSGIVING.

November 25, set aside by proclamation of the President of the United States as the day of thanksgiving, was celebrated by the students in various ways. Over a hundred fellows went to Greenville to witness our game with Furman. A number of the fellows spent the day at home with their parents. Still others remained on the campus and entertained themselves at one thing or another.

Just as the JOURNAL goes to press, we learn that Mr. Warren Ariail, a former member of the present Senior class, has been received into the South Carolina M. E. Conference. We wish him the greatest success.

THIRD LYCEUM.

Mr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture in the Wofford chapter December 2 on "Some Lessons from the War." It was one of the best lectures ever heard here, and reflects much credit upon the Lyceum course.

Jokes

Fresh. Green—Do you know that Prof. DuPre is quarantined?

Fresh. Stubbs—Does that mean that he has to wear a muzzle?

It is reported that (Miss) Barron has accepted a position with the Royal Cafe to play the piano there on Sunday nights.

Senior Dargan (to Fresh. Stubbs, who had just played a piece on the violin)—What's the name of that, Freshman?

Fresh. Stubbs (quickly)—Fantasie Appassionata, by Henri Vieuxtemps.

Dargan—Get over that chair, Freshman. I don't allow anybody to talk to me that way.

Hike Byrum (upon hearing Dr. Snyder read an anonymous letter)—I wonder who wrote Doctor that synonymous letter.

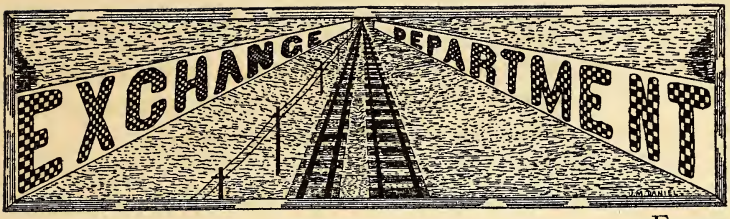
Dr. Snyder (to Senior Pate, whom he had ridden the whole hour)—Mr. Pate, I will give you two tens for today's recitation. This is pay for quantity, not quality, however.

Salesman (to Fresh. Green)—What kind of shoes do you want? English?

Fresh. Green—No; black.

Prof. Rembert (in Fresh. Bible class)—Mr. Owings, if you say the Vatican manuscript is in the Vatican library, where, then, is the Sinaitic manuscript found?

Fresh. Owings—In the Sinaitic library, I suppose.



J. W. Harris, Jr.....Editor

There were a number of magazines for October that reached the exchange tables after our November issue of the Journal had gone to press, and hence we could not criticize them. Yet we wish to assure all our fellow colleges that we greatly appreciate all magazines sent to us.

Those magazines received too late for our November issue were: *The Erothesian,* of Lander; *The Arkansan,* of the University of Arkansas; *The Trinity Archive; The Journal,* of Southwestern Presbyterian University; *The St. Mary's Muse,* of St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.; *The Era,* of Emory and Henry; *Bessie Tift Journal; The Criterion,* of Columbia College; *Davidson College Magazine.*

All these issues are worthy of the highest praise. All are interesting, instructive, and elevating. There is not a single one unworthy of the name of the institution that puts it out. And we wish to extend to the editors of each and every one of them our congratulations and praises. We are thankful for all, but, on account of lack of space, cannot take up back numbers individually, as we have a good many more of November to criticize. Nevertheless, we will hope for further exchanges, and promise to take them all up as soon as possible.

And just here we wish to request that if any college who has sent us magazines has not been receiving copies of the Wofford College Journal, we be notified and we will be glad to send back numbers, if desired, and exchange in the future.

The Trinity Archive
Trinity College, N. C.

The Trinity Archive opens its November issue with a story. This story, "The Compact," is particularly good, and its ending is richest of all. The other three stories are all good and worthy of comment. There are four poems and two essays. We consider the "Book Review" the better of the two essays, and also we would like to say that the arrangement of the material shows care and judgment. The editorials and jokes are good and readable.

Bessie Tift Journal
Bessie Tift College

For the first time in a good while we were favored with an issue of Bessie Tift College. We are glad to have it on our list of exchanges. The november issue of the *Bessie Tift Journal* is above the average college paper in quality of material, but is not as large as most Southern college periodicals. It contains four stories, two essays, and two poems, all of which are short, but exceptionally well executed.

Furman Echo
Furman University

We are glad to have also the November *Echo* at hand. We are sorry that our paper does not come up to the average in the eyes of the exchange, and will try to take him at his suggestion and effect some improvements. The *Echo* consists of five stories, one essay, one sketch, three poems, and a debate, beside the various editorials and comments. We consider the debate the best item of the magazine. The stories and poems are all monotonously short and light; yet we wish to congratulate the staff for its evident painstaking care and earnest effort, although the material is rather illy balanced.

University of North Carolina Magazine

The magazine of our sister State university was received and is greatly appreciated. After reading it, we are convinced that the literary tastes of the University of North Carolina are of a very high order. Of the two poems, we consider "To Tennyson" the better; and of the stories, three in

number, "An Exchange of Compliments" is, in our mind, the best. It is humorous and exceedingly well executed. The essays denote a thorough knowledge of the subjects they treat; especially is this so of "The Oxford Spirit" and "The Waldenses." We think the department of "Around the Well" is one of the best parts of the whole paper. It is interesting and highly instructive, especially in the immediate university affairs.

The Wesleyan
Wesleyan College, Ga.

Of the various articles in *The Wesleyan* this month, the address on "The Opportunities and Responsibilities of a College Career," delivered by Dr. Jones at the opening of the school, is the chief feature. The two poems, two stories, and two essays are about on the average.

Winthrop Journal
Winthrop College

Of the various contributions to the *Winthrop College Journal* appearing in the November issue, the essay, "The Old Order Changeth," and the story, "The Misunderstanding," are the most noteworthy. The poems are all short, but are so many bright spots in the magazine.

The Trinitonian
Trinity University, Texas

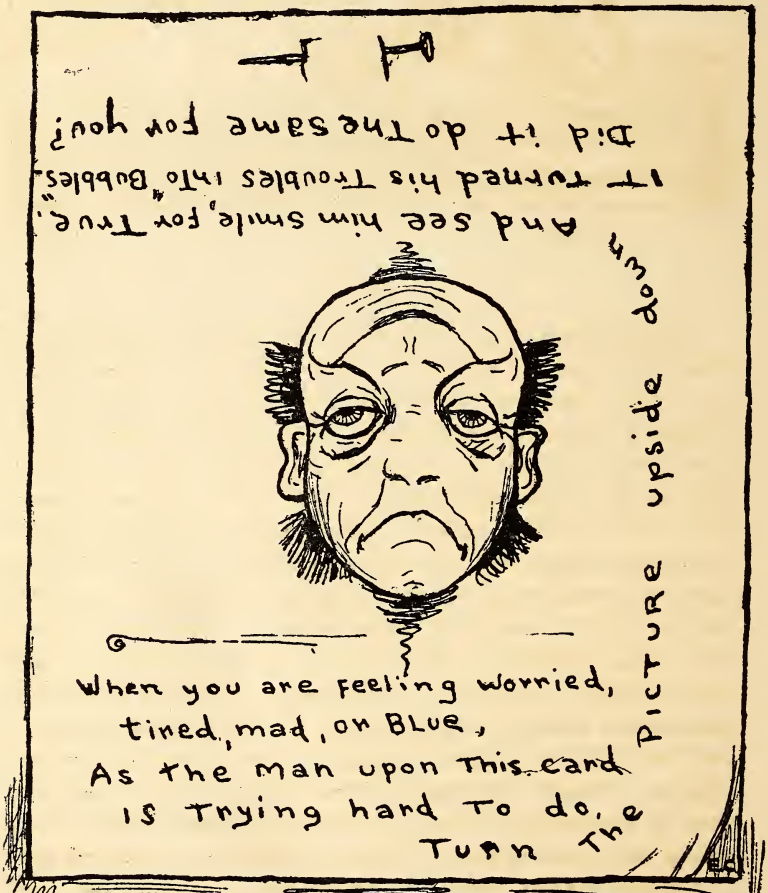
The Trinitonian is a good magazine, although brief. We will take it up in detail with the next issue of the JOURNAL.

The Southern Collegian
Washington and Lee University

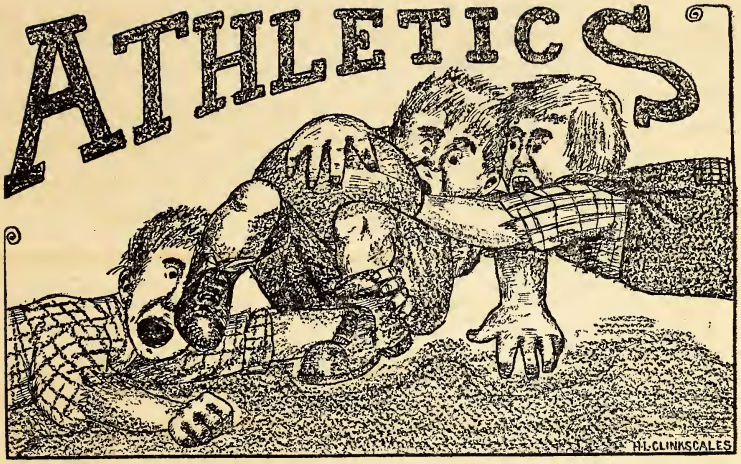
The Southern Collegian is exceedingly good, as far as it goes. It appears to us that it is rather limited in its material or at least in the publication of it. It has only two stories, two essays, and a few short poems. The story, "How Was It Done?" is very long, comprising twenty-eight pages, and is very well told. "The Psychology of Fear" shows deep study on the part of the author, and we recommend him to keep up his study of psychology, as he shows a capability

of much success in that line. The jokes and sketches are also an addition to the paper.

We also wish to recognize: *The Collegian,* of P. C.; the *Emory Phoenix,* of Emory College; the *Clemson Chronicle;* and the *Woman's College Journal,* of Due West, which on account of lack of space we cannot take up individually.



CURE FOR "THE BLUES"



J. C. Covington.....Editor

FOOTBALL.

Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 25, marked the close of the football season for the year 1915. Wofford closed its second season of football on that day with a game with Furman University in Greenville. The "Terrier" team, though it was not as successful as it might have been, put up a plucky fight in all of the eight games played, and came away with three well-earned victories. After taking into consideration the teams played and the slight experience of the Wofford team, the season might be said to have been a very successful one for the "Terriers" in some respects. The team showed much improvement on the team of last year and has gained some valuable experience. Two seasons of football have worn some of the newness off the sport at Wofford, and in a year or two more we are ardently hoping to have a team of veteran players. Though the team will lose three or four men this year by graduation, there still remains a good nucleus for a strong team next season. The team will lose a splendid man in Captain Hamer, who was chosen as one of the two best centers in the State, and his place will probably be hard to fill. Carter, Covington, and Pruitt will also graduate next spring.

Coaches Passailaigue and Hester worked hard to make the "Terrier" team the best possible, and also much credit for the team's showing should be given to Mr. Mills, who so kindly assisted in coaching the linemen. The season over, it is for us now to see that a goodly number of high school and preparatory school stars come to Wofford next year. Let us prepare now for a good team next year.

THE WOFFORD-CUMBERLAND FOOTBALL GAME.

Wofford won its third football victory of the season when the "Terriers" met the Cumberland University team, from Lebanon, Tennessee, on Wofford field, Tuesday, November —. The game was one of the closest and most exciting of the season, and Wofford only managed to win by the small score of 2 to 0 in the last minute of play, when a Cumberland player was tackled behind his own goal line and thrown for a safety. Each side made splendid gains at times, but when the goal of each team was seriously threatened, the opposing lines held like stone walls. Wofford's best chance to score a touchdown was at the close of the first half, when the "Terriers" carried the ball to Cumberland's one-yard line. However, the necessary punch was lacking, and the whistle blew for the end of the half without a score. Victory only came in the last few seconds of play, when a Cumberland player intercepted a forward pass behind his own goal line and was thrown for a safety when he attempted to advance with the ball. The "Terriers" were not in the best of shape for this game, as it was so unexpectedly arranged and followed so close on the heels of the game with Carolina. Thus it can readily be seen why the game was not won by a larger score.

THE FURMAN-WOFFORD GAME.

On Turkey Day the "Terriers" journeyed over to Greenville to meet their old-time rival, and, supported by a great part of the student body which accompanied them, strove hard to close their 1915 football season with victory. Promptly at 3:15 p. m. the two teams faced each other, and Furman

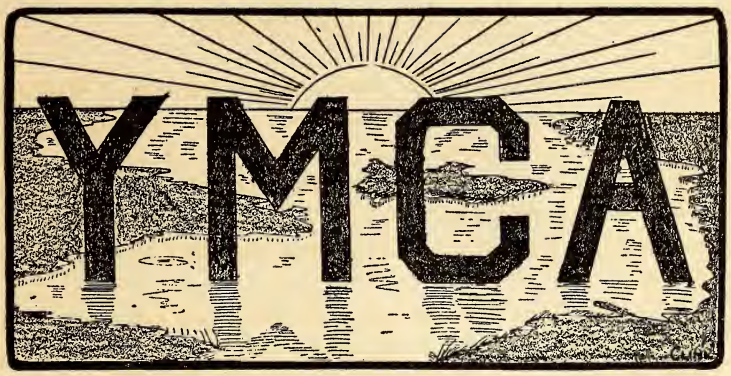
chose to receive at the north goal. Nigh unto a thousand people lined the borders of the field, and loud cheering for both Wofford and Furman rent the air. When the whistle blew, Quarterback Osborne placed his toe squarely against the oval, and it soared fifty yards before it descended into the waiting arms of a Furman back. The halfback was over-anxious and fumbled, the ball rolling across the goal line; but Captain Grissette, of Furman, snatched it up like a flash and dashed out, only to be fiercely tackled upon his goal line. The Wofford team claimed a safety, but the referee decided to the contrary and gave the ball to Furman one foot from their own goal. The two teams lined up for a scrimmage, and the light Wofford players looked like midgets compared with the giants that composed the Baptist team. These monstrous giants began their assault immediately, and tore through the Wofford line for almost five yards at a clip. The "Terriers" fought gamely, snapping and clinging to the legs of their antagonist, but to no avail. The Furman team marched steadily down the field, and, in spite of all the "Terriers" could do, were soon in the shadow of Wofford's goal. The "Terriers" braced and for a moment held, but their much heavier opponents were not to be held. Captain Grissette was given the ball for two plunges, and each time he tore through the "Terrier" line like a 42-centimetre shell, and ere he was stopped the Wofford goal had been crossed. A try at goal failed.

The ball was then kicked off to Wofford, and, although good gains were made, the "Terriers" soon lost it on downs. Furman again took up its second march for a touchdown, and early in the second quarter carried the ball across. Wofford again received the ball and soon had it in the middle of the field. At this point the "Terriers" came nearest to scoring. Wofford lined up as if to punt, but Quarterback Osborne, instead of kicking, hurled a perfect pass to Moore, who was anxiously awaiting it thirty yards down the field, and he made ten more yards before he was downed, the Furman safety man getting him. The ball, however, soon went over on downs.

In the third and in the fourth quarters Furman again rip-

ped through the "Terrier" line for touchdowns. Wofford, when she had the ball, made some good gains, especially on end runs, but never once seriously threatened the Furman goal. Although they were outweighed thirty pounds to the man, the "Terriers" never ceased to fight gamely and refused to acknowledge defeat till the referee blew his whistle at the end of the game.

The "Terriers" fought a good fight, and most assuredly would have won if their opponents had not so greatly outweighed them. The final count of the score was Furman, 25; Wofford, 0.



E. D. WHISONANT.....EDITOR

PAY UP.

Some weeks ago there was published in *The Old Gold and Black* a budget of the expenses of the Y. M. C. A. for this year. To carry out our plans will require about $182.00, but this amount can easily be raised if all the members of the Association will pay their dues.

So far the Y. M. C. A. has been put to very little expense, but after Christmas the cost will be heavy. We have secured several outside speakers, who will be here some time during the second semester, and this, of course, means an increase in the expenses. So, pay up now, in order that the Association may not be handicapped when we begin our work anew after the Christmas holidays.

DR. SNYDER SPEAKS.

At the meeting of November the 5th Dr. Snyder delivered a very interesting address. The speaker pointed out the practical lessons to be gotten from the game of football, and said the work of the Y. M. C. A. should be carried on in the same way we carry on the work of the football team.

Three lessons were suggested: First, we should know our rule book; secondly, the lesson of team work or the spirit of co-operation; and, thirdly, we should fight for our cause without regard for self-aggrandizement.

Dr. Snyder said that, with Christ for our Captain and the Bible for our rule book, it was ours to lay aside all selfish motives and to work together for the great cause of Christianity.

REV. W. H. K. PENDLETON DELIVERS ADDRESS.

On November the 12th Rev. Mr. Pendleton spoke on "Choosing a Life's Work While in College." The speaker said that it was well for a young man to select his profession early in life, because he could in this way get an early start in the work which he intends to follow. But Mr. Pendleton went on to say that every man ought to have a well-rounded education, and by apt illustrations showed how such men had many advantages over those men who know only the things relating to their given professions. He dwelt at some length on choosing the ministry as a life's work while in college. Mr. Pendleton closed by saying that in choosing any profession as a life's work the idea of service should always overrule the pecuniary considerations.

Mr. Allen Rogers, of the city, favored us with a solo, "Somebody Knows," at this meeting.

PROF. N. G. GEE MAKES INTERESTING TALK.

One of the most interesting and instructive talks that has been delivered at the Y. M. C. A. this year was that of Prof. Gee, of Soochow University, China, on November the 19th. Prof. Gee told us a great many things about this new republic, and spoke of the vast opportunity there for educational work.

The speaker said that the demand for business men, physicians, and teachers in China was great, and that ministers of the gospel were not the only missionaries needed there.

NO MEETING NOVEMBER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

On account of the Annual Conference, which was held in Bethel Church from November 23rd to 29th, there was no meeting of the Y. M. C. A. November the 26th.

SKETCHES

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19 20 21 22 23 24 25
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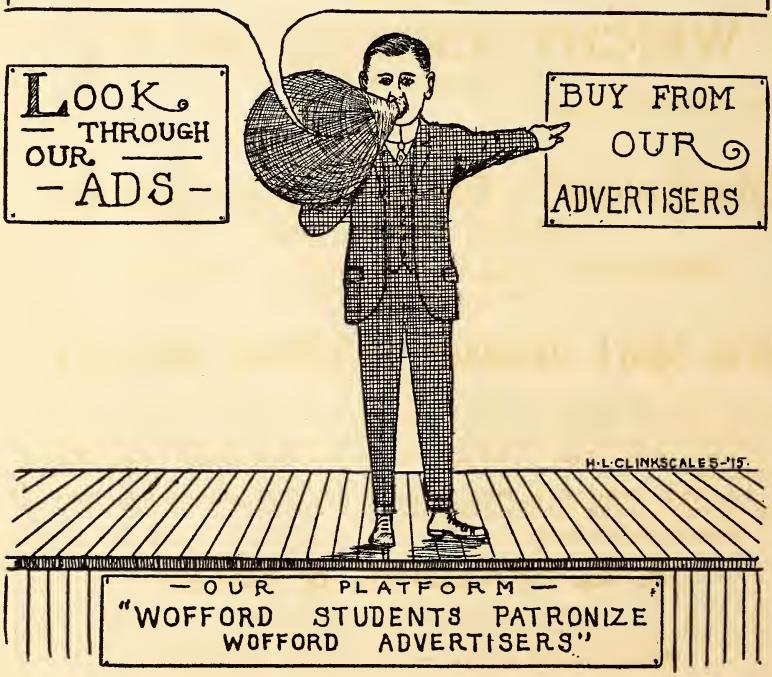

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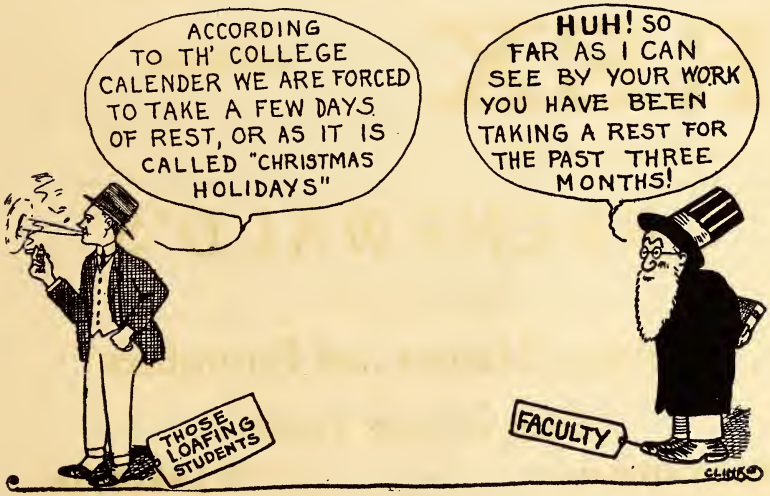

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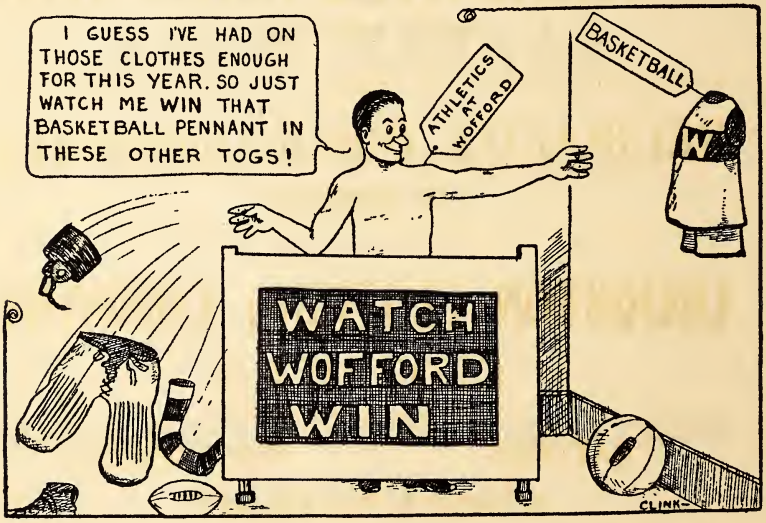

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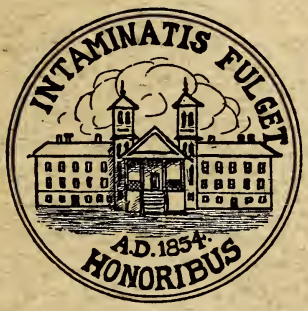

January, Nineteen-Sixteen

1916

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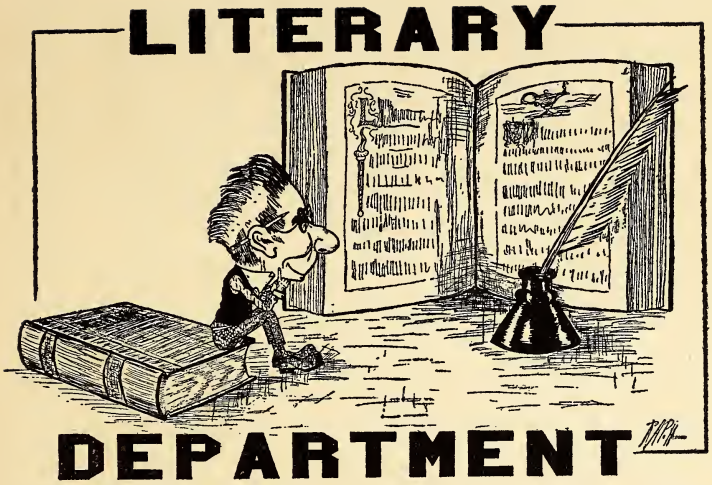

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The Wolf at the Door

ONE OF the most perplexing problems that has ever faced society is the problem of poverty. Want—grim, stalking want—has always harassed a large class of the more unfortunate of mankind. It is to be found in varying degree throughout the world; and, strange as it may seem, those countries that are most highly civilized are afflicted with some of its worst forms; and in those countries where wealth is most abundant we sometimes find men and women living in the most distressing need. There is, perhaps, no social evil more common among men. It is so common, indeed, that many pay no attention to it whatever, and merely pass it by as a necessary evil impossible to abolish. When the question of the needs of their fellow men is broached, they are wont to take refuge from their consciences in the belief that poverty is the result of some law of nature which cannot be changed. They

find much comfort in the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, and look upon those who cannot obtain the necessities of life as being those whom nature would suppress for the benefit of the race. They have become so used to the spectacle of underfed and underclothed men and women living in degradation, and their hearts have become so hard that they never turn their thoughts upon the problem and consider whether this condition might not be remedied.

Others, however, whose hearts have been touched by the pitiful suffering all around them, have not stopped their ears at the cry of the poor, but have tried to meet the condition squarely. The misery, squalor, distress and sin caused by this evil have aroused them to heroic efforts to at least alleviate the suffering it causes. Some of them have championed the cause of the poor, and claim that this evil is, like all others, due to a definite cause and amenable to definite remedies; that poverty is curable; that the evils it bring with it are capable of being wiped out; and that the sorrow and suffering it causes can be healed.

No century in the history of the world has seen more progress along almost every line of achievement than the century just past. Out of the social and political tyranny and injustice of the past we have come into the light of liberty and equality. We have broken the bonds of custom, and are finding light and knowledge where our feet have never trod before. Ethical standards are keeping pace with our advance in other directions: the world stands aghast at the horrors of war which in former ages would have been considered perfectly legitimate. Again, let some country suffer dire misfortune, and the peoples of other lands, though perhaps of a different color and race, will readily respond with warm sympathy and generous liberality. Socially, morally and spiritually modern man is far in advance of his ancestors.

But, whatever the improvements in other directions, this era is pre-eminently an era of industrial and material advance. Could philosophers of a former century have forseen what progress would be made in the century through which we

have just passed, they would no doubt have inferred that real poverty would no longer exist in the world. They would have looked upon this age as the golden age in which all men should live in peace and plenty, no longer distressed for the merely material things of life, but free to devote themselves to their higher interests—to tune their thoughts to the intellectual, the aesthetic, the spiritual. Marvelous indeed has been this advance. It seems as if the genius of the world has been concentrated upon the task of supplying the physical needs of man. Science has contributed to many things, but to nothing more than to production of the comforts of life. Instead of the patient ox, we have the steam plow; the harvesting machine for the scythe; the threshing machine for the flail; the gigantic roller mill for the morter and pestle. Cloth is now made by a single delicate girl faster than could a hundred skilful weavers with their hand-looms; trees are taken from the forest and ore from the earth, and, with scarcely the touch of a human hand, made into all kinds of useful articles; mighty engines turn more wheels of industry than all the horses of the world; great steam shovels remove the very mountains and lay bare the treasures buried there, while men have learned to descend into the bowels of the earth and bring up thence minerals of untold value; rivers have been harnessed and the lightnings chained and made to become the servants of man.

No less remarkable has been the advance in means of transportation and communication. The earth is girdled with steel rails and furrowed with great canals. Gigantic locomotives now bear the burden of the pack horse and the caravan, while steamships have all but replaced the old style sailing vessel, and increased knowledge has made the boundless seas the safe highway of man. So much cheaper and safe is transportation that the most common articles of consumption are exchanged from all parts of the world—beef raised in Argentina is eaten fresh in Alaska; wheat raised on the western plains is made into flour and consumed in London; darkness is dispelled from the peasant's hut in far-away China

by light from oil from the wells of Pennsylvania. Production, exchange and communication have been increased a hundred-fold.

And yet, despite all this advance in the productive arts, do we find that poverty is on the wane? Nay! but exactly the opposite. With increased wealth on the one hand comes increased want on the other. More people live in want now than ever before. It is almost unbelievable! In the United States, the richest country on the globe, it is estimated by some that as much as twenty per cent. of the population receive outside aid of some kind during any one year. More conservative estimates place this ratio as fifteen per cent. Think of it! Out of a population of a hundred millions, fifteen millions cannot obtain the things they need for the proper maintenance of the physical body. In the shadow of the skyscraper, lifting its dome to the heavens with a magnificence putting to shame the palaces of the kings of old, live hundreds of human being closely crowded together in squalid tenements. Next door to the captain of industry live scores of his virtual slaves, who barely receive enough from him to sustain their bodies in order that they might turn out efficient work. Keen indeed is the suffering caused by this wolf at the door. Rather than suffer the shame of being a poor provider, the father works early and late, striving to obtain for his wife and little ones at least a few of the comforts of life. Instead of being able to provide luxuries, he is often unable to obtain necessities, and finally the wife and children are called upon to aid in the bitter struggle for decent existence. Side by side with her husband, the wife and mother goes to work every morning, leaving the home in charge of some older child or less efficient and expensive member of society than herself. As soon as the children are capable of feeding the monster of industry, they, too, must rise early and work for their daily bread. Even then only a bare subsistence is often all that is obtainable. There is no power to gratify the desires for the better things of life. Education, self-improvement, books, pictures, flowers are almost

unknown. The natural desires for entertainment are forced to be satisfied with the cheap and the sensational; pleasure is to be gotten only from that which is vicious and sensual. Men and women become nervous and physical wrecks from constant overwork; youth and childhood are stunted and dwarfed. Children who should be romping in play at school, in the bright sunlight and invigorating fresh air, are neglecting their minds and injuring their bodies in the close atmosphere of rumbling factories. Surely here, if nowhere else, the saying of the preacher that "childhood and youth are vanity" is true.

There are many who are more unfortunate still than these. Frequently we hear of breadlines being established somewhere to keep men from actual starvation. So narrow is the margin of industrial stability that every panic and crisis throws large numbers of capable and anxious toilers out of work and upon society. Even in ordinary times there are small armies of out-of-works in almost every large city.

Everywhere and under every condition of poverty, the same degrading, debasing evil is prevalent. Is it any wonder that vice and crime flourish under such conditions? When normal desires are denied, is it not to be expected that these desires will lead into forbidden paths? When innocent amusements cannot be enjoyed, will not youth delight in the trashy and obscene? When food and shelter cannot be obtained by honest toil, will not a man steal to be satisfied? When men work until they can work no longer, and still are unable to overcome competition, will they not drown their troubles in drunkenness? When women stand at the counter or between the loom all day without being able to fill their stomachs and clothe their bodies, will they not be forced to the brothel? What an indictment of our industrialism! We may sing songs and utter vain prayers and distribute our alms among the poor, but the poor will continue to point an accusing finger at us and their cries will still rise to the God of heaven, until we seek out the cause of these evils and remove it.

But to what is this condition due, and how shall we remedy it? This is a question that has vexed the minds of

some of the wisest men of our own day as well as of preceding generations, and the theories advanced and remedies proposed have been legion. Of one thing we can rest assured, and that is that poverty is an abnormal condition. We may be sure that He who "crownest the year with His goodness" had no intention that any of His children should be ground down by oppressing need. We have seen that never before has man been capable of producing so much as at this time. We have seen, too, that, side by side with poverty, there is the greatest splendor and extravagance. Some one has said that we are surfeited with millionaires and surfeited with poverty. We have also seen that thousands of willing workers are prevented by enforced idleness from earning such a livelihood as they could easily earn if given the proper chance. The problem, then, is a problem of distribution, not one of production.

The space is too limited for me to attempt to explain any program of reform. Let it suffice if I have succeeded in bringing to your minds the needs as they really exist and in stirring you to efforts to see the condition remedied. The socialist offers communism; the tax reformer offers the single tax; the political agitator brings up various schemes of tariff reform; the labor leader claims that shorter hours and more pay will redeem the laboring man; the industrial iconoclast hopes to create more work by restricting labor-saving machinery; and many look to the government to abolish this greatest cause of human misery. We will probably do well to investigate thoroughly and choose with discrimination. Certain it is, however, that poverty is a wrong, and that it should be abolished. With Kingsley, we hold that the greatest reform must come from within—that man must learn first the great lesson of human sympathy. Then, and only then, with a wise change in our industrialism, we may hope to have that state of peace and plenty which has ever been our dream of mankind.

"E.," '16.

How He Bit

IT WAS one cold, snowy evening. Gathered about a blazing fire were a half-dozen or more old men. They were telling tales of their childhood and recounting experiences of their youth and later manhood. All had told their tale but one, and he appeared to be about eighty years old. He was intelligent, and his face still bore the ruddy glow of vigorous health. When it came his time, he settled down into his chair and began telling about a friend of his of by-gone years. His companions immediately became attentive, and one of them had just interrupted him with a question about the business capacity of his friend. The old man went on:

"Was he shrewd? Well, yes. He was sensible and capable and very shrewd as a whole; and, even if he was somewhat crude and rugged, he had a big heart and a nature so generous that you could not help liking him. But the trouble was he felt it too much and thought that his business system and social tactics were beyond reproach. And it was for that reason that the neighbors and people in general of his town looked with something like amusement at his misfortune. For it was a misfortune not only in a material way, for it was humiliating to Bill to find that his pet policy was overthrown and himself so chagrined thereby. So the people with a smile, as if to say, 'I told you so,' looked sympathetically on. And the more his friends tried to console and pacify him over the matter, the more irritated he became. But you can't blame Bill so much, after all. It wasn't exactly his fault. All of us are likely to bite sometimes, even if we don't bite as hard as Bill did. It is true, as you say, that he might have used better judgment, but he committed no sin when he used bad judgment and suffered for it.

"It was this way. Bill—you've heard of Bill Coleman—was, as I told you before, a naturally good-natured and good-hearted fellow. He had a goodly little capital to start on when he came to Yulton, fifteen years before; and using it and

his head along together, he finally worked himself up to a pretty high place. Yulton, you know, was not a very big town—three or four thousand—but it was big enough for Bill to make a good deal of money and enable him to rise to a pretty high position of responsibility. He was first a merchant and real estate man, but soon, step by step, he came to be the president of the bank—Yulton has only one bank—and owner of a good deal of real estate round about.

"Yet he remained the same through it all. Riches did not affect him in the least. He liked us all, and we all liked him. Yet you never saw a man but what had his faults, and Bill's main fault was his liking for high society folks. Now, there's nothing exactly wrong in that—it's more of a weakness than a fault. But Bill would overdo the thing. Whenever a stranger would come to town, especially if he appeared to be some important personage from the city, Bill would inevitably fall in with him somehow, and the first thing you knew they would be fast friends. We kept telling Bill about this way of doing, but he would only laugh and tell us that we were jealous of him. ''Tis the burnt child that fears the fire,' you know. Well, we tried to believe that he was right—for he generally was—and because he was so jolly and cheerful we would give up to him, but always warned him to keep his eyes open.

"Then it happened.

"One day there came a good-looking man to Yulton who appeared to be about twenty-six or seven. He was tall and handsome; keen black eyes, black hair, and a melodious voice. Evidently he was wealthy, for he was dressed well and had a lot of baggage. He hadn't been in town two days before Bill had met him and added him to his list of friends. They made a handsome couple, Bill and this stranger—Harry Saunders, he said his name was—as they came down the street together. Bill, with his old felt hat, from under whose brim appeared a fringe of sandy, red hair, his short legs waddling along beneath his fat, rolling body, and the stranger,

with his sonorous voice, fine clothes and keen black eyes, striding along beside him.

"Saunders said he was from—oh, I forget the name of the place—and was the son of a big drug merchant, and had come to Yulton for his health. He had pictures of his father's big drug plant and fine home, and said he was going to spend his life at leisure.

"Well, things went on for a week, and the intimacy grew greater every day. I'll acknowledge there was something fascinating and pleasing about this young fellow. He had easy, polite ways, which made one like him at first sight. And to hear him talk you would think he was just as fine as they made.

"Anyway, it was the way he impressed Bill. He had been staying at a boarding house, but after about a week he accepted Bill's invitation to come 'round and stay with him. Bill would have been willing to have taken him without charging him anything for board or lodging, but he had to charge him a little something, just for the looks of the thing.

"Well, he moved over, and he and Bill became greater chums than ever; and, in fact, it got to where when you saw one you were pretty likely to see the other.

"But I forgot to tell you about Miss Coleman, Bill's daughter. She was just a fine young woman, and pretty, too. She had all of Bill's cleverness, and a lot more common sense. She had been off at some big college somewhere and finished with honors. Her mother—Bill's wife—died about five years before, and she had been keeping house for her father and teaching, too. Well, as soon as that fellow Saunders saw her he fell in love with her, apparently. She was only twenty, and he thought she would be just the one to make him happy—so Bill said Saunders told him. But she was not so easily persuaded to his way of thinking, and we could all see that he wasn't making much progress toward winning her love. 'Twas not because he didn't try, though, for he took every chance possible to let her know how he felt toward her. Now, this pleased Bill better than anything that could have hap-

pened. He would talk to Emily—that was her name—and try to persuade her to give Saunders some encouragement. But she would say that she didn't like him, nor did she have any confidence in him whatsoever. This would get Bill wrought up, and the more she objected to Saunders, the better Bill would try to make him appear to her. But he had sense enough not to push things too far, for he realized that she was a chip off the old block, with a good deal of improvement.

"Finally, Saunders began going around to the bank and insisted on helping Bill with his work there, as he said he himself had some knowledge along the banking line. Bill immediately took him into full confidence, and it wasn't long until he was helping with the accounts and other matters.

"Things went on smoothly enough for about two weeks, and the bank became a common loafing place for Saunders. He was to have gone away before, but he was desperately in love with Miss Coleman, and the people said this was the reason he was extending his stay.

"One day, after another week's good sailing, Saunders asked Bill if he would give his consent for Emily to be his wife. This just suited Bill, and he not only gave his consent, but expressed himself as being very happy over the situation. It was not that he didn't love his daughter, but he was just so confident that Saunders would make her a good husband that he let his enthusiasm run away with his prudence. He, of course, left the question with his daughter.

"The next day fortune seemed to favor Saunders. He was strolling in the flower garden all alone that afternoon; everything as still as could be, and the earth seemed a speck of paradise. 'Twas just the time for lovers and love-making. If I were a poet or a love-story writer, I might describe the scene as one where nature, with her rosy-tipped fingers, touched all the strings of the delicious summertime, all the chords of beauty in one sweet accord making melodious harmony of the surrounding country. But there's no need of that—we all know how it is, or how it used to be. Anyway, Saunders was strolling slowly along and ran upon Miss

Coleman sitting, also alone, in the shade of a beautiful oak, being evidently fascinated by the spell which nature was working.

"Well, the sum of it was: he proposed and she had the good sense to refuse, and that very emphatically.

"With his courtship at an end, Saunders was determined to leave the next morning. Having this purpose in mind, he went uptown, evidently to make some purchases and prepare for his departure. He went around to the bank, and was enthusiastically received by Bill, whose enthusiasm was suddenly cooled when he heard of the way his daughter had treated his friend.

"Now, it happened that this particular day had been a very successful one at the bank, and Bill had still a great deal to do in the way of straightening out his books and putting things in order. He had taken up several notes, which amounted to about eight hundred dollars, besides several good-sized deposits. Bill was just starting to put this money in the vault when Saunders came in; and, of course, being the best of friends, he got Saunders to help him. When they had finished, it was Saunders who shut and locked the vault door. The two then went home, Saunders saying that he would leave the next morning, and Bill expressing his regrets and hoping for his friend the best of good fortunes. And Bill was sincere in what he said, but he didn't know how dangerous was his wish and how expensive it was to prove to him.

"Next morning, Bill was awakened about five o'clock by a sharp knocking on the window at the head of his bed, and saw a figure in the dim morning glow, which by its motions made it evident that an intercourse with him was desired. Bill hurriedly dressed and went to the door, where he met a middle-aged, business-like man. The stranger did not wait for Bill to speak, but inquired hastily:

" 'Is there a man here in your house by the name of Harry Saunders?'

" 'Yes,' answered Bill, in amazement.

"'I want to see him immediately,' added the stranger curtly.

"'Why, he's not up yet, and I hate to disturb him at this early hour,' objected Bill.

"The stranger threw back the lapel of his coat and disclosed the shining emblem of a deputy sheriff. He then took out a card, which bore the inscription: 'R. H. Wilmore, Deputy Sheriff, Chief Detective, Kiel.' He handed it to Bill, who looked at it, then stared at the stranger blankly.

"'Lead me to his room,' ordered the stranger.

"Bill turned without a word, and the two went upstairs and to the door of the room occupied by Saunders. Bill started to knock, but the detective caught him by the arm and silently turned the knob of the door. It was locked. He then produced a key, with which he silently unlocked it. The two stepped in. There was no one in the room. The bed was untouched. The suitcase was gone, and various articles of wear were scattered about the open trunk.

"'Gone again!' muttered the detective between his teeth. Then, turning to Bill, he said:

"'You have been harboring in your house one of the biggest thieves and swindlers in the country. His name is William Wilkins.' Here he produced a photo of the man. 'I've been on his trail for a long time, but up until yesterday he had succeeded in giving me the dodge. I learned of his whereabouts from an old pal of his who had turned against him. As soon as I got the clue, I set out after him, but it seems that he has slipped me again. But what puzzles me is how he knew to leave just when he did and in the way he did.'

"Here he went to the window and pulled up a rope which dangled from the window sill. Bill was almost swept off his feet by this disclosure. He could not comprehend that he had been so completely deluded.

"'Did he take anything from you?' was the next question.

"'Nothing at all,' answered Bill.

"'Nothing at all?' repeated the detective. 'Then, you're lucky.' But what followed made Bill stagger.

" 'You're president of the bank here, I understand. You and this fellow have been close friends. He has been with you a great deal at the bank. You have been very successful in a financial way lately. Has this Saunders, as he called himself, been with you lately at your bank?"

" 'Yes,' answered Bill weakly. 'He and I were there late yesterday afternoon, and he helped me lock up.'

" 'Let us go to the bank.'

"After a few minutes' walk the bank was reached. It required only a few minutes to examine the front part of the bank; then the two passed down to the vault. Bill suddenly became weak, and had to stop to catch his breath before proceeding; for there stood the door of the vault ajar, and the rest of the story could readily be guessed.

" 'Who locked this safe door last night?' inquired the detective. Then, stepping up to the register, said, looking straight at Bill: 'It was not locked.'

"There were a few coins scattered about on the floor of the safe, but on examination it was found that all the paper money and other valuables were gone. In all, about $900 was missing.

"Bill swallowed hard, and, turning toward his companion a face pale with anger and chagrin, asked weakly:

" 'What shall I do?'

"The detective strode to and fro for a second or two, then stopped abruptly before Bill.

" 'Be quiet and do as I tell you,' he said. 'Above all things, don't create any excitement as long as you can keep from it; for to make a commotion now would only give this rascal the cue and baffle all our efforts to bag him. Let him think he is still undiscovered. He is bound to be close around here somewhere, and probably we can run across him before he takes the alarm, if we go about it right. Now, don't say a word about this to anybody, not even your daughter. You can run the bank for a couple of days without it's being known. I'll go to Kiel immediately, where this rascal will have to go to get those drafts cashed. You will hear from me by tele-

graph this afternoon or in the morning. But, to allow for the unexpected to happen, do not get anxious if you do not hear from me until tomorrow afternoon. I feel sure that with two days I can bring our man to where he belongs. If you desire any information, or if you get any that you think would be of aid to me, telephone or telegraph to "4078 Exton, Kiel—125 Main street." But put it off as long as possible, for you can readily understand the quieter we go about this business the more likely we are of success.'

"Then, with a hearty handshake and some words of encouragement, the detective was off.

"Bill went home, but could eat no breakfast. His daughter was very anxious about him, and asked if he were sick. He assured her that there was nothing wrong with him, and told her that Saunders had left early that morning to catch the first train. All during the day Bill was nervous and restless, but fought hard not to let his friends know it. He went to the bank as usual, but did not stay very long. Then he went around to the telegraph office to inquire if a message for him had been received. Getting an answer in the negative, he went back home, avoiding all his friends and cheering himself the best he could.

"As time wore slowly on, Bill's impatience grew. Midday came and then night, and still no word from the detective. Bill consoled himself that he would get a special delivery letter the next morning explaining everything.

"Morning came, but no letter. He hastened to the telegraph office, but was again disappointed. He was forced to constrain himself and bear the suspense as best he could. The day wore on, and Bill became more and more irritated. He wouldn't speak to anybody, but stayed either in the telegraph office or in the bank.

"Toward evening, he could wait no longer. He telegraphed the police and detective headquarters at Kiel, to know if they had apprehended any one for bank robbery at Yulton. He also asked that R. H. Wilmore, deputy sheriff and chief

detective, wire him as to what he had done or discovered.

"In about an hour the answer came:

> " 'We know no one by the name of R. H. Wilmore, detective and deputy sheriff. Have heard nothing about bank robbery at Yulton. Please let us know definitely what you mean.
>
> " '(Signed) P. K. Catesly,
>
> " 'Chief Police and Head Detective.'

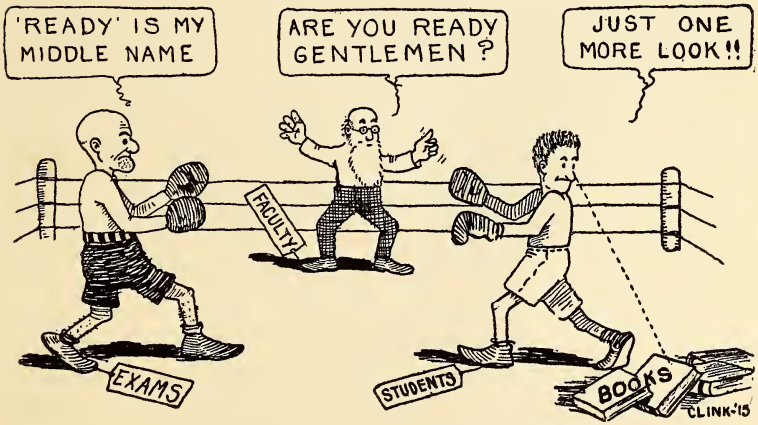
"You would have thought some one had hit Bill in the head with an axe. He looked dazed and stupified; then his face became livid with anger and disgust.

" 'By George!' he muttered, as he turned to leave. 'Fooled! Fooled twice! Me! Bill Coleman! I know I am the biggest fool on earth, but I've learned a lesson!'

"And he was right in the last part of his statement.

"The real police, informed too late of the occurrence, could do nothing toward regaining the money or capturing the swindlers. The drafts had been cashed at Kiel, but nobody knew anything about who presented them."

A PIECE OF SHRAPNEL FROM THE EXAM TRENCHES



Morn

I like to roam the woodlands bright,
Where gladness reigns supreme;
There never is there thought of night,
And all is one sweet dream.

I like to watch the wild bird gay,
That sings from hour to hour;
Or see nearby each winged ray
That floats from flow'r to flow'r.

I like to wait at dawn of day,
To watch the rising sun,
And look upon its fading ray,
When day is nearly done.

I like to view the sky so blue,
When all the earth is glad;
When never is there thought of rue,
When joy to joy we add.

And so, when life's long journey's run,
When joy and sorrow's gone;
May glories that in life we've won
Shine brighter than day's dawn.

A. J.

College Honesty

EARCH wherever one may, there will be found no truer saying than "Honesty is the best policy." It concerns human life from the street-scavenger to the skilled statesman. This being true, it vitally concerns the career of the college student. However many phases of the college student's life honesty may concern, there are those particular phases upon which it especially thrusts its pungent message—his relations with his fellow students, his classroom work, his activity on the athletic field, and his behavior during examinations.

Does honesty concern the college student's relations with his fellow student? Assuredly yes! The Good Book says in substance, "Walk uprightly before your fellow men, lest ye be a stumbling block in his way." As a whole, college students observe this rule. But there are those—few in number, however—who always spoil things, just as the affected apple seeks to destroy eventually the whole barrel of apples. They go about seeking whom they may pollute. They aren't honest with their fellow men, not even with themselves. They use dirty slang and profane language where a pure English word would suffice, thus not only indelibly soiling their own characters, but also those whom they touch, and depositing a "moral slime" upon the campus that perhaps a generation cannot efface. Actually, some students so warp and distort their language and manners that they are embarrassed among people who speak pure Anglo-Saxon language. They often corrupt and defile their own persons so that after life is a young hell, and pass on their miseries to the next generation. Some don't mind taking for his own use his fellow students' electric globe, book, pencil, lyceum ticket, or toilet article. Oh, no! That's a small matter. It doesn't even cost the scamp his standing on the campus. Is this honest treatment of your fellow student?

There are those students who don't mind saying, "Unpre-

pared, professor; sick last night," when he either packed the streets, played pool or went out calling, and could almost digest wire nails. When he is reported for absences in society, he uses no scruples in saying, "Sick, confined to my room," when he was seen on the street corner that very night; or he says, "Out of town," when he merely got on the car, rode out and back, and actually was heard boasting about it. Often he is prompted by the fellow next to him, and when the instructor mentions it, says, "No, sir, professor; he did not tell me."

In a game of football, he maliciously and knowingly "slugs" the poor fellow opposing him, who is trying with all his might to play a clean, sportsmanlike game; and when accosted by the referee, swears he didn't touch him. In baseball, he often vows that he put a man out on first base, when he knows he didn't touch him. He thinks it a small matter to "ride" a man down in basketball to win a point.

Then, sad is the time when examinations come around. The indolent, loose, careless fellow is face to face with a serious proposition. He knows he hasn't been studying much. He thinks of the many, many hours he wasted loafing. "If I could just call those hours back, I'd use them preparing for my examinations," he thinks to himself. And then he thinks of father, whom he has treated dishonestly. He asks himself the question, "What will father do and say if I don't pass these examinations?" Pure reason tells the poor fellow that he cannot pass them honestly. He thinks in his mind, "Will I pass them dishonestly?" He becomes blue, discouraged, nervous, and says repeatedly to himself, "Life is all a muddle for me." While the poor fellow is agonizing over his fate, his chum, John, comes in and upbraids him for being so blue over the matter. John, too, is worried, but has planned how he and Jack can pass everything.

"Oh, Jack, you're a soft fellow, anyhow! Those examinations are a small matter! You and I will sit together on the very back seat. We will tear leaves out of our books, make extracts of important things, and read that old Latin out of

the translation. Besides, what I don't know you can tell me, and I'll do the same for you. We can write that difficult declension out on the cuffs of our shirts. We'll pass all right, don't worry, Jack. Those professors can't ease anything over on us. Moreover, Jack, what does honesty get a fellow in college, anyhow? Does it pay? No! We'll ride through on our examinations, make brilliant marks, get our diplomas, get out in the world, and get as good jobs as anybody. We'll wear good clothes, smoke good cigars, carry our canes, set the boys up to lots of drinks and picture shows, go to church and Sunday school, and no one will ever know the difference except our close chums, and they'll not squeal on us." Poor Jack brightens up at John's scheme and acquiesces.

And thus it goes! The two little atomic pygmies go on to their fates! They have sold out cheap! They have sold their birthright a thousand times cheaper than Esau did. They have sacrificed one of the most precious jewels of their lives—honesty. What will their college courses and after lives mean? Absolutely nothing! They will go through life with diseased and blighted consciences. They will carry their diplomas around with them only as reminders of their black dishonesty —that's all.

All this within itself is bad enough; but it is not the worst. It touches and stigmatizes the vital fundamentals of human character! They've sown habits to reap corrupt characters later. They have bent the twigs, and thus the trees will be inclined. Too often college students say, "We will do these little evils in college, and quit them when we are out in life." It is possible, but highly improbable. The thoughts and habits of man can be counted as the years of his life. And the yoke a man creates for himself by these wrong doings will breed hate in the kindliest manner.

The experiences of great and good men who have gone before us prove this worthy old maxim of honesty. Happy is that man who, when his college career is ended, can say honestly, "I have fought a good fight; have finished my course; have won my diploma honestly; have endeavored to

do as much good as possible; and am going out into the world with clean hands and a pure heart."

The ideal college man, the square man, measures the same each way. He has no cheap lumber in him. He is free from knots and sap, and will not warp. He is clear stuff; and it matters not what he is worked up into, he will neither swell nor warp. He is to men what good seasoned lumber is to carpenters. Approach him from whatever side one may, he is the same each way; and the only way to get at him anyhow is to face him. He knows he is square, and never spends any time trying to prove it. G. W. PALMER, '16.

FIRST LITTLE GIRL — I SIMPLY CAN'T SEE HOW ANYONE CAN ADMIRE THAT FELLOW.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL — OH HE'S ALRIGHT — HE'S A SENIOR

A Father's Revenge

"LOOK, Rube, there's a girl climbing the mountain, and she is on the trail that leads to our camp, too!" exclaimed a stout young man to his companion, as they stood on a mountain side.

"By Jove! There sure is! Do you suppose she has seen us? Let's go tell Olga of our early caller," replied Ruben, as he made his way back to their tent.

"I say, Olga, prepare dinner for four. We'll soon have a caller. Come and see her, and—"

"A caller? Dinner for four? Rube, have you gone crazy? We have just got here," said Olga, "and I came here for a rest. Who is it that has come to disturb us?"

"That's what we don't know. Come and see," said Rube, as he dragged astonished Olga through the tent in time to see a beautiful girl coming up the trail.

"Oh, how charming! A regular butterfly, she is! A mountain fairy! Who can she be? And so graceful, too!" exclaimed Olga.

"And dressed so fine, too!" said the sincerely color-blind Rube, for the stranger was dressed in calico.

"She's my ideal girl! I love her already!" Rube's modest companion said, as he almost buried himself in pillows that lay in a seat before the door.

"I am sorry to trouble you," began the stranger, as she drew near the tent, "but you have placed your camp on my father's land, and he does not allow any one near. He has sent me to tell you this. I know his nature, and I would not advise you to remain longer."

"Well, listen, dear stranger. Do not rush off. Stay a while and tell us of your father and yourself," Olga said, as the stranger turned to go.

"My history is a sad one, and I am afraid I will trouble

you," said the stranger, seating herself and glancing at the young man among the pillows.

"We are so glad to have you with us, and you may be brief with your story," Olga replied cordially.

"I was born in a mountainous section of Virginia," the stranger began sadly. "And when I was very young my mother died, leaving an older sister and me with a very cruel father. He knew no God, and loved nothing but money and seclusion. After our mother's death, sister and I found it hard for us to stay at home. Father had promised he would send us to school. We studied and worked very hard, until at last we were ready for college."

Here the speaker paused, for she had noticed how Olga had sunk back pale in her chair.

"After a great deal of argument, begging and worry, we were sent away to school. Our first college session slipped by very fast to us, for we were in a world we had never known before. Soon vacation came, and we went back to our secluded mountain home, hoping to change our stern, hard-hearted father by what we had learned. But vacation rolled by, and he was worse, flatly refusing to send us back to school, also."

Here the speaker paused, for Olga was weeping bitterly.

"However, father kept all our money in his room, and we decided to take it and leave him forever. But when the opportunity came for us to get the money, I was very sick, and my poor sister took it, telling me to follow her as soon as I was able. I became seriously ill, and papa's rage, when he missed the money, made it worse for me. He got his sister, who is almost a witch, to guard me day and night. Then we moved down here. I cannot begin to tell you how I have suffered for the last four years, and I suppose Olga has suffered, too, but I have never heard from her since she left me."

"Oh, Louise! Louise! I am your long-lost sister, Olga Oglethrope, and I have suffered, too; but not for the lack of anything. I cannot tell you of my high life in college and

marriage to Ruben Montag. Louise, I deserted you! Will you ever forgive me?" Olga cried, as she rushed into the arms of her sister.

The meeting of the long parted sisters was very pathetic. Ruben wept softly, and his companion examined all the sofa pillows, as he swallowed great lumps that rose in his throat.

"Come, Louise, meet my husband, Mr. Montag, the best man on earth, and Mr. Mark Black, a dear friend of ours," said Olga, becoming reconciled. "Now, do come on. If we can see your home from the rock ledge, we must go and see it, then leave this place."

"Oh, Olga! Don't go near the cliff; it is so dangerous, and I feel so strange," Louise replied sadly.

"Then we will go down to see father, and—"

"No! no! He has declared vengeance upon you and your husband."

"Well, we will go to the cliff," said obstinate Olga, leading the way up the cliff.

As the group stood on the rock ledge projecting over a deep ravine, Ruben held his arm protectingly around Olga, and Mark held Louise's arm as they gazed silently at the hut in the valley.

While they stood thus, they did not see or hear a bearded, fierce-looking man creep up on the ledge. He looked bloodthirsty. An evil light shone in his eyes. Then he groaned, for he had recognized his daughter Olga. His groan startled the silent gazers, and they turned in time to see him quickly draw a stiletto. He aimed it at Ruben. Olga screamed and jumped before him. But she was too late. The stiletto had then left her father's hand and gone deep into her side. With a scream and a death agony on her face, she sank to her knees. By this time both Mark and Ruben were wrestling with the wild mountaineer. In the struggle that followed, Ruben slipped and fell with him into the deep ravine far below. Mark turned in time to catch the fainting form of Louise in his arms.

The last rays of the setting sun darkened the blood that

had flown from Olga's death wound, for it was dripping, dripping, dripping from the ledge into the upturned hand of Ruben, who lay cold in death in the ravine far below.

HERBERT WRENN, '19.

Success

I saw in my dream, as I slept one night
A vision of Success;
'Twas not such a wonderful, startling sight,
Just a man in a simple dress.

Much of the world he had not gained,
No palace his could he call;
But his duty he'd done in a way unstained,
Full of trust in his God for his all.

I saw in my dream, as I slept again,
A vision of Failure screened;
Arrayed he was in a dress without stain,
But his soul was as black as a fiend.

His palace stood up as a sign of his shame,
Of his wealth he dishonestly gained;
His heart was black with crime and with blame,
His duty to do he had feigned.

I awoke and I thought 'twas the vision of life
I had seen as I dreamed in the night;
I arose the better prepared for the strife,
For the battles of life to fight.

I had found that of fame I needed none,
That of wealth I needed still less;
With my hand in God's and my duty done,
I could reach the great height of Success.

"H.," '17.

War Versus International Peace

EVER since the dawn of history both the barbaric and the civilized nations of the earth have at intervals waged aggressive and defensive warfare against each other, each always determined to promote its own interests and usually if possible to annihilate or to force its opponent into national obscurity. It matters not whether warfare on the part of each nation has been aggressive or defensive, they each usually have claimed to be fighting a defensive war against tyrants, with divine favor resting upon them. Nations and individuals as well have used war as a means of their own aggrandizement, and in many cases the nations and the individuals that have lived by the sword have died by the sword. At any rate, the very victories which have seemed to be stepping stones to a more illustrious career often have been stumbling blocks destined to effect overthrow.

In order to appreciate the tragedy of war in the lives of men, let us briefly study the military careers of some of the world's greatest warriors. In our study of history we do not fail to notice the conspicuous parts played by three of the most proficient men in military tactics the world has ever known—Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and Napoleon Bonaparte. Alexander conquered the world, and left his vast dominion "to the strongest," and died a miserable man because there were no more worlds to conquer. Caesar, after he had subdued Gaul, had carried the eagles of Rome into Britain, had twice conquered Spain, and had won Pleaesalia as his culminating victory, finally died at the hands of those whom he thought were his best friends. Napoleon, when he had for about twenty years brandished the evil of power over Europe, at last met his Waterloo and finally died an exile, far away from his home, on the rugged rocks of St. Helena, where the stern hand of war had placed him.

Just as individuals have met cruel fates because of war, so have nations. Imperial Rome once surpassed the world in

language, literature and in political organization, but the greatest tribute to Rome now is mention of her renowned past; for the same inevitable fate which her Caesar met awaited Rome. Our own ancestors in America once engaged in one of the bloodiest conflicts of history, as a consequence of which our own fair Southland was turned into a battlefield. Never before have large numbers of men and enormous expenditures of money been directed along lines to effect such terrible atrocities as are now being committed upon the battlefields of Eurasia. Almost all the great nations of the Eastern Hemisphere seem to have joined hand in hand in the obliteration of the best products of twentieth century civilization.

Not only in the distant past, but even at present, nations are arrayed against each other, apparently determined to conquer or die, despite all efforts that are made at reconciliation. It is the history and observation of such conditions that cause all reasonable men to seek some means by which they can be adjusted. The idea of universal peace, which is by no means new, has rapidly gained ground in recent years. In fact, until the outbreak of the present great war, the prospects for international peace were somewhat propitious. However, in the face of the carnage and bloodshed prevalent today, the outlook at first sight seems rather gloomy. But, in spite of the dark present, the optimist still has hope that some plan can be inaugurated by means of which progress can be made in the direction of more peaceful international relations. Attempts are still being made to establish a permanent international court of arbitration, composed of representatives of all the great nations, which court should hear and decide all disputes arising between the nations. This plan has accomplished much good, but it is by no means infallible. The greatest obstacle to its success is that the sentiment of the political leaders of the world is not enough in favor of peace. There is little doubt that if at present an election were held upon the question of universal peace, almost the whole world would cry for peace. If this is the case, where lies the trouble?

The essential prerequisite to the prevalence of peace seems

to be to convince all the national and international leaders that the philosophy of war is false and that its end can be successfully effected. A court of arbitration must be more the result of than the cause of world peace. There can be successful arbitration only when such is supported by the sentiment of almost the whole world.

Whether the day of international peace is really far or near we cannot certainly say, but we can say that never will we have peace as long as nations, holding primary places in civilization and improvement, continually allow their seamen to aggressively ply the seas as did the pirates of old, sinking neutral vessels, murdering women and children, and claiming to be fighting a defensive war in defense of their homes and firesides. Never will we have permanent peace until the nations, realizing that a nation can be and should be actuated by the same Christian principles by which a Christian gentleman is actuated, replace their sentiment of materialism and commercialism with a sentiment of idealism and altruism.

After all, we may now be living very near the day of international peace. Although the present war is greater than any recorded in history, perhaps its settlement will go further toward the establishment of permanent peace. If only the belligerents learn what they should learn, they would be valuable tools in the hands of the friends of peace. Perhaps such an enormous war, which involves so many nations and affects so many people, will be sufficient to demonstrate to the world the fallacy of force, and thereby to cause the leaders to take action to prevent its further continuance.

Thus we see that throughout the past and at present the forces of war have existed and have operated versus the forces of peace. It, therefore, behooves us as citizens of one of the most glorious nations on earth to try to turn the tide of public sentiment toward international peace. When that day, the true day of idealism, shall have dawned, the Teuton will grasp in friendship the hands of the Slav, and the Englishman and America may proclaim, as did the heavenly host on the plains of Bethlehem two thousand years ago, "Glory to God

in the highest and on earth; peace, good will toward men." Then indeed "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks." "Neither shall they learn war any more." M. Y., '17.

OH, HORRORS! HORRORS! HORRORS!

(Can You Imagine Such a Thing?)

WOFFORDISMS

With the Seniors, 'tis truly "sweet '16."

* * *

Our monthly ditty:

Welcome here,
New Year!

Also:

Beware!
Leap Year!

* * *

Working the faculty, and not the faculty of working, seems to be some fellows' idea of getting an education.

* * *

Kick 'em on th' shin,
Slam 'em in th' eye,
Wofford! Wofford!
Hi! Hi! Hi!

* * *

It takes all kinds of students to make up a college, including the one who says he can spot "Dunc" on an exam.

* * *

Some folks say that Lord Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. For all the Seniors care, Billy Sunday could have written them.

Whosoever getteth a "dip" getteth a good thing, and findeth favor with the world.

* * *

Once upon a time there was a fellow who kept a New Year resolution.

* * *

Is there anything that makes you madder than for a fellow to thump you on the ear one of these cold mornings?

* * *

In time of peace prepare for examinations.

* * *

Some girls, before they get all "dolled up," remind us of one of those "before using" ads.

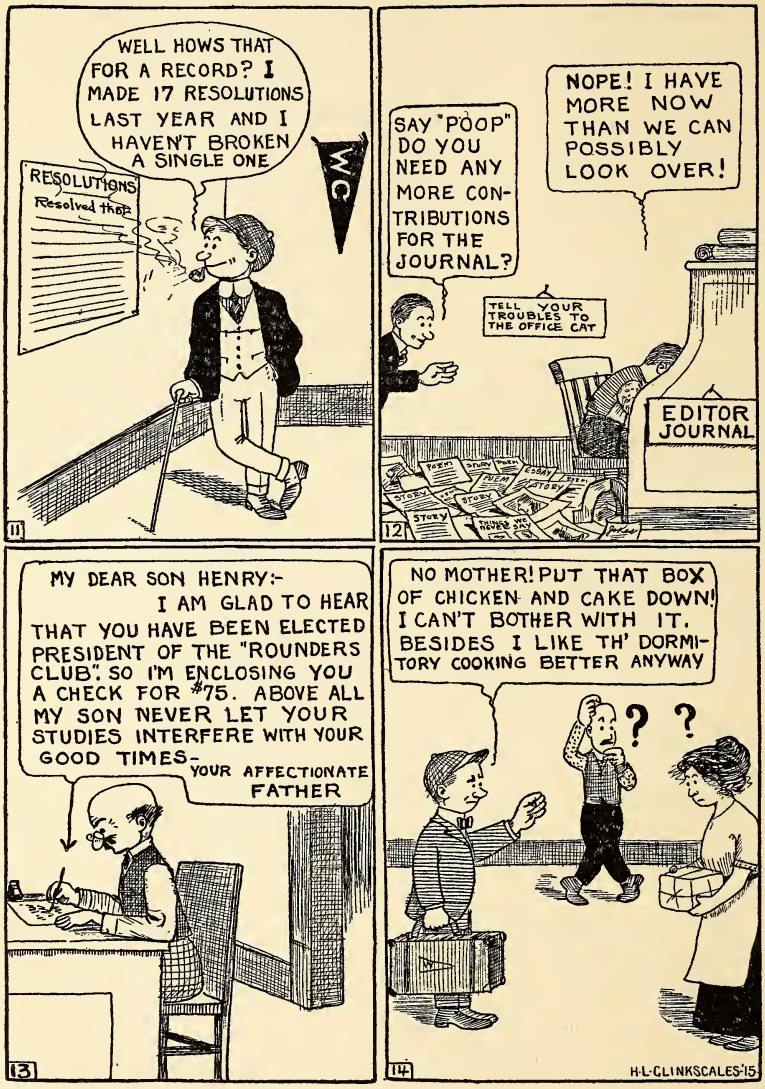
* * *

While speaking of exams, we think "preparedness" would be a good issue to advocate now.

* * *

The worst habit some fellows have is looking at themselves with their eyes shut.

THINGS WE NEVER SAY



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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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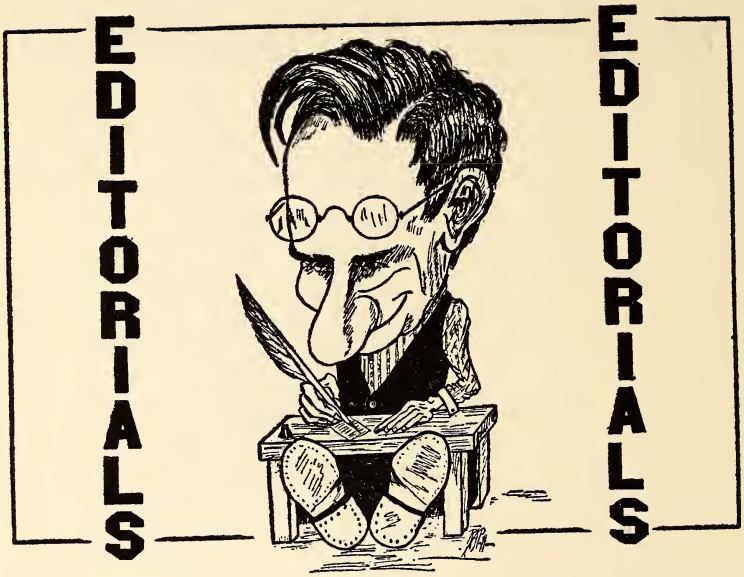

WALTER W. DANIEL.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
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Retrospection and Anticipation

The year nineteen hundred and fifteen—a year of strife, turmoil, unrest, hatred, war, commotion and bloodshed, with all the concommittant physical suffering and mental anguish—has ended. Let us hope that it may be the darkest in the world's history; and we believe that, out of the darkness of it all, Providence will turn the foolishness of men into a blessing for the world. May nineteen-sixteen witness the cessation of hostilities, the return of prosperity, and the formation of treaties that will insure permanent peace. "'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd."

"There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.

Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer."

Year of Opportunity

Since our last issue, a new year has dawned. We are not able to predict what may be in store for us. Like the years which have preceded, this of nineteen hundred and sixteen will, doubtless, be a year of "lights and shadows," of joy and sorrow, of victory and defeat, of achievement and failure. Still, unquestionably, it will be a year of opportunity to us all. If we have an adequate appreciation of our privileges, we shall, more or less clearly, recognize the opportunities that throng our path. The main object is to seize them before they pass beyond our reach.

Prize for Sketches

The South Carolina College Press Association offers each year a gold medal for the best sketch handed in to it. The announcement of this fact has not been made as publicly as it should, and we take this opportunity to announce it to the student body. Look in the dictionary, find the accurate meaning of the word "sketch," and try your hand at one. You may be the lucky one to win a ten dollar gold medal next time.

"EDITORIALETTES"

In our opinion, the *Brenau Journal* was one of the best college magazine that came to our desk during December. The only criticism to be made of it was its lack of poetry. In all other respects it was above the average college publication. But what struck us most was the assertion, "We could have a much better magazine if we had two hundred articles to select from instead of fifty." Think of it! Fifty contributions in

one month! It seems almost impossible to us. We do not know exactly how many students there are at Brenau, but there are over three hundred at Wofford, and we have scarcely received fifty contributions this year. Fellows, think this over. THE JOURNAL staff needs contributions. Can you not help? Try it.

What has become of the old-fashioned school child who used to write, "Don't steal my book, my honest friend, etc.," in the front of his books?

OUR "WHO'S GOT THE DOG?" CONTEST.

OPEN ONLY TO MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY.

Dr. Pugh is reported to have told his English class of a man who could be buried seven cubits underground and hear an ant fifty miles away.

Dr. Waller is alleged to have told his Chemistry III class of a cradle so constructed that it would rock itself whenever the baby in it cried.

NEXT!

One of our exchanges advises us to put Woffordisms, Editorialettes, and Jokes all under one head. The writers of Woffordisms and Editorialettes don't feel bad. We have not seen the Joke man about it yet.

In this month's issue we revive the old "Bouquets and Bricks" department. It will be of interest to us to know what others think of us.

We are not crazy on the subject of Adam, but just can't restrain ourselves from adding our little ditty to the following:

Adam had his troubles,
  Not a few, perchance;
But he never lost a button
  Off his Sunday pants.
    —*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.*

Adam had his troubles,
  Of woes there were no lack;
But we know he never had to
  Hook Eve up the back.
    —*The Columbia (S. C.) State.*

Adam had his troubles,
  More than enough, we fear;
But he never was a Senior,
Having to study Shakespeare.

They do tell us that, in Due West, Billy Sunday is known as Rev. William Sabbath.

Talking about exams, some fellows were shocked last spring when electricity marks were posted.

Peary didn't discover the North Pole. He attended chapel at Wofford one morning, and thought he was there.

If you have studied hard this semester, rejoice. You have a right to. If you haven't and flunk, don't kick. You are getting what's coming to you.

Wofford uber alles, by heck!

A WAR TERM

"CALLED _____ TO ARMS".

E. F. Moseley.....Editor

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

A day that is looked forward to with an exceedingly keen interest by many people, by college students especially, and more specifically by Freshmen, is Christmas. By some people its arrival is measured in terms of months, by others in terms of days, and by Freshmen in terms of hours and minutes.

Again, there is another view to be taken of Christmas as regards its meaning. The right meaning of Christmas is held by very few people, and the majority of these are somewhat advanced in age. The right meaning is a commemoration of the birthday of our Lord Jesus Christ. But, on account of many things, the magnitude and heterogeneity of the world, the long period of time since its first commemoration, and various and sundry other reasons, this meaning is not very prevalent. In its place are two very prominent meanings: By children, women, and the unfortunate (or fortunate) victims of Cupid it is a time for getting (mostly) and giving presents. Nearly all, more or less, have experienced this stage. The other meaning (and the one, by the way, that most vitally concerns us) is for all who do not fall in either of the above

classes. That meaning is that Christmas is a season of sleeping and eating to one's heart's content.

The Christmas holidays of Wofford lasted from December 18, 1915, to January 4 of this year, 1916. Practically all the fellows have come back, and report a big time, celebrated in various ways, but mostly in the last way mentioned.

RECEPTION OF CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

On the evening of December 11, the Calhoun Literary Society gave a very enjoyable reception to its new members. This reception took place in the lobby and dining hall of Carlisle Hall, which was decorated appropriately for the occasion.

Although the weather was somewhat unfavorable to such an elaborate affair, a goodly crowd of fair dames braved the inclemency for fear of disappointing their noble hosts. Converse College loaned about twenty-five young ladies and the city an equal number to the occasion. There were about seventy-five of the society members present, and the crowd was well apportioned.

The success of the affair was furthered when at ten o'clock the refreshments, consisting of chicken salad, crackers, pickles and ginger sherbert, were served. Very shortly following this, however, the hosts were deprived of the pleasure of the company of about half of the femininity, who had to plod their weary ways homeward to Converse, the cars having stopped running.

Everything passed along nicely, and all were pleased with the success of the entertainment.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

On December 11, the Preston and Carlisle Societies held their elections, resulting as follows:

Preston—E. D. Whisonant, president; W. H. Hodges, vice-president; H. M. Davis, first critic; H. Bowman, second critic; T. K. Fairey, first censor; A. Lake Brooks, recording secretary; J. E. Wiggins, second censor; J. S. Goldman, third censor; and W. H. Wallace, corresponding secretary.

Carlisle—J. C. Pruitt, president; J. E. Eubanks, vice-president; L. B. D. Williams, first critic; "Parson" Moody, second critic; Ernest Dowling, first censor; W. C. Rast, second censor; F. Buddin, third censor; V. C. Goodyear, recording secretary; G. W. Dukes, corresponding secretary.

Jokes

Fresh. Blakely—Doesn't the faculty give us a holiday 4th July?

Soph. Suydam—Why, no.

Fresh. Blakely—I don't see why. It is a national holiday.

Mr. Adams (at Senior class meeting)—I just wanted to tell you this, so you wouldn't *demoralize* your canes.

Prof. Rembert—It is a psychological fact that a man and his wife look alike after they have been married a few years.

Murph (aside)—I sure do pity Burr Carter's wife.

Freshman (to Dr. Waller)—Doctor, why do the Seniors carry canes?

Dr. Waller—They are walking on their reputation, and need a little help.

Fresh. Dozier—What little book is that you are writing in?

Fresh. Love—Oh, that's my dairy (diary).

Dr. Snyder—There are two very unique characters that have been created in the world's literature. Shakespeare's Falstaff is one. Who is the other?

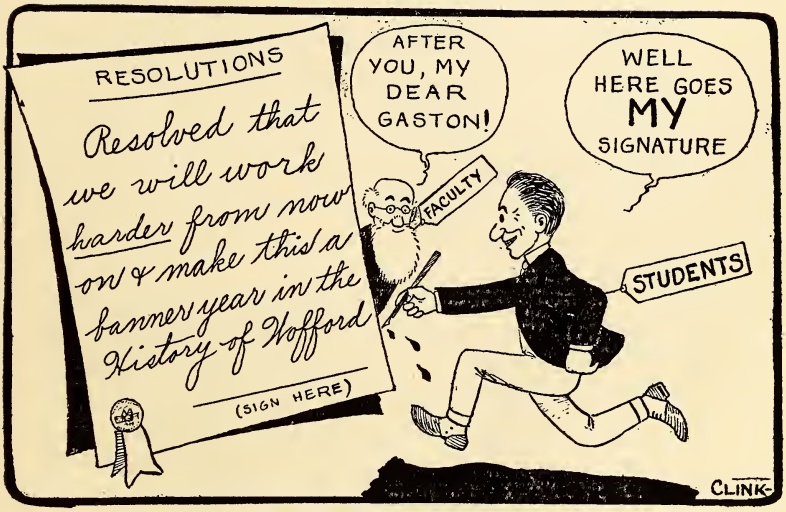
Senior Cabral—Charlie Chaplin.

Old Noah had an animal fair,
All the beasts and the birds were there;
They danced and they sang to Noah on his throne,
While he listened in glee to his graphophone.

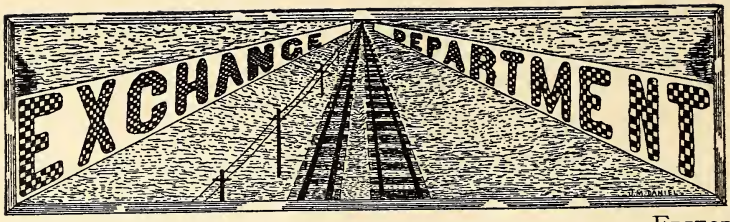
Through the course of the ages
  This curio has come;
And, in spite of its abuses,
  Is hardly yet dumb.

And now, my dear friends,
  Of sweet music be a partaker
By going to the room
  Of Ed Wannamaker.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS



Everybody Sign This One



J. W. Harris, Jr.....Editor

The Christmas numbers of the various magazines that reached our tables were, as a whole, not as good as usually. This was probably due to the fact that examinations were taking place and preparations for the holidays were being made.

Woman's College Journal
Due West

The *Woman's College Journal* was very short in the usual amount of stories and essays, but most especially in poems, having only one short one; the other contributions were short and unoriginal. "The Keystone of the Arch" is a thoughtful essay, and we consider it the best production of the issue.

The Yellow Jacket
Georgia Tech

There are two pieces in the December issue of the *Yellow Jacket* that are especially worthy of note. They are: "War-Dawn" and "The Engineer in the Business World"; the former a story, and the latter an essay. We notice that there are no poems in this number, and feel that the lack detracts from the merit of the paper.

The Carolinian
University of South Carolina

One of the best parts of the December *Carolinian* is its poems, seven in number. The most worthy of merit, in our opinion, is "The Destroyer." The paper is very good indeed and well-balanced.

The Chronicle
Clemson College

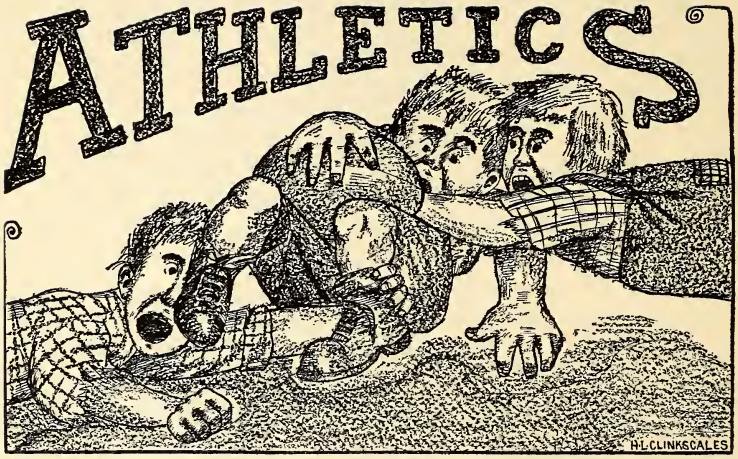
The Chronicle this month is rather short both in its stories and essays and poems, and also in its editorials. "The Forgotten" is a fine short story, and shows much thought and touches of experience in the writer's mind.

The Criterion
Columbia College

The Criterion comes up to its usual standard of a good paper. It is well proportioned, and does credit both to the contributors and editors.

We wish also to recognize and welcome the usual exchanges. We would take these up individually, but shortage of space prevents. But we appreciate them all, and the students of Wofford take much interest in them when they are put in the library.

"PREPAREDNESS"



J. C. Covington.....Editor

BASKETBALL.

The basketball season opened Friday evening, December 17th, when Wofford met the Furman quintet in the city Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. There is plenty of material for a splendid team this season, and chances ought to be good for a State championship team this year, taking into consideration the fine showing made by the "Terriers" in the opening game with Furman. Two or three good men were lost last year through graduation and otherwise, but there are a number of new men on the squad who will be able to take their places. Mr. Denning, the physical director of the city Y. M. C. A., has been secured as basketball coach, and he thinks Wofford is going to make a splendid showing this season. Mr. Denning has had wide experience as a basketball player, and has coached several Y. M. C. A. teams. With the assistance of a good coach, Wofford certainly ought to win the majority of games played this season. However, to win, every team needs the support of all the students in the way of cheering. Every student ought to attend every game he possibly can and join

heartily in the cheering. It will give the team great encouragement, and it will go a long way toward bringing victory to Wofford. Let every Wofford man stand by his college and the team which represents his college. Good attendance on the games will not only assist in winning victories for old Wofford, but it will also help to make the season a success financially. Let it not be said that Wofford students have no college spirit.

THE WOFFORD-FURMAN GAME.

Friday evening, December 17, Wofford met her old rival, Furman, on the city Y. M. C. A. gymnasium court, and defeated her, 50 to 12. The game was cleanly played, and there were very few fouls on either side. In spite of the fact that the "Terriers" piled up a large score against their opponents, the game was hard fought and very interesting. Wofford assumed the lead early in the game, and held it till the end. The Baptists, though outclassed, played hard, and made the Methodists work hard for every point. The Furman team made several substitutions, while only one change was made in the Wofford line-up. When the whistle blew at the end of the game, the score stood: Wofford, 50; Furman, 12. The line-up was as follows:

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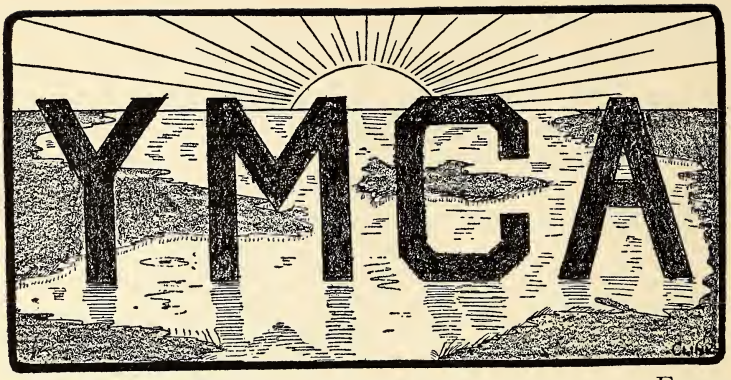


E. D. WHISONANT.....EDITOR

DECEMBER THE THIRD.

At the meeting of December 3rd, Rev. M. B. Patrick, pastor of El-Bethel Church, and graduate of the class of 1914, made the address. Mr. Patrick emphasized the importance of young men, and especially college men, finding out the purpose which God has for them in life. The speaker said that as college men we were interested in the now. That we were looking forward to the end of our college course and to after life. But it might be well for us, the speaker went on to say, to stop for a minute at times and think about the end of life.

Taking Saul, king of Israel, and Saul of Tarsus as examples, Mr. Patrick then pointed out to us the tragedy of an aimless life. In the former character, we have a man who began life with brilliant prospects; but, unlike Saul of Tarsus, he was disobedient to the heavenly vision. He lacked a fixed purpose, and at the end of life could have said, as he looked back over his career, "I have played the fool." In the latter person, however, we have a man who started life under circumstances much less favorable than were those of the former. But a purpose had gripped his soul. He knew his goal, and when the end came he was able to say, "I have finished

the work, I have kept the faith, I have fought a good fight."

In his concluding remarks, the speaker urged all present who had not yet made a definite decision for life to do so at once.

DECEMBER THE ELEVENTH.

When the Prohibition League was reorganized at Wofford last November, it was decided that we have at least one monthly meeting, at which time we should have some up-to-date authority on the liquor question make an address. This plan could not be carried out, however, but on December 11th the Y. M. C. A. agreed to give way to the Prohibition League, and to devote this meeting to this kind of work.

Prof. A. M. DuPre, president of the S. P. A. of this State, was the speaker for this occasion. Prof. DuPre pointed out three fallacies under which those who drink labor. First, they believe that whiskey is food; secondly, that whiskey is a stimulant; and, thirdly, that whiskey is a medicine. Taking up each of these beliefs in order, the speaker showed scientifically how they were untrue. Prof. DuPre's address was among the best we have ever heard of its kind, and at the close of the meeting the boys requested him to continue these lectures from time to time.

DECEMBER THE EIGHTEENTH.

At the meeting of December 18th, Rev. Walter I. Herbert, who for the past two or three years has lived on the campus with us, made the address. Mr. Herbert spoke on "The Importance of Bible Reading," and used as the basis for his remarks God's charge to Joshua when he was preparing to cross over the Jordan: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth. but thou shalt meditate thereon day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

We are all desirous of success, said the speaker, and the

Bible is the one great book that shows us how to make our lives a success. A man may prosper, and in the eyes of his fellow man succeed well in life, but unless that man has acted in accordance with the principles laid down in the Bible, his life is a failure.

Mr. Herbert urged us to take the Bible for our life's guide. To read it and meditate on it, and assured us that if we would act in accordance with its teachings, then we should prosper and meet with good success.

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

Bound in a beautiful blue cover concealing a title page upon which is displayed the portrait of a plump turkey gobbler, whose wing is covered with a medallion depicting the main college building and the president of the institution, THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL has completed its long journey from South Carolina, and has brought us Thanksgiving cheer and merriment. .The issue seems to be made up principally of essays, some of which are styled "Sketches," and numerous cartoons, which are classed in the contents as "Drawings." There are, however, three stories, the most pretentious being "The Will of Providence." The plot of this latter is ample for a two hundred page novel, while the same fault is evident in the other two stories. The poetry is better, "The Twentieth Century Girl" being a very clever satire on the modern co-ed, while "For God Is There" and "Mirrors of Love" are above the average.—*The Arkansas,* University of Arkansas.

The October issue of this magazine is made very attractive by well drawn sketches and cartoons. It is a happy contrast to many of the student publications we see, which do not contain one sketch. You have realized that form is as important as content, so by good headings for the different departments you have made it very attractive.

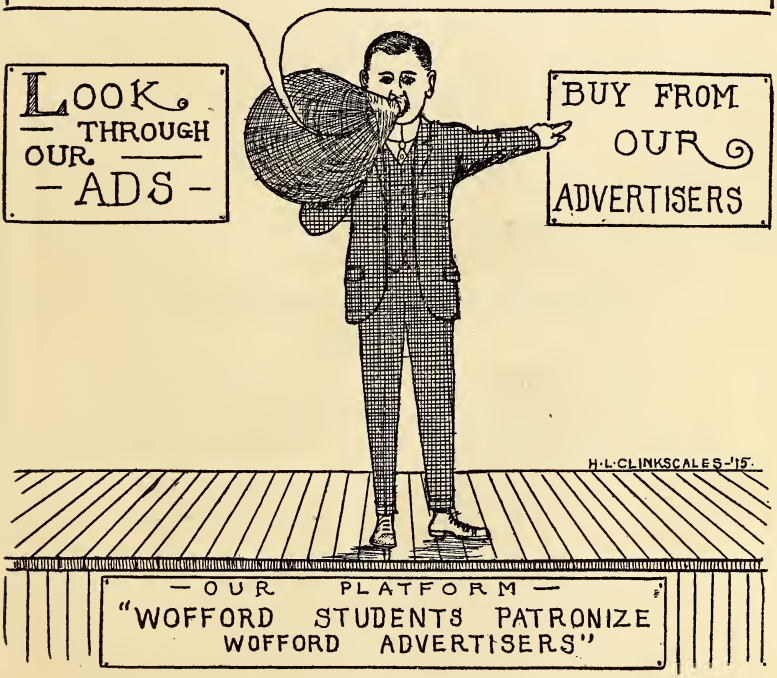
Nor is the content lacking. "The Monroe Doctrine—A Policy of the Past" is very interesting, since it comes from a Brazilian. His view is that the United States must either give up the Monroe Doctrine and adopt some other kind of policy, or lose the friendship of the Latin-American people. And when she does give up this doctrine, he says, "the American continent will continue to be the land of the free, a balancing factor in the world, and ultimately the fairest Utopia of democracy." "Our Governor", sets forth the merits of the present Governor of South Carolina, Richard I. Manning. And we admire him for the traits of character he is represented as having by the author. Of the stories, "Mountain Mary" has much the better plot. "A Race with Time" has a little plot, is uninteresting, and the sentences and paragraphs are too short for good form.

Your different departments are not all they should be. Why not collect all jokes and witticisms in one department, instead of having them under Woffordisms, Locals, and Editorialettes? It would give more unity and a better effect. The Y. M. C. A. department is excellent. "A Word to New Men", sets forth well the purpose of the Association.—*The Trinitonian,* Trinity University, Texas.

THIS TIME OF YEAR

THE NEW YEAR

brings numberless hopes, opportunities, and obligations. One of the obligations it brings to Wofford men is that of patronizing Wofford advertisers. We do not constantly stress this fact because we fear that our fellow students do not agree with us, but simply to remind them to be consistent. All of us know we should give the preference to our advertisers: let's all **do** it.



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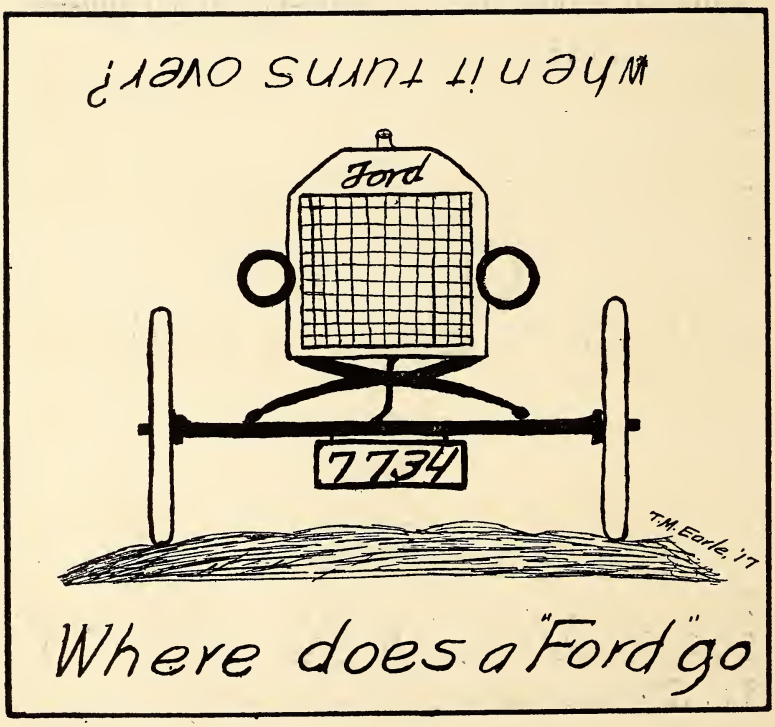

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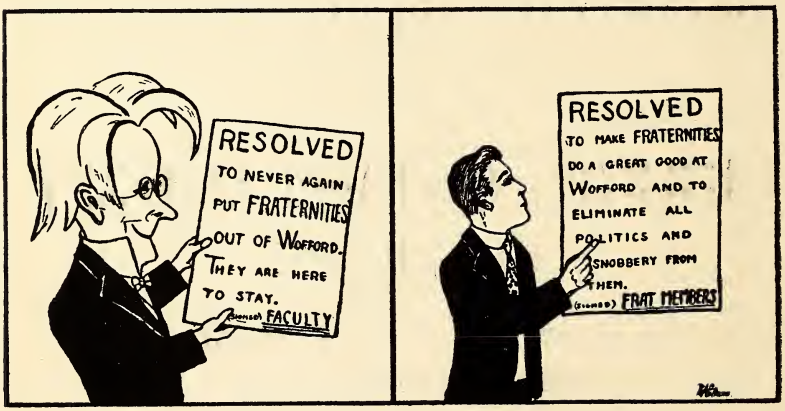

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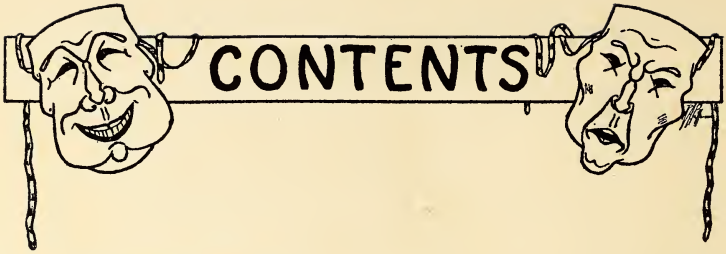

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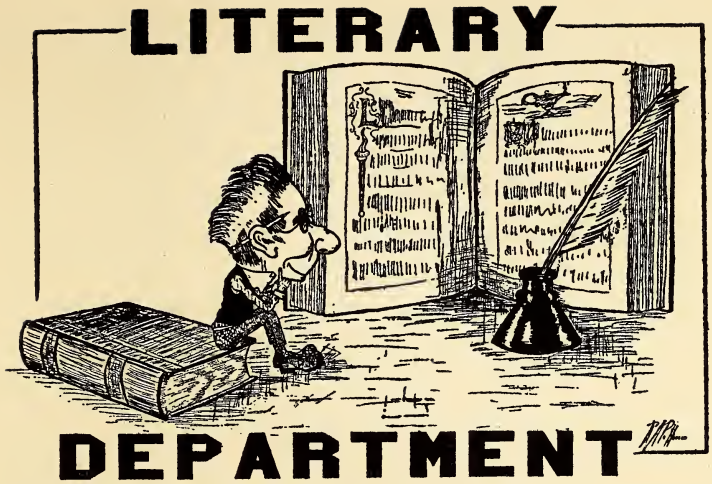

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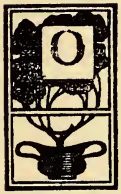
Frank Crawford as a Brother

W. E., '18.



ON A RATHER warm morning in June, John Crawford sat by the window in his mother's library reading a morning paper and enjoying a big black cigar. Around him was evidence of every luxury, and the scene was real, for old Dr. Crawford had left his wife and two sons something over half of a million dollars.

After some time, John let his gaze fall and rest upon his small, deformed legs. Slowly the smile which had lingered on his handsome face faded into a serious, sorrowful, distant look. "Oh, that I could only walk and go around as others do!" he murmured. He had hardly spoken the words, when the door opened and his brother Frank, a tall, handsome young man of twenty-eight, entered the room. His open, friendly face was lighted up with a smile of pleasure, while in his hand he held an open letter.

"What do you think, John? I just received an invitation from Mary and James Ashley. They say that you and I must be sure and come at once and spend the remainder of the summer with them. You know, they have a beautiful country home, and it is right on the Potomac, too. One just can't help but have a good time!"

"Well, are we going, sure enough, Frank, and so soon, too?" asked the crippled brother.

"Sure, we're going! And we're going tomorrow, too; so you had just as well decide what you are going to carry and let it be gotten ready this afternoon."

Two days later we find Frank and John at the Ashleys. Down along a winding walk which traces through the lovely flower garden of roses, hedges, and other bushes and flowers, a nurse could be seen rolling an invalid's chair. In this chair sat John Crawford. Finally, beneath a shading willow tree and where the lawn grass grew the prettiest, the nurse stopped the chair and walked around in front of him.

"You can finish your book now, Mr. Crawford; for this is a delightful place to read," she said, seating herself on one of the settees and beginning to do fancy work. Instead of reading, as the nurse supposed he was doing, he was looking at her. He hadn't even noticed her closely before, but now he took her all in. She was tall, slender, and graceful, with light hair and blue eyes. Her complexion was perfect, and her neck as soft and white as the swan's. Enough to say, she was beautiful, very beautiful, and John was wide enough awake to see it all. At last he stopped looking and began to read.

In another part of the garden Frank and Mary were sitting on the grass, talking, laughing, and having a good time. To describe Mary is easy, for she was a very pretty little girl, just about nineteen, with black curls and big brown eyes. To describe her in the slang of today, she was "just as cute as she could be." Useless to say, Frank was already in love with her, and, with just a little encouragement, he would have been telling her so.

Now, while this couple is so happy, let us run back to where we left John. Why, John has dropped off to sleep! And what's the nurse doing? She is looking at him. She rises from her seat and approaches the young man, still gazing intently at his sleeping face. She now stops at his head and looks down upon him, then looks around cautiously. With a tender, loving expression on her face, she leans over and kisses him lightly on the forehead. A half frightened blush covers her face as she creeps back to the settee and resumes her former position. Not long afterwards he opens his eyes, and his gaze meets that of the girl's. For several moments it was a battle with eyes, but finally her gaze dropped, and, with a smile, he closed his eyes again.

Time passed, and it never crossed John's mind that the nurse was in love with him, but in the case of Mary and Frank love crossed their minds more than once.

One evening, about three weeks after the arrival of the two boys, Frank entered the library, but stopped just inside the door. He stopped to admire Mary, for there she was, dressed in a beautiful pink evening gown. In her dark hair a large white carnation could be seen. She was leaning over John's chair, talking to him and straightening his pillow. When she finished, Frank saw John smile at her, and in that smile the elder brother thought he saw something that had a meaning all of its own. It is impossible to say what else Frank would have thought, for at that time Mary saw him.

"Come in, Frank. I didn't know you were standing there. Why didn't you say something?" she asked with a smile.

"Oh, I was just admiring you and John. Both of you looked so happy and content," he answered.

"Sure, we're happy!" broke in John. "Why shouldn't we be?"

At this, another tinge of jealousy ran through Frank, but he immediately dismissed it from his mind. For a short while they talked, then all retired. Neither Frank nor John mentioned Mary's name, as the older brother noticed very regretfully.

The next morning Frank went for a ride with Mary's brother. On their return, Frank could not help but notice John and Mary being together again. His face paled slightly as he said to himself: "It's all up with me. She loves John, and I can't blame her. If they are happy, God knows I won't interfere."

Almost the entire day Frank remained alone. The more he thought of how things looked to him, the more miserable he became, until at last he made up his mind he would have to leave. He hated to leave, but decided to go back to the city under the pretense that he had important business to transact. Late in the afternoon he walked out and through the garden. Under a willow tree he saw John and the nurse talking, but paid no attention to them and passed on.

The night passed, and by nine o'clock the next morning he had his suitcase packed. As it was two hours until train time, he decided to come downstairs and inform Mary of his intended departure. He found her in the garden walking alone, so he joined her. After talking over general subjects for several minutes, he said:

"Mary, I am sorry to have to tell you, but I am obliged to go home this morning."

"What!" she exclaimed. "You're going home? Well, I should say not! What is wrong with you, Frank?"

"Well, I—I—I have some business which will have to be attended to at once."

"Now, Frank, you are making every word of that up, and I know it as well as I know I am standing here. Now, listen to me," she said, as she stopped and laid her hand on his shoulder. "You stop talking about business and behave yourself. You are not going home, for *I* want you to stay."

"Do you really mean that—that you want me to stay?"

"Honest, I do! I don't know what I'd do if you were to go now. See here, please tell me why you made up your mind to go?" she said pleadingly.

It was too much for Frank, and almost unconsciously he burst out:

"Because I love you, Mary, and you love John! That's why I'm going home. If John loves you, I want you to love him, for, God knows, I wouldn't wreck his happiness."

Tears were in Frank's eyes as he continued: "Mary, you don't know how I feel towards John! Besides loving him, I pity him, and I pity him more than ordinary because I am responsible for his being a cripple today. It was long ago, when we were both small lads, that I, merely by a boyish prank while climbing up a mountain side, tried to tease him by pushing him near the brink of a steep, rocky cliff. I pushed too hard, and he slipped and fell over the rocks. I got to the bottom as soon as I could, and there I found John, unconscious and bleeding, with his legs under him. It was only by a miracle that he lived, and when at last he did begin to recover, I made a vow by his bedside to devote my life to the task of trying to make him happy. Now, you see, Mary, why I am going."

"But, Frank, you are mistaken. John does not love me. If he does, it is only as he would love a sister. Now, you just stay here and wait and see if you don't believe me."

"What? You mean to say that John doesn't love you?" he said, as he grasped her by the shoulders.

"Yes; that is exactly what I said," she answered.

Frank turned and dashed to the house, leaving Mary standing bewildered in the garden. Up the steps he went, but, lo! he stopped in the door. Good Lord! John had the pretty little nurse in his arms and was kissing her. Frank saw it all, and decided not to disturb them. As he slipped noiselessly off the porch and retraced his footsteps, he said: "Two were already happy, three are now happy, and—just wait a minute!"

Mary was standing with her back towards the house. Frank crept silently upon her, and in another minute the little, brown-eyed girl was in his arms, and four were happy!

The Life and Character of General Wade Hampton

L. D. H., '18.

WADE HAMPTON—soldier, statesman, and gentleman—was born in the City of Charleston, March 28, 1818. He was of a highly distinguished and very prominent family. His grandfather, the first Wade Hampton, was a general in the Revolutionary War, famed for his valor and bravery. His father, Wade the second, saw service in the Second War of Independence. So there flowed in the veins of the third Wade the militant blood of more than one generation.

Born and rearer on a farm, he early took up the avocation of agriculture. His grandfather and father were both great planters and landowners, and upon the death of the latter he became one of the wealthiest men of his day. His estates were not confined to this State alone, but included great tracts of land in Mississippi. In horsemanship and hunting he was unexcelled, and of his fine stature it could be said:

"The muscles of his brawny arms
Were strong as iron bands."

Most of Hampton's education was received at the common schools of that day, but later he made an enviable record in South Carolina College.

After his graduation, he settled down to his life work as a planter and private citizen until his political career began. Three times he was elected as a member of the House of Representatives, and once as a Senator.

When the great question of State's rights and secession was being debated, Wade Hampton took the stand that South Carolina should not secede. But he was not lacking in patriotism; for he quickly allied himself with the Confederate army, becoming a member of the cavalry corps.

His record throughout the war is familiar to practically every one, and a recital of the events of his career during this period would be burdensome to the reader. Suffice it to say

that such was his skill and genius as a soldier and commander that he soon rose to the position of ranking cavalry officer of the Confederacy, having under his command the entire cavalry corps of Lee's and Johnston's armies. But he was not yet at the height of his military career, for about the close of the war he was commissioned lieutenant-general. Because of his achievements, he ranks among the world's greatest cavalry leaders, and the charges of Hampton's Legion have won for their commander undying fame.

After the war, Hampton returned to his home—or rather, the remains of it—at Columbia. Like thousands of others, he was ruined by the war and the ravages of Sherman's raiders, and he returned to find his vast estates devastated and his beautiful home—"Millwood"—burned. Like a true soldier, he at once set out to work to bring order out of chaos, urging his former comrades to do likewise. Owing to his valor and bravery during the war, the people of the City of Columbia presented him with a residence in that city.

During the dark days of the Reconstruction period, Wade Hampton played the part of a private citizen; however, he had the welfare of his State personally at heart, and was constantly trying to devise some means by which it could be freed forever of the reign of terror carried on by the scalawags, carpetbaggers and negroes. He had no thought of personal honor, nor did he want any laurels for himself; but, like a true soldier, he was fighting for the welfare of others.

As matters grew worse and the situation became more and more desperate, it was plainly evident that unless something was done and done immediately the white people and the State would be ruined forever. So in August, 1876, a convention composed of lawful citizens of South Carolina assembled in Columbia, at which convention Wade Hampton was nominated as their candidate for Governor.

This was received with great joy by the white people throughout the State, and every man, woman, and child became an ardent supporter of the Democratic ticket. But the Radicals were not to be downed so easily; so they renominated

Chamberlain as their candidate, and determined by any means, foul or fair, to prevent the election of Hampton, knowing as they did that his election meant their doom.

To attempt to describe this campaign and how, even after Hampton had been elected by a majority of 1,323, the Radicals attempted to so change the returns as to render a majority in their favor, would be impossible. However, after the vilest, darkest, and hardest-fought campaign in the nation's history, the cause of Hampton was crowned with victory, and the Democrats reassumed control of the State never again to relinquish it.

Throughout all these years of trouble and bloodshed the character of Wade Hampton was a notable example of that class of office-holders whose political ermine was never ruined by scandals occurring during their tenure of office, and who were far above the practices of the demagogue, who would attempt by an appeal to passion and prejudice to gain his private ends. When others were excited, he was calm. Never in favor of radicalism, he constantly urged his lieutenants to refrain from violence and bloodshed and to maintain a firm and even tenor. By his calmness and firmness in this crucial period and his wise and judicious guidance of the "ship of state," he has won a place in the hearts of his countrymen which time can never erase.

In 1879, he took his seat in the United States Senate, serving two terms and rendering valuable services to his State and nation. His failure to be returned for a third term was felt quite keenly by the old soldier and hero, who could not conceive how his old comrades, who had never wavered in the hottest and thickest of battles, should fail to support him. This probably hastened his death more than any other one thing.

After serving one term as United States Commissioner of Pacific Railways, he returned to private life; and, with a dignity and self-respect which nothing could affect, he spent his last days in the calm atmosphere of a home he loved.

And when his soul wended its way into that realm from whence no traveler returns, from the depths of a nation's heart rose the words:

"O State, thou art supremely blest,
A hero's ashes slumber in thy breast!"

Her Presence

G., '18.

Some day, dear love, just when I cannot tell,
When years have come, perhaps, and passed away,
I'll come from out the distance back to you,
And then again for me 'twill all be day.

Somehow the years will pass as they have passed
Since in the garden man began his life;
And I will live them with this consciousness,
That you will come to me, howe'er the strife.

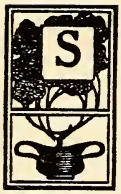
Perhaps I'll fail to meet success in life,
And, broken, be flung useless from the crowd;
But you will lift me up and bear me on,
Although my hair be gray, my body bowed.

And yet, if I should reach the heights of fame,
Or scale the steep whose summit is success,
'Twill be your hand will lead me o'er that way
And bring me there at last from out life's stress.

So still I'll struggle on from day to day,
And gladly meet life's battles with a smile,
Because along the pathway of the years
You'll walk beside me, dear, each gladsome mile.

Wanted—A Papa

G. D. S., '18.



IDNEY DUVAL stood on top of the highest of a range of low mountains where for over a year he had been employed as chief of a band of engineers doing work for the government. The glory of the fading sunset was about him, and already the valley beneath and the camp where his companions were lay in deep shadow. The last few months had been busy ones for him, and he was glad they had been so, for this fact had helped him in a measure to forget the dull pain that somehow lingered in his breast. Now his last work in the mountains was finished, and he was taking a final look from this point of vantage at the old, familiar scenes before he should go away for the short vacation that had been granted him.

As he stood there looking across the shadows to where other mountains, lifting their heads, caught for a few moments the last rays of the setting sun, his mind was carried involuntarily to a distant Southern home, where as a child he had watched for the first cardinal to come in the springtime, or had listened for the first mocking bird to announce its arrival. As old memories of bygone days began to stir within him, he became aware of an undefined, but growing, desire to visit again the home of his boyhood days. "And what is to hinder me from going to the old place for a short visit?" he questioned himself. "It has been years since I was there. The change of place will be a rest, and—" But here he was interrupted by the sound of a voice far below him calling the men to supper. Slowly he began to descend into the shadows, but up there on the mountain-top he had resolved to go back again for a look at his old Southland home.

So it came about that one spring morning, when yellow jasmine was beginning to bloom along country roads and wild crabapple blossoms were filling the forests with fragrance, Sidney Duval found himself descending from the Pullman

which had brought him across the many miles of his journey and looking again at the sleepy old Southern town from which he had gone years ago.

The first day he stayed at the old hotel—the same one he had known as a boy—resting from the effects of his long journey. But next morning before the town was astir he had breakfasted and was well on his way to the old farm where he had spent the early years of his life.

The sun was barely above the treetops, and dewdrops still sparkled on leaf and flower, when he reached the path that led through the woods to the old home. In town he had asked no questions, and now he was aware that he didn't even know to whom it belonged. He remembered that it had been sold to a person whose name was unfamiliar. More than that, however, he did not know, nor care, for who could trespass on grounds where as a boy one's very life had been moulded, or where they whom one had loved and honored had lived and died?

So Duval walked through the woods that morning keenly alive to the objects about him. How well he remembered all those scenes! Whoever had bought the place had left the old objects intact. Over there was a dogwood tree now grown large where he had once gathered many an armful of blossoms with the little girl who had been his childhood playmate. Here was a path that led down to a creek in the back pasture where as children they had fished together. Further along was another path that led to a group of sweetgum trees, whither they had often gone to gather gum. As he walked along the old path and looked again at the old, familiar scenes, he forgot the mountains from which he had just come and the work he had been doing there, and lived over again in his thoughts his childhood and boyhood days.

In fancy, he saw himself standing by a new-made grave crying heart-brokenly, because he was conscious of something that had gone out of his life forever. Just what that something was he was too young then to realize, but in later years he had learned that the grave was that of his mother,

and that she it was who had gone out of his life. He remembered, too, the kindly hand that had rested on his head as he stood there, and the strong, motherly arms that had afterwards lifted him up and held him close while the people were departing and he was crying harder than ever. Uncle Bennett and Aunt Anne, as he soon learned to call the kindly people who came into his life, had carried him to a train, and, after a journey of many honrs, had brought him—here.

That arrival was the first vivid impression of his young life. How well he remembered leaving the train and riding on the front seat of the old family carriage with the coal-black negro driver. And how well he remembered, when they had arrived at the old colonial home, how his Uncle Bennett had lifted him from the carriage, had taken him by the hand and led him towards a little girl of nearly his own age who came running to meet them. In later years he learned that his Uncle Bennett had been made guardian of the little girl, whose father, one of his best friends, had died, leaving her an orphan. But now he only knew that here was a playmate who would live in the same home with him and share in his games and pleasures, and in this thought he became happy.

Happy days were those that followed for the two children; for since both were young and happier than they had been before, no shadow of a loss could long remain with them. So it happened that through their childhood days they had been playmates and closer chums than most boys. They had roamed the woods and valleys together. They had fished together in the springtime, and together had gathered nuts in autumn. They had attended the same school, had studied the same books, and finally had graduated from high school together. Then with his going to college had followed their first separation, and, so far as old relations were concerned, their last. For it was while he was away at college that a great business venture failed in which his uncle had invested everything he had in the world.

This news, however, was not the worst that came to him, for swift on the heels of the letter that brought this word

came another saying that Edith, his childhood companion, now a young woman of twenty, was going to marry. There was a man, the letter said, who for the privilege of calling her wife, would save from financial ruin the only parents she had ever known. For years he had loved her, had been attentive to her, but, knowing that he might not win her, had not spoken of his love till her world was all pulled down about her and those she loved were in great difficulties. Then he generously came to her, offering besides himself all his great wealth, and she, making no pretense of caring for him more than a friend, had for the sake of her beloved guardian accepted what he had to offer.

All this his uncle and aunt had written to him. They had protested against it for Edith's sake, they said, and the letter begged him to come and use his influence against what they termed her sacrifice for them. Then it was that he awoke to the fact that he loved this companion of his youth, and that if she entered into the life of another life would go out for him. So the first train found him bidding farewell to college friends and returning to the old home.

After this there had followed many stormy days for him. Edith at first refused to see him, but finally, having been persuaded by her foster-mother to talk with him, she came with her pale face wearing a determined look and her answers to his pleadings all ready. Yes, she loved him—she could even tell him so. She would never love any one else, but what could he do for those to whom they both owed everything? At least, it would be years before he could make more than a bare living for himself, let alone meet the big financial difficulty which demanded instant attention. Her marriage might ruin both their lives, but she would save from want those who had been everything in the world to her and to him. This was her duty, and she was bound to do it, come what may. Thus she reasoned, and he, realizing the truth of what she said, was forced at last to see from her viewpoint and admit the justness of what she did.

He left her then, and, after bidding farewell to his two old

friends, he went away, refusing to see the consummation of the most bitter event in his life. After a time, he had entered another college. There, by hard work and diligent study, he had made his own way and had finished with high honors, obtaining his C. E. degree near the head of his class.

Then had followed years of hard, persistent work. But at last, thanks to his efforts, he was at the head of the profession he had chosen. During these years of work he had found time to visit occasionally, until their death, the old people who had been to him the only father and mother he ever knew. The one person, however, who had been most to him he had never seen. And now, since the death of the old folk who had cared for them both and whom she had repaid by such a sacrifice, he had ceased to hear from her altogether. Indeed, he had not sought to hear, for every bit of news about her renewed the old pain that the passing years failed to make him forget.

This morning, as he walked along the old paths and saw again the old, familiar scenes, all these thoughts crowded upon him with startling vividness.

But there came a time when his thoughts were interrupted. Turning a bend in the little woodspath, he came into a clearing fitted up as a playground. This had not been here in the old days. Wonderingly, he looked about the new place. The underbrush had been cleared away, but the pines and larger oaks were left standing. To one large oak tree an old-fashioned rope swing was fixed. Many playthings were scattered about the place, and under the densest oak a rustic settee or two were placed. But that was not all, for on a carpet of pine needles at one side of the playground, holding in his hands a piece of cardboard, over which he was laboriously working, sat a little tousle-headed boy of perhaps six years. He was evidently very much absorbed in his task, for Sidney had advanced half-way across the clearing before he heard him. Then he turned quickly and lifted to Sidney a pair of startled blue eyes.

"Hello, old man!" said Sidney, willing to open conversation. "Fine place you have out here."

The boy's face broke into a quick smile, and, without returning the greeting, he unconventionally demanded: "Say, mister, will you help me fix this?" As he spoke, he pointed to something he had spread out before him.

"And how may I help?" asked Sidney, advancing to the side of the child.

"I've got a notic' I want to put up, an' I can't get it fixed," he explained. "An' I needed somebody to help me, an' Jim couldn't, 'cause he had to go off, but I *had* to put it up soon 's pos'ble. So I just comed by m'self. But I couldn't put it up right, so you'll have to help. You will, won't you?" he entreated.

But Sidney was looking at that which was spread out before him. There was a toy hammer, some tacks, a small board, and a piece of cardboard bearing the following dirty and much-blotted inscription:

WANTED: A PAPA.

He must be awfully good to mamma an' me.
An' he must buy a pony for me, an' play with
Me sometimes, an' not go off on a ship.

DANNIE.

Sidney's sense of humor almost overwhelmed him, but he kept his smile hid as he inquired very seriously: "Tell me all that this means, then we'll see."

"Well, you see, I ain't got a papa," Dannie began, and a sob threatened in his voice. "Papa went away a long time ago. Mamma said he was drown'ded on a big ship, an' then we comed here. Then Jimmie—he's got a papa that brings him somethin' ev'ry day w'en he comes home, an' he bought Jimmie a pony, an' he plays with him, an' all—an' I wanted a papa, too. So Jimmie said we'd put up a notic' jus' like his daddy did w'en he wanted people to quit killin' birds. So me an' Jimmie wrote this, an' I brought it here to put up."

When he had finished, Sidney made no comment, but, stooping down, he took up the hammer and cardboard and

soon had it nailed to the plank. "Where are you going to put it?" he asked.

"I thought I'd put it on that oak over there, so w'en anybody comed along they'd be sure to see it."

"Then on the oak it shall be," declared Sidney. "And I'll put it down near the ground, so that you can reach it to tear it down when it is no longer necessary."

"W'en won't it be nec'sary?" Dannie wanted to know.

"Oh, I can't tell exactly," his big playmate told him. Then he whimsically added, "But if you should ever see a man, whose looks suit you, kissing your mamma, and if she seems glad to have him do it, why then I think you could take it down safely."

After the "notice" was tacked in place, they sat down in one of the rustic settees and began talking about the things that interested the child. Sidney had come here this morning for a look at old scenes, and by his thoughts had been carried back to his childhood days. It was natural, therefore, that he should fall into companionship with a little child, who, in his turn, was wandering over the same ground that Sidney had wandered over, playing the same games, and doing the same never-to-be-forgotten things that he had done when he had been a child here.

As they sat there talking animatedly of childhood plays and pleasures, there came to them, from out a stretch of woods in front, the sound of a silvery voice singing an old love song which in other days Sidney had often heard *her* sing. Sidney had forgotten his conversation, his little companion and his surroundings, and was straining his ears to catch every word. The song was coming nearer—

"Some day, when dreams come true—
  Some time in the future years—
I'll come to you, dear heart,
  Smiles shining through my tears;
Then will my empty heart
  Beat with a rapture—"

Suddenly the singer had emerged from among the trees and stood in the edge of the clearing. For a moment the

song continued but in that moment she caught sight of Dannie's companion, and the song abruptly ceased.

"Mamma!" shouted Dannie, and flew to her side.

Sidney was on his feet, how he never knew, and, with his heart beating so that it threatened to stifle him, was advancing towards the singer. For in the brief instant between the end of the song and Dannie's cry he had realized that Dannie's mother was no other than his old playmate of other days.

The years that had passed over her had left on her face traces of a deep sorrow, but there was also a look of infinite patience and a deeper knowledge of life than might have been there had her life been other than it was. Otherwise, she was the same girl that had roamed the woods and fields with him in the golden yesterday of youth. Slowly he advanced towards her till he could, by reaching out, touch her hand. For a long while they stood thus, looking deep into each other's eyes. They asked no questions of each other and spoke no word, for somehow each realized that the other was free and that the passing years had not changed the feelings of either.

At last he spoke. "Edith!"—just that one word, but all the potentiality of years of waiting and longing found vent in it, and—

Dannie, who till now had stood by his mother's side, quickly turned away. Finally, when they found time to look for him, he was destroying the last bits of a piece of cardboard that he had torn from a tree, where it had shortly before been nailed—and he seemed very happy in the task.

To Learn

D., 18.

Yesterday was only a struggle—
This yesterday of our life—
Only the effort to win some honor
From out life's turmoil and strife.

Hopefully reaching out to the sunrise,
We dreamed our elysian dreams,
Thinking that when the sun should be risen
On us it would shed its warm beams.

Far from our place of abode shone the sunbeams,
Our dreams were shattered and torn;
Dark was the house into which we must enter,
And long were the hours till the morn.

Then, groping blindly, we found in a corner
A flower blooming alone,
Sending its perfume out through the darkness
From which the sunshine had gone.

Vain it seemed to look for high honors,
When life was empty of light;
So that we turned to the flower to teach us
Just how we might brighten the night.

Gone were the thoughts of higher achievements,
Elysian visions had fled;
Thoughts, crowding round us, bade us to service
Till duty finally led.

Then there was morning dawning in splendor,
The shadows of night were gone;
Wither and die could the flower in its corner,
Its lesson would still live on.

The Maid of Orleans

A. J. J., '18.

WHERE is there a truer, nobler, more inspiring or romantic picture of feminine heroism than the life of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl of France? Have there ever been recorded in the annals of history the incidents of the life of any person who approached nearer than she to the true qualities of a saint? Where has there been a truer patriot to the cause of liberty than this lowly girl of Lorraine? What life, inspired by such high ideals, has ever been spent amid such overwhelming reverses, met at every milepost by some new and worse misfortune, and finally ended in the horrors of the stake? If the true story of this child of France fails to make your heart beat in admiration, then there is no latent heroism, no hidden romance, in you. If the noble struggle of this purest type of womanhood does not strike a true chord in your soul, then it is impossible to awaken in you—not what sleeps—but what does not exist.

The secret of the success of the Maid of Orleans was due largely to her courage, her unshaken faith in God, through whose guidance she acted, and her good sense. She saw clearly the question at hand, its possibilities and advantages, and knew how to solve it. The problems that baffled the doubters, politicians, and royal advisors of her day she solved. In God's name she pronounced Charles VII the legitimate heir to the French throne, and, gaining a series of remarkable victories over her opponents, had him crowned. In Joan's day it was not a rare thing that women participated in war. In more than one war of that age did women take up arms against the foe.

In a lofty district of Lorraine, from whose hillsides many rivers run seaward through France, the brave and beautiful Jeanne first saw the light. This section had from time immemorial suffered very much from the ravages of war. The people of the district had the honor of being directly subject

to the king, though in fact they had the protection of no one. Their only protector was God. People thus situated are apt to be of a serious nature. They can count upon nothing. They sow their crops, and probably the soldiers reap them. The people are patient, brave, resigned. Whatever happens, they are ready for it, and submit to their fate.

Jeanne was the third daughter of Jacques Darc, a common laborer, and of Isabella Romée, a title often assumed by those in the Middle Ages who made a pilgrimage to Rome. While Jeanne's brothers and sisters were taken by their father to work in the fields, she was kept at home with her mother, sewing or spinning. Although she did not have the advantage of learning to read and write, she did learn all her mother knew of sacred matters, learning often through some simple fireside story—a truth told by a mother.

From early childhood Jeanne had the reputation of being very pious. She was accused of being too devout and of going to church too often. She often visited and cared for the sick and had the reputation of being the best girl in the village. The celestial and spiritual seemed to absorb her attention and to suppress the development of worldly feeling. She knew what war was; she thoroughly understood what this reign of the devil meant to a country.

On a fast-day in summer, while Jeanne was in her father's garden, she saw a dazzling light near the church, and heard a voice say: "Jeanne, be a good and obedient child; go often to church." At this she was exceedingly alarmed. On another occasion, under much the same circumstances, a group of figures appeared to her, one of which had wings, and said to her: "Jeanne, go to the succor of the king of France, and thou shalt restore his kingdom to him." After this appearance, she burst into tears, as though her whole destiny had been revealed to her. And a great part of it had. She had other visions, too, and from the moment of their taking place a change came over her life. She learned with bitterness that she would have to leave her dear home, her parents, and her family.

The paternal authority commanded the exact opposite of the heavenly authority. The one ordered her to remain obscure, modest, and laboring; the other commanded her to set out and save France. Her father, rude peasant that he was, threatened to drown her if she should go away with men-at-arms. It was clear that she had to disregard one and obey the other; this great battle she had to fight herself. Her family tried in vain to marry her to a young villager, thinking that this step, if successful, would bring her to more rational reasoning. To the great surprise of all, this modest maid went to court and boldly defended herself. It was a grave problem for her to get away from the authority of her family. Finally, she converted her uncle to her cause and secured some very valuable aid from him. Claiming that his wife was sick, he carried her to his home. From there she and her uncle fled to the city of Vaucouleurs. However, before much time had elapsed she had won other friends who shared her views.

Soon after she arrived at Vaucouleurs, a messenger came and told her to appear at the court of the heir, Charles VII. The people of the city presented her with a horse. At this point her parents made a desperate effort to prevent her from proceeding. She could not wait, but left a letter asking their forgiveness. The journey to the king was a most dangerous one. The country was filled with soldiers of both parties, the rivers were swollen, and the roads were in an almost impassable condition. This was in February, 1429. To travel with five soldiers was enough to alarm a young girl, but Jeanne was too pure to entertain any fears. There was, moreover, a barrier of protection raised by religion surrounding her. Some of her companions thought her to be a witch. She was very tranquil, however, and would stop at each town to hear mass. "Fear nothing," she said. "God guides me my way; 'tis for this I was born."

Opposition to the Pucelle, as she was generally known, was very strong among members of the king's party, which she was endeavoring to aid. The question of admitting her to see the king was debated for two days. Finally, the king received her in

great, pompous splendor. All were anxious to see the inspired maid, or, as the majority thought, the sorceress. She was just eighteen, very beautiful, and had a heart-touching voice. When the time came, she calmly addressed the king, and assured him that she was sent of God to tell him that he was the rightful heir to the crown, and that he would be crowned at Rheims.

Naturally, her enemies held that if she could predict the future it must be through the devil. Accordingly, the archbishop of Rheims issued his mandate to the doctors and professors of theology, the former priests, the latter monks, to examine the Pucelle. During the examination her answers to their questions were so simple, direct, and astonishing that almost every utterance was a victory for her. The doctors and professors came to no final conclusion as to the Pucelle, but their advice was for further examination.

Finally, Jeanne was equipped for the journey to Orleans. She had her personal attendants, among whom was her brother. In her pure white armor, on her beautiful black charger, at her side the sword of Saint Catherine, and in her hand the white standard, the maid presented a wonderful and inspiring sight. At this time the English were much reduced by their long winter siege, and their troops were scattered. Their allies, the Burgundians, had been recalled by their duke. In all, the English forces numbered about two thousand five hundred, part of whom were French. Many of the nobility of the surrounding country had come to the aid of the Pucelle. Unity of forces was needed. The men were almost converted into beasts by war. In this age the Virgin was held much above the Christ; and so it was fitting that the Virgin should appear on earth to lead the right in the person of the beautiful, gentle, and bold Maid of Orleans.

She knew no danger. When near Orleans, meeting one of the captains of her allies, she said: "I bring you the best succor that mortal ever received, that of the King of heaven." She entered the city on the evening of April 29. The people gazed upon her "as if they were beholding God." After the

victory, the Pucelle ordered an altar to be raised, and the Orleanois offered thanks to God for victory. The effect the deliverance of Orleans produced was marvelous and far beyond calculation. All recognized it to be the work of some supernatural power. Some, of course, ascribed it to the devil, but most attributed it to God, and it began to be the general impression that Charles VII had the right on his side. Even the Duke of Burgundy, the ally of the English, wrote and published a treatise more favorable than hostile to the Pucelle on her works of deliverance.

Charles Seventh's policy was to march to Rheims and be crowned, for, he believed, he who was first crowned would remain king. He thought it would be favorable to make his march through France as monarch. Such was the counsel of the Pucelle. Many flocked to join the royal procession, hearing of the miracles of Jeanne. At starting the force numbered twelve thousand, but this number greatly grew as the roads converged. Those of all ranks joined the force without regard to rank or station. The force made its entry into Rheims on the 15th of July. Two days later Charles was crowned. At the moment the crown was placed on his head, the Pucelle threw herself at his feet and embraced him with tears. She addressed him thus:

"O gentle king, now is fulfilled the will of God, who was pleased that I should raise the siege of Orleans, and should bring you to your city of Rheims to be crowned and anointed, showing you to be the true king and rightful possessor of the realm of France."

The Pucelle, having completed her mission, amid the joy of this triumphant solemnity had a presentiment of her approaching end.

Amid great festivities and triumphs, Charles now marched through northern France, peacefully taking city after city. Very few English seemed left in France. The rich Cardinal Winchester was all-powerful in England. His nephew, Bedford, had charge of the English in France. The cardinal, in order to obtain supreme authority for himself, now saw the

necessity of crushing Bedford. Gloucester, the Protector, had already been reduced to a mere cipher in England. With his army, part of which was raised for a crusade against the Hussites, Winchester intended to ruin Charles VII in France and have young Henry VI crowned.

Compiégne was then besieged, and the Pucelle gave her efforts to save the city. Leading a charge, she drove back the English from the gates. Her forces were soon, however, driven back and so great was the crowd rushing into the city through the gates, Jeanne was left without. As her dress was very conspicuous, she was soon discovered and captured. She was then sold by her captor to John of Luxembourg.

Then the English and Burgundians saw that this object of terror, this devil, as some thought, was only a girl of eighteen, after all. It is argued that she could not have mingled in war, in bloody conflicts, without having become intoxicated with revenge and other passions against the enemy. It is true, she once spoke of her sword as "excellent for thrusting," and on one occasion she actually struck a woman with the flat of it. Unhappy it was for such a one to have been thrust out into the realities and horrors of the world.

Yet there was no pride in her. She never claimed to be a saint. When admiring people would ask her to do some miracle, she frequently replied to them to do it for themselves; that they could do as much as she. She acted with great wisdom in exaltation and praise. However, she as well as others could foresee her fate. She said, when asked what she feared, "Nothing except treason." She would often go to the churches at nightfall and take part in the exercises. Here she would ask all present to pray for her.

Then came the trying period of her life, her imprisonment and trial, full of terror and suffering to the poor girl. For many long months she was to be tortured by day with multitudes of questions of arrogant and unsympathizing officials, and by night to be chained to a huge structure in a gloomy prison with irons that almost pierced her flesh. Here were stationed several rude soldiers. What greater punishment

than this could be inflicted upon one of the purest and saintliest women in France? But did Charles attempt to rescue or help her in any way? Strangely, it appears that he did not. Thus on every side interest or covetousness declared against the Pucelle. She longed to die. What true woman would not have under such circumstances as these?

Cauchon, who had charge of the trial of Jeanne, opened the proceedings on the 9th of January, 1431, at Rouen. Winchester came to this city to observe the progress of the trial in person. On February 21, the Pucelle was brought before her judges. She consented to speak the truth on all matters except her visions. She boldly told them that she was much more fearful of displeasing God than them. She said her visions gave her messages, not for them, but for the king. When asked as to her being in God's grace, she answered with heroic and Christian simplicity: "If I am not, may God be pleased to receive me into it; if I am, may God be pleased to keep me in it." But, despite her heroism, she was a woman, and, after this saying, she relapsed into a state of nervousness, doubting whether she was in God's grace or not. When asked about her right to leave home, she said: "It was by God's command; and if I had had a hundred fathers and mothers, I should have set out." She said the saints told her of her martyrdom, and that she would enter Paradise. Such answers could not fail to touch the hearts of men, even the relentless hearts of her prosecutors. However, Cauchon dismissed any who seemed to favor the side of the Pucelle, and called upon his friends to fill the vacancies thus made.

How sad must Jeanne have been when the joy and religious festivities of Easter came! How much gloomier seemed those prison walls to her when the five hundred bells of Rouen pealed forth upon the beautiful spring Sunday quiet the praises of the risen Lord! She who had been reared beneath the shadow of the church now imprisoned and spurned because she had followed God's voice implicitly! When the whole Christian world rose to life with the risen Saviour, she remained with death! Sometimes she doubted, as she seemed

rejected even by God, whether it were not presumptious for her to take the stand she was taking. But the voices! Could she doubt them?

The faculty of theology at the University of Paris came to the decision that the girl was wholly the devil's. She said: "Though I should face the executioner and the fire there, though I were in the fire, I could only say what I have said.' She consented to submit herself to the pope, but Cauchon said that he was too far off. It has been said that the rage of the English against Joan of Arc exceeded the rage of the Jews against Jesus. They were determined for her to be burned. When a confessor, sent by Cauchon, apprised her of her death, she exclaimed:

"Alas! Am I to be treated so horribly and cruelly? Must my body, pure as from birth, and which was never contaminated, be this day consumed to ashes? Oh! I make my appeal to God, the Great Judge of the wrongs and grievances done me!"

After this burst of grief, she recovered herself and confessed. Though cut off from the Church, the confessor gave her all that the Church gives to her faithful.

When the procession passed through the streets, the terror-stricken people were told by the many monks who were singing litanies to pray for Jeanne. She said to Cauchon: "Bishop, I die through you. . . . And for this, I summon you to answer before God." She told a preacher who was standing nearby that she would be that evening in Paradise. Later she exclaimed: "O Rouen! Rouen! Must I then die here?"

The frightful ceremony at the stake began with a sermon. The preacher, turning to Jeanne, said: "Jeanne, go in peace; the Church can no longer defend thee." She besought the bystanders to pray for her. All now melted into tears, even to Cauchon and Winchester. She asked for a cross. An Englishman gave her a rude one made of sticks. She kissed it and placed it under her garments. She asked for the crucifix

belonging to the Church, and when this was brought the soldiers who were to carry out the execution became impatient.

But she accused neither the king nor her holy ones. When she had set her foot upon the top of the pile and had been bound fast, an infamous placard was placed on her. She then exclaimed:

"Ah! Rouen! Rouen! Much do I fear you will suffer from my death!"

When the executioner set fire to the pile, she uttered a cry. One of her last recorded utterances was: "Yes, my voices were from God; my voices have not deceived me!" And as her sainted head sank on her spotless bosom, she shrieked, "Jesus!"

Ten thousand men wept. A few of the English laughed, or tried to laugh. One Englishman said, "We are lost; we have burned a saint!" Though these words were uttered by an enemy, they will remain uncontradicted by the future. Yes, indeed, Jeanne was a saint!

Where can we find a finer legend than this true history? But the reality of her saintliness was far too cruelly verified. There have been numberless martyrs—martyrs to hate, martyrs to country, martyrs to religion, martyrs to love—but the sainted girl is not one of these. Her great qualities were goodness, charity, and sweetness of soul. The early Christians remained gentle through shunning action, by sparing themselves the struggles and trials of the world. Jeanne was gentle in the roughest struggle, good among the bad; she bore into war the spirit of God. Truly, in every sense of the word, Joan of Arc was a saint. She lived a short life, but that was spent in the service of her king, her country, and her God.

Never has a nobler type of womanhood appeared since history began. Let us hold in true reverence to the end of time the sainted remembrance of France's noblest, most heroic, and purest daughter, Jeanne Darc, the Maid of Orleans.

The Mysterious Robe

G. E. SIMMONS, '17.

"DRIVE fast, Uncle Rome; we are nearly frozen," said little Robert, as the Greysome's family carriage hurled past the third milestone.

"Only one more mile," chattered out little Clara, "and won't we surprise Granny, though!"

It was a typical February day, clear, but cold and windy. The carriage left the main road and turned down the long, familiar drive. The great oaks whistled their welcome to the youthful visitors and were answered by the grinding of the buggy wheels against the frozen earth. Two great stone posts covered with ivy, opened their large iron gate to them. Then through the old hedge arbor, and there they were at Granny's.

"We have come to spend the twenty-second with you," cried out a little voice, as Grandmother Greysome opened the door.

"Yes, because it's George Washington's birthday, and we don't have to go to school," interrupted the second and somewhat older voice of Robert.

It did not take Granny Greysome long to make a crowd of young folks feel that they were welcome. Soon the pots were boiling louder and more fiercely than ever. The large oven was packed with ginger-cake and cookies, while apple pies filled the whole house with their fragrant odor. The morning soon wore away, and the dinner was spread. Robert declared that Granny was the best person on earth, because she never frowned when he asked for a second piece of pie or for his favorite pieces of chicken.

The midday meal had long been finished. Granny and the two children were gathered before the large, open fireplace in the famous old family living room. The heavens had darkened, and the black rain clouds hung lower and lower. Checker and carom men lay in all corners of the room.

"Let's play hide and seek," suggested little Clara, and off

they ran to hide in the corners, behind the chairs, and in fact in any place where Granny could not see them. The game had gone on for a long time, and Granny was sitting in her large arm chair counting by fives, when the heavy lid of the old cedar chest came down with a bang. Granny jumped to her feet. When had she heard this self-same noise before? Robert ran over to scare her with a large white sheet over his head. A sheet? Yes, but more of a robe.

"Granny, look at this old skull and these bones crossed under it!" called out little Robert.

Little Clara clapped her hands, but Granny bowed her head. "What's the matter, Granny?" asked Clara. "Are you about to cry?"

"Oh, there is nothing the matter, especially," responded the grandmother, nearly choking with tears.

"Well, where did you get this funny old white cloak with these ugly old bones on it and this old head?"

This was more than she could stand. Great tears gathered in her eyes. She sadly shook her head.

* * * * * * * *

Granny drew her chair closer to the fire, then cleared her throat. Robert and Clara instinctively dropped into chairs beside her. This was always the way her war stories began.

"It was a long, long time ago," started off Granny, "when I was a little girl. The awful war between the States was over, and everybody was busy building houses that had been burned and planting the crops all over again. The men folks were banded together and met every night in a big old swamp. They carried their guns with them, and dressed in long white robes like this one. Negroes were the policemen, and held all the offices in the State. These men wanted to get the negroes out and put white men in their places. So one morning my mother told me to watch at the front door while she made this robe and put these figures on it."

Granny raked a few more hot coals over the sweet potatoes roasting in the ashes before the fire. It had begun to rain.

"And so your mother made it?" inquired little Clara anxiously.

"Yes; but as I was going to say, a band of men drove up and called my father to the road. Of course, I didn't know what they wanted then. But all that afternoon I boiled turpentine and beeswax together, and then plaited stringes together and dipped them into the wax."

"What did they want with the wax and strings?" asked little Clara again.

"Why, all the men were to dress in these long robes and mount horses and were to go in a procession and—"

"Yes, a procession like the one they had when President Wilson was inaugurated. I remember seeing all the Boy Scouts marching, and, my, what a crowd!" All this said Robert in a single breath. "But, go on, Granny," he continued.

"They lighted these bunches of strings, put them in cans, and held them high over their heads. The next day was election time, and the white men didn't want the negroes to vote. That night the men met in the old swamp and all lined up. Then they marched through the town and ran the negroes out, so they couldn't vote on the next day. My father left with them, but—"

By this time the rain poured and the wind howled. The huge logs had dwindled to small red coals.

"But what, Granny?" asked little Clara again.

"He never came back, my dear," said Granny, choking back her tears.

"But, Granny, look at this hole and that red spot! What caused them?" asked the inquisitive Clara.

"That is part of the mystery, my child. We found this robe the next morning rolled in a bundle lying at the door. We never saw him again—"

Granny pulled out her handkerchief. She was in tears now, but still she smiled.

"No, I never saw him again," repeated Granny; "but if I

had another father," she added, straightening her back a little, "I would gladly sacrifice him, too."

Even Robert and Clara didn't care to ask any questions now. They looked dreamily into the fire, as visions of long ago passed through their minds. Then they passed farther and farther away into the peaceful land of dreams.

———o———

Psalm I—Students' Bible

R. H. B., '16.

Blessed is the student who walketh no more in the path of a freshman, nor bendeth over the chair of a sophomore, nor sitteth on the seat of a pair of padded breeches.

But his delight is in the dip expected from the faculty, and concerning this dip doth he meditate (and worry) both day and night.

And he shall feel like a judge when seated proudly upon the rostrum, for he shall be through the exams of many seasons.

His glory also shall not dwindle, and whatsoever he sayeth shall be considered intelligent.

The freshmen are not so, but, like the sophomores, are far away.

Therefore, the poor fellows will not yet get their dips, nor escape persecution at the hands of congregations of professors.

For the faculty appreciateth the intellect of the seniors, but the brain of the freshmen they need must polish.

"Getting Them Told"

Some fellows bone their books to pass,
Others the questions of year before last;
But if you don't "explain" for Dunc,
I'll tell you now, you're going to flunk.

Now, if you want to pass Dr. Clink,
There's one thing certain, you'll have to think;
Now, Freshmen, from me take this cue,
You'll have to "summarize" for Dr. Pugh.

If you laugh at a joke for Gus,
You'll be sure never to "buss";
But if you have a back for Mace,
Now yours, my friend, is a hopeless case.

Now, if for Rembert you are ever late,
You have already sealed your fate.
No use to study for "Uncle Dan,"
For he's a very "forgetful" man.

Nobody says that French is hard,
But, oh, that Herr-Monsieur "graveyard."
Dear Dr. Waller, I voted for thee.
Please, sir, don't e'er give me a three!

WOFFORDISMS

Our monthly ditty:

Last call
For basketball!

* * *

To paraphrase the Columbia *State:* "Pull for Wofford or pull out."

* * *

When in doubt, blame it on the faculty.

* * *

There's one guy
I'd like to slam;
'Tis that gink
Named "Back Exam."

* * *

We stole this from *The State:* Some men are born heroes. Others become college professors and keep chickens. Yes, but do they *keep* 'em?

* * *

It takes all kinds of students to make up a college, including the hick who is always bragging about how many girls' hearts he has "smashed."

* * *

"Fish make good brain food." Well, we know some guys who have never eaten any.

* * *

Another of "life's little mysteries": How some Sophs get hats to fit them.

* * *

Even a little thing like a tack will help you to rise in life—that is, if you sit down upon it.

* * *

On the Sophs' visiting nights the Freshmen find much to console themselves in, "The longest day must have an end."

* * *

What has become of that old-fashioned college boy who used to amuse the fellows by playing on a jewsharp?

* * *

Some fellows are born unlucky, some fellows achieve hard luck, while others have the faculty thrust upon them.

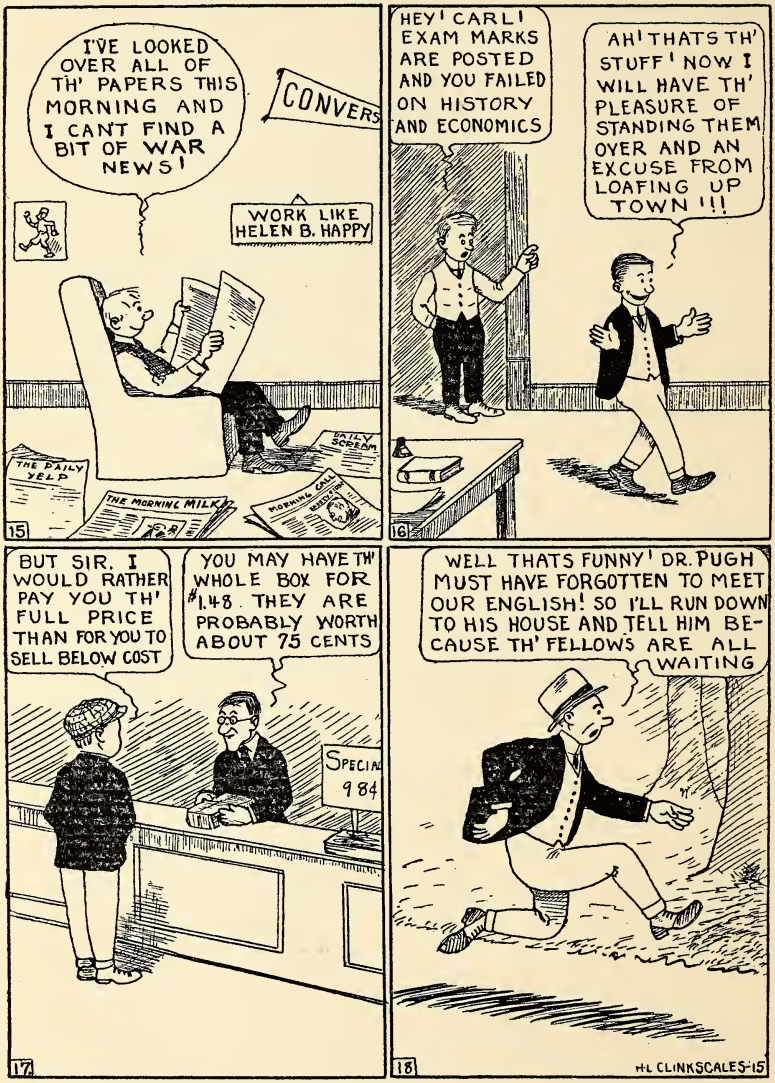
* * *

Spring fashion note:

Tango shirts,
Shorter skirts.

"Nuff sed."

THINGS WE NEVER SAY



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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

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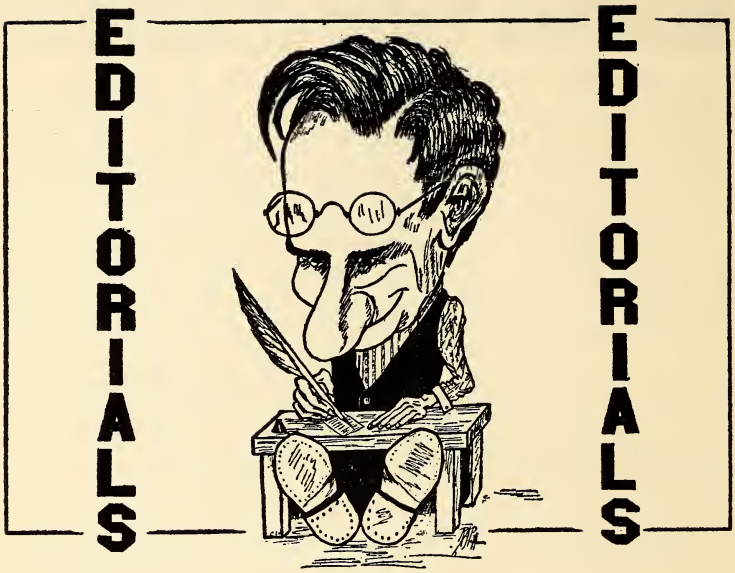
FOR ADVERTISING RATES, SEE OF WRITE THE BUSINESS MANAGER.



WALTER W. DANIEL.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
F. J. WILLIAMSON.....ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

When and How

Youth is the time of dreams. Both the philosopher and the popular novelist have found youth an attractive theme about which to write. Think of the pleasures and the happy experiences of youth! There are many, and fortunately so, but is this valuable period of vigor and growth to be devoted entirely to enjoying the pleasures of the present without giving any thought to and making any preparation for the days of maturity?

Millions of dollars are being spent for higher education, and thousands of students are crowding the colleges and the universities of our land. Of this we are proud. But to those of us who are familiar with student life there is appearing an alarming condition; that is, the large number of students who seem to have no particular aim in view other than graduating. They seem somehow to be possessed with the idea that if they

are ever fortunate enough to reach the day of their graduation all of their trials and tribulations will be ended. They even seem to think that the words of the president when he confers the degrees upon them will have some magic effect that will put them into full possession of their undiscovered taelnts, and set them in the right relation with the world into which they will have to go.

But the nearer such students approach the day of graduation the more their minds are disabused of the fictitious idea that there is any supernatural power in the words, "I confer the degree of bachelor of arts upon you." They begin to wonder what they are fit for, and how they shall find themselves. But before they have time to collect themselves and retrieve some of their mistakes, their day of graduation, with all of its pleasures, is over and they are done with college.

Then they are face to face with the question: Why didn't we decide earlier what our life-work would be? If they had thought seriously early in college what they intended to do, how much more interesting college life would have been, and how much more beneficial! By whom is the purposeless man loved? When has he ever won honor either for himself or for his country?

The savage lives from day to day, and it is only the fool who has for his motto, "Forget the past, ignore the future, and embrace the present." History teaches us that "in all ages the man whose determinations are swayed by the most distant ends is held to possess the highest degree of intelligence."

One of the most progressive movements that could be started would be a movement which would enable college students to get in possession of their faculties and to decide early in their college careers upon some great undertaking for a life-work. The Bible teaches this same truth by saying that "It is good for a young man that he bear the yoke in his youth."

Prohibition Law to Have Teeth

We are glad to note that there is a movement on foot in our legislative body to strengthen the prohibition law. The fact that our Assembly has passed a law that the offender shall be sent to prison, without the privilege of paying a fine, shows that the people of South Carolina are getting tired of drunkenness and villainous "blind tigers." The world can, in a way, excuse the poor pilfering negro who sneaks about breaking the law. He has been removed from the darkest jungles of Africa not more than a hundred years. But for a *white* man, with the Anglo-Saxon blood flowing in his veins, who claims to be a *man* and a respectable gentleman, backed by thousands of years of more or less civilization, to do such a base thing as sneaking around under the cover of night, behind signboards, in dark alleys, to sell a half-pint to a brutal negro, or to one of his so-called (by misplaced courtesy) Anglo-Saxon brothers, is despicable, and the sharpest teeth of the law should close upon him.

It is a settled fact that the negro is destined to live in the South with us. And how, in the name of common sense, can we expect to train him to respect the law, when the white people with whom he comes in contact are constantly breaking it?

This is a call to the white people of our State, and we are truly glad that our Legislature has done something to strengthen the present law. We desire to live in a State of whose traditions we are proud, but, in order to preserve these traditions, our citizens must be trained to respect the law.

Examinations as a Fair Test

Well, our old enemy, examinations, has at last been left behind. We are glad to report this fact. There are two existing theories about examinations. One is that they are not a fair test of one's knowledge; the other is that they are. This is a question that has been debated pro and con ever since the writer can remember. The writer has taken a peculiar interest in the discussions of this question, and is now prepared to lay the matter before you in an entirely new light.

It is the writer's conclusion that if it could be proved that examinations were not a fair test of one's knowledge, they would be irrevocably abolished. On the other hand, if it could be proved that they were a fair test of one's knowledge, it would be a foolish thing to attempt to abolish them. We trust that even the Freshmen can understand this, as far as it goes. Now, here is the final conclusion to which the writer has come concerning the fairness or unfairness of examinations: He really is not in a position to state authoritatively whether or not an examination is a fair test of one's knowledge. It is his opinion, however, that this a question which will be waged both pro and con as long as there are such things as examinations.

Exchanges

There are about forty college magazines on the JOURNAL's exchange list. When these exchanges arrive, they are turned over to the Exchange Editor, who, when he has reviewed them, places them on a table in the library. All of these magazines should prove very interesting to each and every one of us, as they give us an insight into the activities and thoughts of other colleges. They also set up a standard by which we can judge just what our own JOURNAL should be. Fellows, read these magazines, especially the editorial and exchange departments. The editorial department enables one to know what other colleges think of themselves; the exchange department enables one to know what they think of others.

"EDITORIALETTES"

On account of examinations, this issue of the JOURNAL comes out about one week later than usual. It happened that we were right in the midst of our hardest ones when the JOURNAL should have gone to press. Please excuse us this time, and help us make the March issue the best ever. We want Wofford to be proud of her JOURNAL.

It has been repeatedly said that no one ever reads the editorials. Well, this month we wrote one on "Examinations as a Fair Test." We know that there is nothing to it, but as no one ever reads editorials and it pleased us to write it—well, we wrote it.

Our best attempt at a piece of punk verse for this issue has failed us. We hope that no one will take personal offense at this one:

Beauty is only skin-deep;
  Ugliness goes to the bone.
Beauty soon fades away.
  But ugliness holds its own.

OUR "WHO'S GOT THE DOG?" CONTEST.

(*Open only to Members of the Faculty.*)

Dr. Wallace is said to have told his Political Science class that in a certain portion of Kansas the people were so rich that once, during a cyclone, the sun was completely hidden for two hours by passing limousines and grand pianos.

NEXT!

CONFESSIONS OF A SICKLY BOY.

Answering unprepared is an awful habit,
  Yet I like it.
I always say I'm going to stab it,
  Yet I adore it.
On examination day, when it goes to my head,
And when my report has gone to dad,
I'll wish I were dead; yet, after all's been said,
I'll confess I'll do it again, for you see
  I love it.

Examinations have come and gone. Some of us are now busy with "encores." Spur up, fellows, and next time the prof. won't call on you for an encore.

Spring is on the road somewhere. Better get busy before the fever catches you.

We take it for granted that you haven't broken any of your New Year resolutions yet. Our main resolution was not to take any bad nickles. So far we haven't taken any at all.

"A Leap Year Proposal"

"Will you marry me, dear?" the fair one cried,
As she dropped to her knees, forgetting all pride,
So great was her ardor, so intent her aim,
(For 'twas the sixteenth time she had played the game.)

But—
Seeing the youth made no reply,
Save only a gently drawn-out sigh,

She said—
"With me goes my limousine,
Chauffeur too, and gasolene,
Parisian maid and Persian cats,
Paquin gowns and Watteau Hats."

Yet—
Seeing the youth made no reply,
Save only a gently drawn-out sigh,

She said—
"With me goes my big Chateau,
Summer home and bungalow,
Costly gems and ermine fine,
Kennels too and bright red wine."

Still—
Seeing the youth made no reply,
Save only a gently drawn-out sigh,

She whispered—
"Say, you won't have to worry about the mon,
There'll always be plenty of that, my son."
The timid youth pricked up his ear.
'Twas the very thing he had longed to hear,

And—
Seeing the maid was out of breath,
Exhausted too, and pale as death,

He made reply—
"Of course I'll marry you any day,
'Tis only left with you to say,
But—you shouldn't have mentioned about the dough,
For I've always loved you, don-cher-know."

E.C.

E. F. Moseley.....Editor

PRESTON SOCIETY RECEPTION.

Celebrating the conclusion of examinations, the Preston Society gave a very successful reception to its new men Saturday evening, February 5. This reception had been planned for a good while, but various things conflicted until the evening of the 5th.

There were 175 present, 75 ladies and 100 gentlemen. Converse furnished about a third of the ladies, and the city the other two-thirds. It was an unusual assemblage of beautiful girls, without which the reception would have been almost nil. Everything was well arranged, and everybody enjoyed the evening. All the fellows were feeling good on account of having finished examinations, and so were in a good humor to talk in a blue streak, to use the slang expression.

As is the case at all such events, a very important part of the program was carried out about ten o'clock, when the refreshments were served, consisting of a salad course and sherbert. This course was very tempting to all the college boys and girls, not to mention the others involved.

It was to be regretted that Converse had to leave at 10:15, but plenty of other exponents of feminity remained to make the rest of the evening a continued success. As 11:30 drew near, the ladies began leaving and the reception became a thing of the past. It will be pleasantly remembered by all who attended.

SENIOR SPEAKERS.

As is the custom every year, six Seniors speak at commencement. Three of these are elected by the class and three by the faculty. In the fall the class elected E. B. Hamer, E. D. Whisonant, and W. G. Ramseur. About three weeks ago the faculty elected J. W. Harris, R. H. Best, and E. F. Moseley, thus making out the six.

EXAMINATIONS.

The period for mid-year examinations was moved up a little this year. They began January 24 and lasted until February 5.

BISHOP WILLIAM FRASER McDOWELL.

On Tuesday morning, February 8, Bishop William Fraser McDowell made a very interesting and forceful address in the college chapel. Many town people were present to hear him.

Bishop McDowell is from Chicago, and is a bishop of the Northern Methodist Episcopal Church. For ten years previous to the assumption of his present position he was chancellor of the University of Colorado, at Denver. He is widely known throughout the country as a deep thinker and an orator of unusual power.

The theme of his speech was the relation between college life and later life. He said that the average college man was too anxious to get out into the world, and that he should remain long enough to get all the benefits to be derived from a college education. He said that a college man should learn

four things above all: First, he should learn to think clearly and without prejudice, as right thinking lies at the bottom of all right living. Second, he should stay long enough to gain a feeling and sympathy for his fellow man. We need not only the philosopher, but the philanthropist; not only the defender of the truth, but of the weak. Here he stressed the fact that if the college men as a whole shirked the responsibility of leadership laid upon them, then God would raise up another class of leaders. Third, we should have the right sort of motives. Emerson says, "I cannot hear what you say when what you are is thundering so loudly in my ears." Also, "It is not what you do so much as counts, as what makes you do it." It is a tragedy when a man catches up with his own horizon. Lastly and most important, the college man should get firm faith in the living God. There seems to be a gap between religious and intellectual life which should not be. Religion is necessary to clear thinking, humanitarianism, and high motives.

DR. BLACK'S LECTURE.

On Friday night, January 21, the Wofford boys and the people of Spartanburg were given the opportunity of hearing one of the most famous authors and lecturers in America. Dr. Hugh Black, a native of Scotland, gave his lecture, "America Through Scotch Spectacles."

Dr. Black came to the United States about ten years ago. Prior to his removal from Scotland he was perhaps the most notable of Scotch ministers. Crowds thronged to hear him—a thinker, scholar, and orator with a marvelous power to touch the hearts and consciences of men. Since coming to America, Dr. Black has held a prominent position among the scholars of this country as a minister and teacher of theology. He is the author of a number of books which have enjoyed large sales. Hundreds of thousands of copies of his books have been issued. Among the best known are the following: "Friendship," "Work," "Culture and Restraint," "The Gift of

Influence," "Christ's Service of Love," and "Listening to God."

Because of his devotion to his other work, Dr. Black has been able to accept few of his many invitations to lecture at colleges and chautauquas. We were, therefore, very fortunate in having the opportunity to hear his interesting lecture, "America Through Scotch Spectacles." In it Dr. Black told us searchingly and truthfully how a Scotchman regards our social, political, industrial, and religious life. He particularly contrasted our political status with that of Great Britain, and showed us much that is good and bad in the government of each country.

At the chapel exercises next morning Dr. Black made a most inspiring talk to the Wofford boys, his subject being "Faith." He is very alive on religious subjects, and in his address to the boys he showed that he was a deep thinker and expressed his thoughts to his hearers in a masterly fashion.

In June Dr. Black will receive a leave of absence of one year from his work, and he expects to go to England to study conditions of life over there.

Jokes

A huge joke with no point—Freshman Kinney.

Junior Morgan (looking at a picture of himself)—"I'll declare! That looks just like President Wilson, doesn't it?"

Mr. Betts (to girl behind the candy case)—"I always did like sweet things. By the way, how long have you been working here?"

Senior Cauthen—"Whis, I sure shot Heine a line about personal morality. I quoted him that line from Tennyson about 'freedom broadening down from precipice (precedent) to precipice (precedent).' "

Prof. —"The age of miracles has passed."

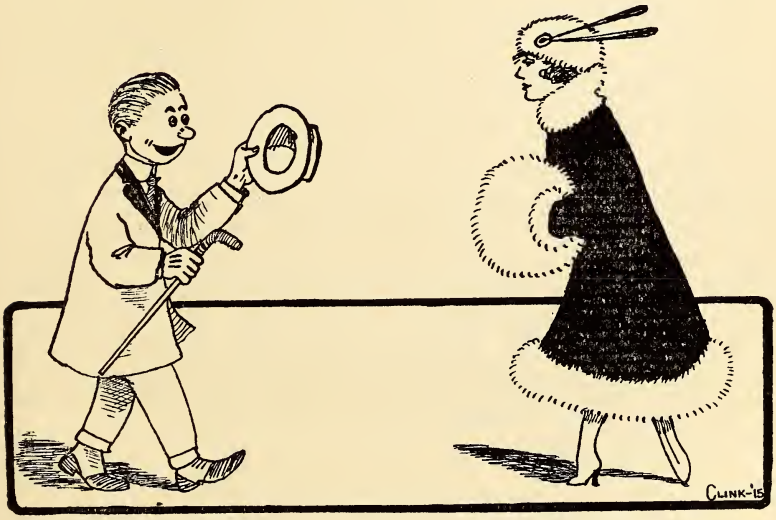
Freshman Love—"Pardon me, Professor; I'm here yet."

Senior Dunlap (at psychology exam)—"Prof. Rembert, those fellows are smoking from psychological habit."

Prof. Rembert—"You had better get the habit, then."

Glenn—"Browning, did you ever stop to think?"

Junior Browning—"No; can't do it. I have to keep moving."



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going to Converse, Sir," she said.

J. W. Harris, Jr. ..... Editor

The Trinitonian
Waxahache, Tex.

The Trinitonian was the first of the January exchanges to reach our exchange tables. This paper is made up of editorials mostly; there being only one story, an essay, and two poems besides the comments of the various departments. The story, "The Southern Spy," is very well executed. It treats of a subject that interests us all, and the author has added a new touch which makes it all the more interesting and thrilling. The campus news is well told by the various authors, and, also, we think the jokes particularly good.

The A. R. C. Light
Academy of Richmond County, Georgia

The first thing that attracted our attention about the *A. R. C. Light* was its excellent binding, and the paper is of an elegant quality. The literary material was rather limited, but this was due probably to the fact that the January number was dedicated to the alumni. "The Scrub" is a snappy little story, well told, and is about the best of the stories. There is only one poem, "October Morn," and it shows thought and study, though it is rather short.

The Wesleyan
Wesleyan College

There is one contribution to *The Wesleyan* of January that is particularly worthy of note. This is the essay entitled "Gunpowder." We think it worthy of special mention because of the thought and deep study on the part of the author which it evidences. The language is beautiful and the subject matter well arranged and balanced. "Visible Things as Emblems" is also a good short essay.

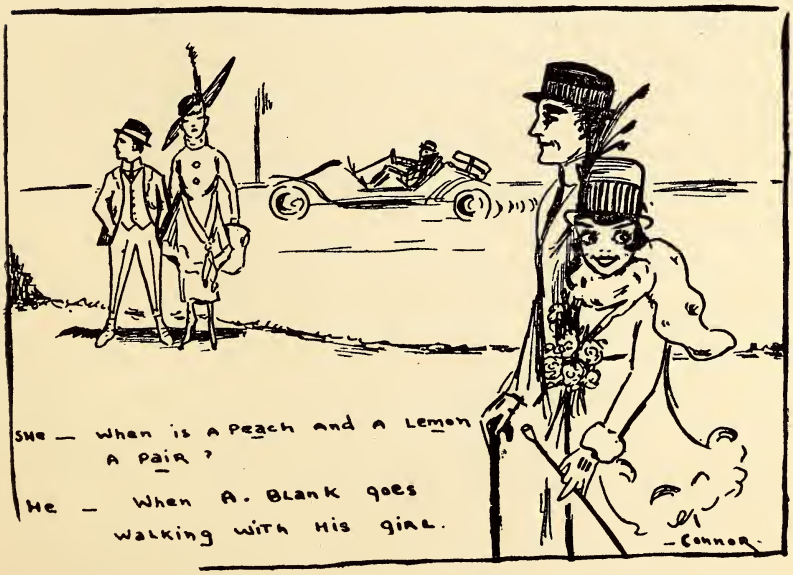
The Limestone Star

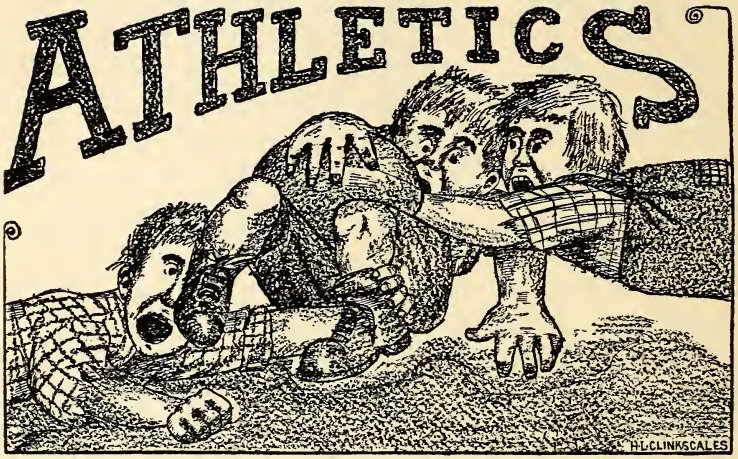
This issue comes to our table a considerable improvement over the previous issues of the year. "New Year Gifts in an Attic" is well put and is very appropriate. "The Lost Cause and the Old South" brings out very graphically the scenes of war and of reconstruction days. The author must be given credit for being one among a few who realizes the weaknesses of the modern twentieth century girl. There is a woeful lack of poetry and good stories.

Isaqueena
Greenville Woman's College

We read with pleasure the January *Isaqueena,* and think it a good issue. The introductory poem, a very pretty comment on the passing of the old year and the entrance of the new, and the story "New Leaf" are two attractive features. The editorials and campus items are well arranged and instructive.

We also wish to acknowledge the usual exchanges, of which the shortage of space prevents an individual criticism and discussion.





J. C. Covington.....Editor

BASKETBALL.

The Wofford-Newberry Game.

The Wofford quintet lost the second game of their basketball trip to the Newberry five on January 10. Although the Newberry squad presented three husky chaps from Indiana, they found it no small task to keep our men from scoring the larger number of points. Or, in other words, they met a crew whom they found to be slightly stronger than the average amateur class.

Newberry took a short lead at the first, and held it till the referee's whistle blew, though they were closely pressed by the Methodists. Their guards put up a good exhibition, and also the work of Groover at center and Taylor at forward featured. Ralph Baker, a last year's star, was unable to pull his old-time stunts on account of having Harris as his opponent. Collins, Wofford's old reliable, and Captain Patterson played excellent ball for the visitors.

The final score was Newberry, 34; Wofford, 27. Line-up:

Wofford		*Newberry*
Turner	L. F.	Baker
Hines	R. F.	Taylor
Collins	C.	Groover
Patterson	L. G.	Brooks
Harris	R. G.	Gatschell

Referee, Johnson (Michigan A. & M.).

TERRIERS DEFEAT GAMECOCKS.

From Newberry, the Woffordites journeyed over to Columbia, and on the evening of January 12th defeated the proud Gamecocks by the score 21-19. This was the closest and hardest fought game of the season. It was extremely interesting and very exciting from beginning to end, the score being undecided until the last ten seconds of play. At this point our lads pulled off some beautiful passing, and Carolina faced defeat at the hands of Turner, at forward, who shoots from all angles and positions. The Wofford quintet, despite the fact that they were wearied from a week of hard work and travel, played excellent ball all around. Each player worked at his position in high style. They scored the first two goals of the game, but were soon overtaken by the Carolina five, and at the end of the first half the score stood 9-9. Thus the fight went on, featured with spectacular plays that brought the spectators to their feet, until the referee signalled time up. Then the score stood Wofford, 21; Carolina, 19. Line-up:

Wofford		*Carolina*
Turner	R. F.	Tally
Hines	L. F.	Bowen
Collins	C.	Martin
Patterson	L. G.	Farrell
Harris	R. G.	Sims

Referee, Van Metre (Kentucky State).

TERRIERS VANQUISH TIGERS.

Wofford met the five from Clemson the afternoon of February 5, and marked another victory on her record. The game was played at the city Y. M. C. A., and a fairly large crowd was present.

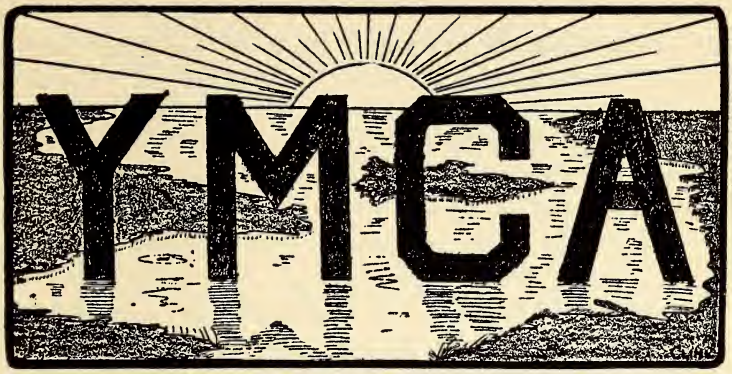
The Clemson five was equally matched with that of Wofford in weight, but when the other essentials, such as speed and team work, were needed, they were unable to present them. The visitors' inability to make the majority of their shots good proved costly to them, because of the passing of the Terriers. Many of their shots were made from a long range, this work being done by Vincent and Stribling.

Turner did the pretty work for Wofford, while Bob Collins also showed that he possessed the qualities of speed and strength. Langford's work at forward well deserves mention.

Clemson weakened in the last half, and Wofford took a lead that she was never able to overcome. The final score was 37-28 in Wofford's favor. Line-up:

Wofford		*Clemson*
Turner	R. F.	Rogers
Langford	L. F.	Vincent
Collins	C.	Stribling
Harris	R. G.	Cannon-Bull
Patterson	L. G.	Perry

Referee, Andrew Vogel.



E. D. WHISONANT.....EDITOR

MISSION STUDY CLASSES ORGANIZED.

The mission study classes for the second semester have been organized, and we hope to begin the different courses of study within the next week or two. Most of the students who took the Bible study courses of the first semester have enrolled for the study of missions offered this term.

This course of study, we believe, will prove interesting and profitable to all of us, and we sincerely trust that the students as a whole will take an active part in this field of learning.

The text-books to be used contain much that is worth knowing and a great deal that may be useful in after years. This is one way to get some idea of what countries other than our own are doing, and to find out something about the progress of civilization and Christianity.

The classes will be led by different members of the Senior class, and are to be conducted entirely by the students.

Don't wait! Join now!

MEETING OF JANUARY SEVENTH.

Dr. M. O. Jeffries, pastor of the Southside Baptist Church, spoke to us on January 7th.

Dr. Jeffries began by asking if it was really worth while

for us to come out to the Y. M. C. A. meetings and for us to live the Christian life. He showed us that, after all is said and done, that the only thing that is permanent is the Christian life.

The speaker said that we should not be satisfied with our present achievements, but should always look forward to a greater and brighter future. That as young men we ought to widen our horizon and look out into the great needs and opportunities of the life before us. We must prepare to be of great service to all mankind, for outside of our own groups and communities there are others we can help. Therefore, we should try to broaden our knowledge and come to realize that outside of our life there is much that is worth knowing and much that may be accomplished.

Dr. Jeffries said that when we leave college we should be prepared to be leaders in the religious work of our communities. There is nothing that a young man can invest his life and talent in that is worth as much to him or his community as in the Christian life and work of his community.

MEETING OF JANUARY FOURTEENTH.

Prof. J. A. Gamewell addressed the meeting, and made one of the best talks that we have heard this session.

Prof. Gamewell took for his subject "Preparedness." He called our attention to the preparedness policy of our President, and that very likely in a short time our naval forces would be greatly increased and our forts made stronger, and we would see larger armies training than were ever seen in the United States before. All this was being done to prepare us for a war that we may have to fight.

The speaker then showed that we had a great work to do on this campus, and that this could not be done without "preparedness" on the part of the Christian men on the campus. If we expect our coming revival meeting to be a success, said the speaker, we must be prepared, for never before has there been such a need for more Christian preparedness. Instead of

being satisfied for each man to look after himself, we need to get together and push a vigorous campaign against the forces of evil that we find among us.

Prof. Gamewell referred to the class he is teaching in "Introducing Men to Christ," and called our attention to the need of more personal work. He closed by saying that a revival will be useless unless we are prepared to conduct an active Christian campaign.

MEETING OF JANUARY TWENTY-FIRST.

One of the largest crowds that we have had this session greeted Mr. H. E. Ravenel to hear his talk on missions.

Mr. Ravenel spoke to us on the great opportunity that the mission fields hold out to us. He called attention to the great work being done there by the various churches.

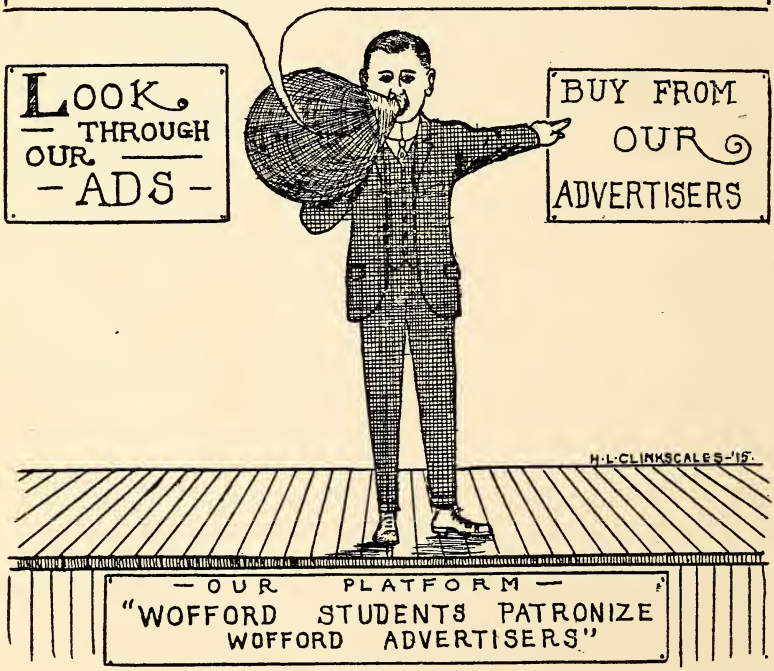
The speaker called our attention to the division of the different fields to certain churches to avoid overlapping in the work and confusing those whom we are trying to reach. He quoted from statistics showing the enormous amounts spent for whiskey, tobacco, confectionery, and chewing gum, and the comparative small amount contributed for foreign missions.

Mr. Ravenel spoke of the character of the men and women who were doing this work, and read several tributes to them by men who have traveled over the world.

He gave us some specific instances of things that have been accomplished, and brought to us the needs and opportunities in the field. He also mentioned the importance of studying about these fields and becoming better acquainted with conditions as they really exist in the foreign lands.

WANTED!

The intelligent co-operation of the students in all worthy college activities. The editors and managers of **The Journal** solicit your co-operation and aid in the literary department, but no less in the advertising department. Give us a hand. Help us to make our advertising pay our advertisers.



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—*W. W. Whitelock in the New York Times.*

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"Take this steak away," he said. "It's not tender."

The waiter grabbed at the platter.

"Not tinder!" he shouted. "Not tinder! Did oo expect it to le'p up an' kiss oo?"

OPTIMISTIC.

Private John Allen was discussing himself.

"I do not feel at liberty to claim much for my past," he said, "but I can truthfully assert that my future is spotless."

"Dar ain't no use o' tryin' to git credit for what you pretty near did," said Uncle Eben. "Ef guessin' close was remunerative, most everybody could git rich off'n hoss races."—*E. M. Stetson, in The Editor.*

THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE.

"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?"

"My wife put it there to remind me to post a letter."

"And did you post it?"

"No; she forgot to give it to me."—*St. Louis Lumberman.*

OKLAHOMA GEOGRAPHY.

An Oklahoma lawyer was examining a witness. "What is your nationality?" he asked.

"I am a Dane."

"Ah, yes; and when did you come over from Dane?"

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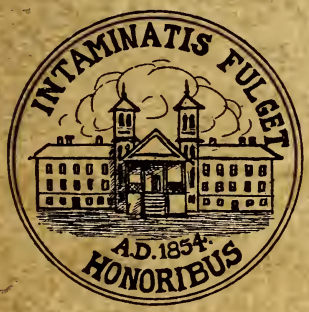

April, Nineteen-Sixteen

The Wofford College Journal

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March 1916
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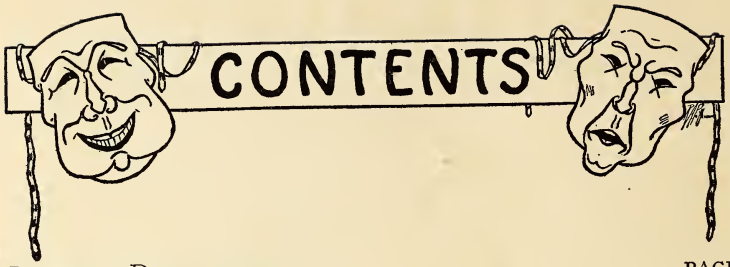

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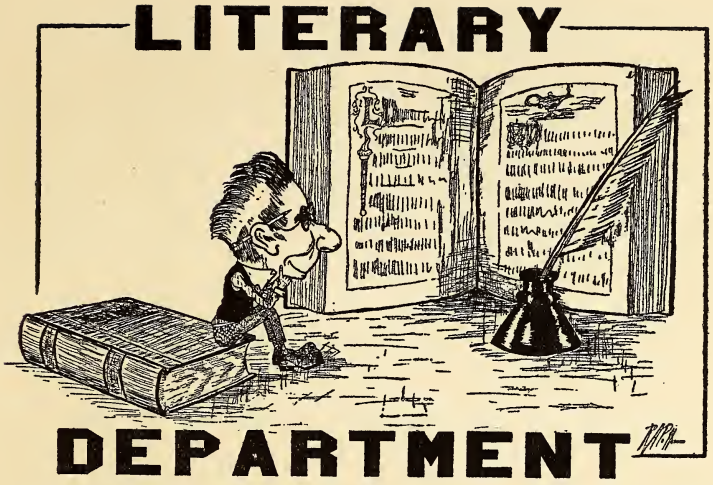

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In Memoriam

Dearest sister, we have laid you
By the one you loved the best,
Where the flowers bloom in springtime,
Emblems of eternal rest.

Oh, how much we all shall miss you,
None on earth can ever know;
Seems each day there comes a longing
Just to see your face once more.

Somewhere, in the many mansions,
One there is prepared for you;
You'll be there to bid us welcome,
When life's journey we are through.

Yes, you will be there to greet us
When we reach the golden shore,
And you'll tell us of your flowers,
How they bloom forevermore.

Wondrous is that land of beauty,
Where we never fall or die;
Where no storm clouds ever gather,
Where God will wipe each tear-stained eye.

Blessed hope, again to meet you
On the bright and golden shore.
There, with loved ones reunited,
We shall dwell forevermore.

1—'17.

Educating the Whole Man

MAN HAS been called a trichotomy. He is born with three distinct natures, each one wielding a degree of influence over the other. These three natures are: an intellectual nature, a moral nature, and a religious or spiritual nature. We are told that man's intellectual nature puts him in touch with things; that his moral nature puts him in touch with men; and that his religious or spiritual nature puts him in touch with God.

We believe that man's relation to men is of more importance than his relation to things. We also believe that man's relation to God is of more importance than his relation to men. If we are correct in our belief, it will be a violation of logic to say that his intellectual nature is of more importance than his moral nature, or that his moral nature is of more importance than his spiritual nature. Man's relation to things and men ceases at the grave, but his relation to God lasts throughout eternity. Now, if one can compare a lifetime with eternity, one can also compare the importance of man's intellectual and moral natures with the importance of his spiritual nature.

The psychologist tells us that each one of man's three natures has certain faculties. He says that the most significant faculty of man's intellectual nature is the faculty of reason; that the most significant of his moral nature is the faculty of conscience; and that the most significant of his spiritual nature is the faculty of faith. If the psychologist is correct, it may be said that what reason is to the intellectual nature conscience is to the moral nature, and that what conscience is to the moral nature faith is to the spiritual nature.

The faculties of reason, conscience, and faith, all, have certain well-defined functions, and each one must do its own work in its own realm.

The faculty of reason finds its work in solving mathematical problems, in ferreting out physical and chemical laws

and theories, in working out the complexities and ambiguities of law, and in doing innumerable other things absolutely essential to life.

The faculty of conscience finds its work in solving moral problems, in distinguishing between right and wrong, in exhibiting those admirable and lovable qualities of long-suffering, gentleness, and goodness, and in doing many other things which pertain to man's relation to men.

The faculty of faith finds its work in enabling man to believe in the omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence, eternality, infallibility, immutability, infinite love, mercy, and justice of God; in enabling him to believe in the sufficiency and willingness of Jesus Christ to save his soul from sin, and thereby prepare him to live, and, being prepared to live, prepared also to die—a stupendous and sublime mission.

I want to say before I go any further that all the educational systems throughout the civilized world that I know anything about are imperfect or defective. They provide for the development of man's intellectual faculties only, those faculties which relate him to things, making no provisions whatsoever for the development of those faculties which relate him to his fellow-creatures and to his God.

When all the mental faculties are developed, man is only one-third developed, and that third is the lowest third. He is capable of infinitely higher intellectual attainment than the mere brute, because he has moral and spiritual faculties. Yet he is shamefully neglecting the development of those faculties which distinguish him from the brute. (Some may say that a brute has no intellectual nature; that he has instinct. But what is instinct but a degree of intelligence?) Men are spending the best part of their lives in an effort to develop a keen, penetrating reason; but they are spending but very little time in an effort to develop a sensitive conscience and an unwavering faith in God and in His Son Jesus Christ. It is universally believed that if one is to come into the realization of his highest intellectual possibilities, he must of necessity go through a process called education. And this is very true.

But, judging by the educational systems of the civilized world, it is not universally believed in this materialistic twentieth century of ours that, if one is to come into the realization of his highest moral and spiritual possibilities, he must needs go through a process also called education. A man goes to college and to the university to develop his mental faculties, but we never hear of one's going to college and to the university to develop his moral and spiritual faculties along with his mental faculties. As an unsurprising result of this system of education, men are trying to reason out moral and spiritual problems jut as they do mathematical problems. It is just as preposterous for one to undertake to reason out moral and spiritual problems as it would be for one to undertake to conscience out or faith out mathematical problems. The word reason has been made use of so much that it has become a verb. But who ever heard of the words conscience and faith being used as verbs? When man has developed his moral and spiritual faculties along with his mental faculties, he shall conscience out moral problems and faith out spiritual problems, just as he reasons out mathematical problems. Each faculty shall be doing its own work in its own realm.

I stated in a preceding paragraph that all the educational systems throughout the civilized world that I knew anything about were imperfect. I have never heard of an educational system anywhere that makes provision for developing a child's moral and religious faculties. This is the imperfection or defect to which I refer. It is very true that some of the teachers in our graded schools spend their spare moments talking to their pupils on such abstract subjects as honor and honesty and truthfulness, but this is entirely *optional* with them. But if it were not for the fact that a few teachers chose to spend their spare moments doing this, the pupil would receive no moral training whatever while in the school room. All the religious training a child gets while in the school room is in the reading of a few verses from the Bible and in the repeating of the Lord's Prayer—by rote—once a day. And it is a well known fact that the reading of the Bible—the book

on which Occidental civilization was founded—and the repeating of the Lord's Prayer have been entirely done away with in many of our graded schools throughout the United States. The fact that the Bible is not read and that the Lord's Prayer is not repeated in many of our graded schools is a very small matter, comparatively speaking, but it serves adequately to show the drift of things.

In order that I may not be misunderstood, I shall take time and space just here to say that I am an ardent advocate of intellectual education, a thing indispensable to civilization. I am not condemning intellectual education, but I am endeavoring to show that education means far more than the development of the mental faculties. If I understand the meaning of the word, it means the development of all the faculties of one's being, mental, moral, and spiritual; and I argue that any educational system that comes short of this is imperfect. Why is it that men like Alexander the Great, Peter the Great, Bonaparte, and Huerta do not mind killing a few thousand men for their own behoof and aggrandizement? Purely, because they have no conscience. There are thousands of men in the world today holding college and university diplomas who do not know the first principles of long-suffering, gentleness, and godness. The present European catastrophe is a fair example of what purely *intellectual* education will result in. In reading articles on this war, the following words can be found between the lines: "Christianity has failed." But Christianity has not failed. That which has been substituted for Christianity has failed, viz., militarism and intellectual education without moral and religious education. It is well for a people to have a knowledge of science, provided that people also has a sensitive conscience, for a knowledge of science without a sensitive conscience will inevitably result in scientific warfare and wholesale murder, as has already been exemplified very conclusively. It is entirely useless and futile to preach universal peace without first preaching conscience development. When a department for developing men's consciences is put into our educational systems and institutions, the war drums shall

sound no more and the battle flags shall be furled, and then will come the parliament of man and the federation of the world which Tennyson predicted. Confucius, who lived twenty-three hundred years ago, was right when he said that if every prince loved every other prince like he loved himself there would be no war. O that men of the twentieth century would learn a lesson or two even from old Confucius!

I venture the assertion that if all the college and university students in the United States were asked why they wanted an education, the majority of them would reply immediately, "In order to make more money." (Of course, they would have other reasons, but the one just mentioned would be the primary one.) This goes to show what a narrow understanding the future leaders of our nation have of the object of life. But the fault lies not with the students, but almost invariably with the educational systems of the country. The primary object of an education is to prepare one for life, and life does not consist solely in accumulating money, either. Before one can live a really successful life, he must have a pretty clear conception of the real object of life. Yet no one can understand anything of the object of life until he understands something of his relation to his fellow-creatures and to his God. But how can he understand these things except he be taught them; and how can he be taught without a teacher; and how can he have a teacher unless the educational system makes provisions for one? There are many institutions of learning in Christian America that devote incomparably more time and money to athletics than they do to the Bible; yet the latter is incomparably more important. Things are not rightly proportioned.

A man without spiritual development is like a house founded upon the sand. (It is not contrary to the twentieth century idea to be practical, I believe, in *material* things.) If one wishes to build a house, the first thing he sets about to do is to make the foundation sure; and every one with any practical sense at all knows that this is the sensible thing to do. It is true, that as long as the wind is moderate and the sun shines, a house founded upon the sand will stand; but when

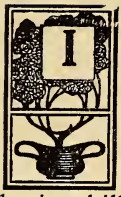
the sun hides its face behind the clouds, and the wind begins to howl, and the rain begins to pour, the house will fall, and great will be the fall of it! When a young man is getting ready for life, he should put into the very foundation of his character that which will stand any test, even death. He may leave out the spiritual development and, as long as life is easy and pleasant, he may get along all right; but when the tests of life come—and they are inevitable—he will not be be able to stand, he will go down.

No man is *educated*, using the term in its fullest sense, who does not have a strong body, a keen, penetrating reason, a sensitive conscience, and an unwavering faith in God and in His Son Jesus Christ!

The day is at hand when the world needs, above everything else, young men with educated hearts and educated minds who do unto others as they would have others do unto them. May the time speedily come in America, nay, in the whole world, when the educational leaders shall be led to see and acknowledge the monstrous "defect" in our present educational systems and mend them accordingly, thereby giving the youth of the world the opportunity to develop *all* the faculties God has given them!

S. E. L., '17.

Lang's Conversion



N PLAIN view upon the river hill stood a little log cabin. A hundred yards below, the hill ceased and the level bottom land began. This land was almost as smooth and level as the little river which glided snake-like through the center of it. Much of it was cleared and in cultivation, but the neighboring hills were yet in woods—great virgin forests in their natural state, just as they had been when the untamed Indian roamed through them. In fact, the whole country had changed very little since the departure of these native children. It was a typical backwoods country. The present inhabitants were simple children of nature. They were hard-working and well-meaning, yet superstitious and ignorant. Indeed, they were known to be a regular tribe of moonshiners and blockaders, but it was their curious way of looking at the thing that made them so. They were honest at heart, and, if they had believed that it was wrong to make whiskey, they would never have been guilty of the act.

Lang Booth, the sole inhabitant of the little cabin above mentioned, was rather an exception to the rule just at the present time. While not more intelligent or educated than the rest, he had, nevertheless, acquired some very absurd ideas of late. At least, this was what his neighbors thought about it. For instance, he believed that a man should obey the law in most cases. According to the mode of thinking used by his neighbors, who considered this as only a hateful, tyrannical way of curbing their personal liberties, this was a very curious view of the matter. Were not these hills free? Had not a man a right to do as he pleased? Had not their forefathers made whiskey, fought feuds, and made their own laws as the occasion demanded? What was good enough for their ancestors was good enough for them. Lang even went so far as to say that a man might possibly get to heaven without being a hard-shelled Baptist. Of such an absurd idea they had never even heard, and Lang was accordingly suspected by some of being an infidel. All other religions conflicted most shamefully

with their theology of life and could not, according to their narrow judgments, have any good in them.

Most startling of all, however, Lang had come out flatly in the last few days with the statement that there was no such thing as a ghost. Needless to say, this last declaration caused quite a little stir among his neighbors. Indeed, such shameful unbelief shocked them dreadfully. They could comprehend how a man might possibly get the silly ideas about the law and the churches into his head, but this last was beyond explanation. How could a man dispute things that had been seen with the human eyes over and over again—actually seen? Had not a ghost scared old Eliza Wilkins into a fit not more than two years ago in that very community? And who could ever forget that memorable night when the ghost of Jude Clement had returned to earth and sought vengeance on Rut Owens, who was then making love to his widow? For years something had inhabited Wilkie's Cove. Dogs had been sent in to track it, but had come out with bloody wounds and scared half to death, and never could they be forced to go in there again. Yet here was Lang, who had lived all his life here, heard all about these things, and yet had the audacity to declare that there was no such thing as a ghost. His neighbors were a little divided in their opinions of his conduct. Some thought that he argued thus merely for the sake of argument; others, that he wished to become an object of importance in the neighborhood; while not a few considered him a fit candidate for the "bug house."

Now, the way in which Lang had come by his much-disputed opinions was very plain. A year ago, a party of hunters had ventured through that part of the country, and, hearing that Lang was an expert woodsman, had hired him for a guide. The men had quite a little sense of humor, and, seeking amusement, argued with Lang about many matters—mostly ghosts, however. Lang was too simple to suspect the real cause of the arguments, and began to think about the matter seriously. The more he thought, the more thoroughly he became convinced that there were no ghosts. They told him several ghost stories

themselves, and then proceeded to clear up the mystery, proving that the ghost was no ghost. They then came out with the statement that every ghost story, if it were properly explained, could be proved to be nothing more than some little freak of nature which had been misinterpreted. Now, Lang had seen—or, at least, he thought he had seen—several ghosts in his life, but, after carefully considering his spooks one by one, a shade of doubt entered his simple mind.

Lang was so constructed, both physically and mentally, as to make it easy for him *not* to believe in ghosts. Fear was a thing unknown to him. They very fact that ghosts were supposed to inspire fear in men, and do with them as they pleased, made the ghost theory all the more obnoxious in his eyes. To be ruled or even overawed was against his principles. He recognized no man as his master. Powerful in frame and strong of body as he was, it was hard for him to admit that there was anything on earth that could make him do its will. He stood six feet in his socks, and weighed a hundred and eighty pounds. Every sinew in his body was as tough as leather, and his movements were as quick as lightning. His face was tanned and sunburned, but yet handsome, and might easily have won for him the prettiest girl in the country.

Indeed, Lang had for some time considered the question of obtaining for himself a fair partner to share with him the cabin upon the hill. After considering all the fair maidens for miles around, he had come to the conclusion that his nearest neighbor, who lived only a mile away, had the one that he wished for his own. So, on this beautiful summer afternoon, Lang decided to pay his respects to Mary Ann. The corn crop had been laid by, and it was yet too soon to work in his still. Being only a mile away, he decided to walk that distance, and accordingly leisurely strolled off in that direction.

Now, Mary Ann's father and brother, old Dave Hale and his son Jack, were among those who looked with mingled pity and disgust upon Lang's opinions of ghosts. Old Dave would have been glad to see Lang his son-in-law except for his foolish opinions. This fact, however, was a grave disadvantage.

In fact, the old man had come out openly and said one day to the members of his family that he would "have no sich fool-talkin' man as that marry his darter." Therefore, it was to Dave's advantage to convert this wayward unbeliever, and, when Lang was seen approaching, the old man decided to talk "ghosts" instead of allowing Lang and Mary Ann to talk of tender matters.

"Wal, Lang," began Dave, after a few preliminary remarks, "I guess you've heard 'bout the last trouble over to the Cove."

"Naw, I don't believe I have," replied Lang, who had by this time seen that "ghosts" was to be the subject of discussion.

" 'Pears to me hit's mighty quare doin's over thar," put in Jack, as he sat down.

"Yes, the wust thing that's hit this settlement in a long time," continued old Dave, warming up to the conflict. "You see, thuder day—last Friday 'twas—Rosco Parris went ridin' through the Cove over to see his uncle. Hit 'twas as purty and shiny a day as you ever seed when he started. Wal, he got 'bout half through the Cove—you know that big rock whar the path bends—wal, right thar, when he heard somethin' movin' in the laurels to his right. Ros never paid much 'tention to hit, but purty soon he seed somethin'—some great big, black somethin', with long, silky hair, movin' along through them same bushes. Hit 'twasn't no bear, 'cause Ros says hit 'twas too little fur that, but too big fur anything else. Hit never done nothin', and Ros passed on by without hit pesterin' him. Now, you never would believe hit, but that fool Ros vowed he was a-goin' back through that way when he started home—and hit night, too, mind ye. His Uncle Eber and folks tried to stop him, but *no*, he was a-goin' through thar if that 'whangdoodle' et him! Wal, he started and done all right till he got nearly to that rock. Then he heard somethin' makin' a mighty ticklish noise ahead. Ros is a purty bull-headed fellew, but that 'bout convinced him. He started to turn around, but hit was too late. That air thing was already a-comin'. His

mule was scared wuser than he was, and it started back over that path like a yaller streak; but that thing was a-comin' faster all the time, makin' a low, growlin' noise. Ros laid low on his mule, but he could hear that awful thing a-comin'—nearer and nearer. The mule was plum stretched out, but jest as hit was on the last stretch to the open road, the thing jumped and lit up behind Ros. Hit 'twas a mighty ticklish time. Ros begun to holler and pray and try to fight the thing off. In a second, he felt somethin' tearin' at his flesh. He turned and got one awful look at hit as they tore out in the moonlight. He couldn't look at hit but once, but that 'twas enough. He says hit don't look like no animal that lives in this world, and every time he talks 'bout hit now, he turns white and shakes like he was a-goin' into a fit. Wal, after hit had purty near et Ros up, hit jumped offen that mule and made for the Cove. Ros reached his uncle's nearly dead, and for two days he was so scared and sick till they had to hold him in bed. Ros says that hit 'twas a sperit—or the devil, maybe—made up in a shape of hit's own. But that hain't all, Lang. Next mornin', Eber Huffs and his crowd 'lowed they'd git that air 'whangdoodle.' You know, they've jist got 'em some new dogs frum over the mountains, and they swore nothin' could lick them hounds, as they wus the best bear dogs in the country. Them dogs went on the trail fightin' mad. The bristles on their necks stood up, and they broke for the woods on the run, hot on the trail. Wal, now, Lang, hit 'twarn't more'n fifteen minutes frum the time them hounds went into the Cove till they wus a-comin' out o' thar a mighty heap faster than they went in. All o' them wus hurt and had their tails between their legs and a howlin' like all the devils on earth wus after them, and one o' them—that big black one, the best one in the bunch—ain't come out o' thar yit. No, sir, he ain't come out o' thar yit; and, what's more, he ain't a-goin' to, nuther."

The old man paused long enough to see what effect this had had on Lang, and, perceiving that that individual was on the

point of wandering off in a discussion of the improbability of this being a matter that could not be explained, continued:

"I allus will belive that Ros got into that trouble because he wus so derned bull-headed and wouldn't pay that sperit the proper respect by stayin' out o' hit's way. Sperits allus know who to hurt, and, what's more, they allus bother the feller who says there ain't no sich thing as them. Now, I tell ye, Lang, some o' these days, if you don't quit that air fool talk o' yourn, some dev'lish spook is a-goin' to turn you wrong side out. Hit's a-goin' to do you a dern sight wuser than that air 'whangdoodle' done Ros. Mark my words, you are a-goin' to see the day when you wished you hadn't been sich a fool 'bout believin' in ghosts."

Lang had no wish to cross the father of the girl he loved, so he said nothing. Old Dave decided that in order to clinch the matter to follow his first success up with a volley of other ghost stories. He had a number at his command, and he told them with a vengeance, now and then adding a little touch of his own to make it all the more horrible. Mary Ann was quite neglected, so she and Lang both thought; for, when it became dark and time for Lang to depart for home, he had to leave without having said more than the customary "howdy" the whole afternoon.

When he, at last, started for his bachelor abode, stories of wierd and uncanny spirits rang in his ears. His mind's eye could see ghostly and awful spooks sneaking up behind him and reaching bony fingers over his shoulders. He could almost feel the clamp of their fleshless fingers as they grasped his shoulders in an iron grip. He could imagine unmerciful creatures as they stuck their skeleton heads around in front of his own. These things went through his mind without his being able to prevent them. Was he beginning to believe in ghosts again?

The night was still, but cloudy. The air was rather cool for July. The moon and stars were hidden behind the thin layer of clouds that spread over the horizon. The sounds of the night came floating through the air with marked clearness.

Far down in the pond by the river, an army of bullfrogs were having a hotly contested try out to determine which of them had the most powerful vocal organs. The katydids and crickets were also adding their part to the concert. Far off in the woods somewhere, a screech owl was sending forth its unearthly calls. The whole creation was in good shape for the roaming of spooks. Lang felt a little nervous. As has been said before, he was afraid of nothing earthly, but old Dave's stories dealt with creatures all-powerful in harming human beings, while themselves incapable of being harmed. Lang tried to control his thoughts. He tried to forget the gruesome tales that still rang in his ears, and think of the pretty face of Mary Ann. For once, that face could not be called up. He had never been nervous like this before. He was fearing that old Dave's words might come true.

A cool wind began to blow. The refreshing breeze somewhat called him back to his senses, and he began to think more clearly. He stopped within a hundred yards of his cabin. He would decide this question right here, now and forever. Was there such a thing as a ghost? Did uncanny spirits roam over the world by night, terrifying people? He studied hard for a minute. All the arguments pro and con passed rapidly through his mind. His old stubbornness began to come back to him. No! There was no such thing as a ghost. He had decided.

So, when Lang entered his little house, he was as determined *not* to believe in ghosts as he was to live as long as he could. He lit a pine torch and started for the one bed room that his two-room cabin contained. Just as he passed into the room, a low growling grunt was heard coming from somewhere in that room. Lang stopped. His hair almost stood straight up. With an effort, he collected himself and awaited. Nothing else happened. After standing there for what seemed an age, Lang placed the torch in its place, sat down on the bed, and began to take off a shoe. He had no sooner got the shoe off, than another grunt, louder and more vehement than the other, was heard. That was certainly under the bed! Lang was a brave man, but it required a mighty effort on his part to

look under that bed. Nevertheless, with a superhuman grip upon himself, Lang forced himself to look. Great guns! What was that? There was something big and black under the bed! And that noise! Lang could no sooner straighten himself than the whole bed began to rise. The thing was getting to its feet. Lang waited no longer. He shot through the door like a streak of lightning. In another second, he was making remarkably swift time down the path he had recently come, despite the fact that he was minus a shoe. Little rocks were thrown up and sticks were broken by the flying feet of the now terrified Lang, and he, being too much excited to tell that *he* was making the noise, naturally came to the conclusion that the "whangdoodle," as he pictured the thing under the bed, was after him and was seeking his life. But Lang, it seemed, was not ready to die as yet. At any rate, it appeared that way. It would probably have taken several "whangdoodles" to overtake this retreating figure. If it were possible for Lang's race to be made over again and his time recorded with a stop-watch, a new record would probably be made.

While Lang was well on his way to old Dave's house, his old sow calmly came out from under the bed. The light was not to her liking, and she had decided to seek new quarters. It seemed that some time during the afternoon, while rooting around under the cabin, that she had come upon a loose board among those forming the floor, and, like all females, being curious, decided to enter. After entering, she awkwardly knocked the board back in its place, thus imprisoning herself. So she had to make the best of a poor situation, and decided to sleep under the bed. Being disturbed by his light, she had thus terrified Lang as described. She now proceeded to walk out of the open door which the late occupant, in a moment of hurry, had carelessly left open.

And so this was Lang's ghost! It was almost as bad a ghost as that in Wilkie's Cove, which, after all, turned out to be only a stray panther that had been seen as "a thing with long, silky hair" by Rosco's ghost-prejudiced eyes. N., '19.

To———————

'Twas but a short five weeks ago
When happiness was mine;
You seemed to care a bit for me,
My heart, my all, was thine.

Once each few days the postman brought
A letter here to me.
My heart, it gave a bound of joy—
My letter came from thee.

How eagerly I opened it
And read your letter o'er.
The second time more slowly read,
And then again once more.

How oft my heart did gladdened be
By few small words of cheer.
I once dared ask if you loved me—
No answer came, my dear.

One time I thought that all was o'er,
A "date" you had denied me;
But when your explanation came,
My heart could not then chide thee.

I took you at your given word,
And with great joy forgave thee,
And thought that, since 'twas safe again,
You'd never more forsake me.

Each day I've waited for the mail,
My hope revived anew;
But since I wrote and quite forgave
There's been no word from you.

For many days I've waited now;
My wait has been in vain.
It seems that nevermore, my dear,
I'll hear from you again.

In spite of all that I can do,
I still dream, dear, of you;
But yet these dreams are fancyings
That never can be true.

In all the future years, my dear,
God's blessings be on thee!
But o'er my pipe I'll still dream dreams
Of that which cannot be.

1—'17.

Patience—"Jim was in that accident, and they say his carburator and crank shaft were badly damaged."

Prudence—"Gracious! How painful that sounds! I hope he will soon recover."

President Wilson—A Sketch

THE MOST salient character of today in the world of affairs is not found amid the rolling thunder of the mighty Krupp, with its infernal hail of bursting lead and steel, the flash of steel, the hellish murder, the spattering of brain, and the cries of the wounded. He who is the foremost is in every sense of the word a general, though not the Hindenburg type of a general, but a general, a leader of his people in a noble and broad way for their individual rights and for the preservation of the laws of humanity. He won his place as the leader of his people by his high-mindedness, commanding ability, broad vision, fineness of spirit, and championship of the rights of the people; because he is a hater of autocracy and the consistent foe of the special privilege, namely, the "bosses." There is an old saying that a prophet is without honor save in his own country and among his people, and that the immediate age is incapable of judging its great men. Rarely, indeed, does a man, an ideal leader, rise above this maxim and is acknowledged to be the great man of his day. But it so happened.

Today the man whom America is proud of, whom mothers, wives, and sweethearts look up in thankfulness to for having saved their men, the man who has honorably steered the ship of state safely through the troubled waters of the great war, is Woodrow Wilson. Let us sketch briefly his career.

His hereditary qualifications bear to the square inch as much strength as any President of the past. He is Scotch-Irish. Both his parent-lineage were prominent for literary and church life. His father, the Rev. Joseph R. Wilson, was a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, who was many years a professor of the theological seminary at Columbia, S. C., and closed his career in the Southwestern Theological Seminary, Clarksville, Tennessee. During the Civil War, Rev. Joseph R. Wilson lived in Augusta, where he accepted the sacrifices of his parishioners and administered to their needs by the meagre profits he eked out of his well cultivated garden

in the rear of his home. His mother, Jessie Woodrow, came of Scottish ancestors who were prominent in the church affairs of their land. His grandfather was a lawyer, a judge, and one of the foremost newspaper men of his day. The influence of the *Western Herald,* edited by Judge James Wilson, was no small power in the Democratic party in Ohio.

The education of the Wilson boy was not forced. Rather, it was one of long duration and thoroughness. The advantages of the best tutors and schools, with the help of his father's training and books in his father's library, were his. At the age of about eighteen, he entered Davidson College, the Presbyterian college of North Carolina, at Davidson, where he remained one year. At this time Davidson's opportunities for a larger course of study were limited; hence, the ambitious youth, thirsting for greater advantages of a higher education, entered Princeton University in 1875. Here he graduated four years later with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, with the rank of forty-first in a class of one hundred and twenty-two. But his rank as a leader of his fellows began at the start: he was very active in his sports; he was the editor of the *Princetonian,* and at commencement was looked upon to be a very promising writer, having had the honor of publishing in the *International Review,* an important magazine, an article on "How Congress Should Legislate." It was the cry of a student against the secret atmosphere, in which way the legislation was carried on in Congress. He advocated full publicity at every point in the law-making—right here began the germ of a political reformer.

Next we find the Wilson boy taking a two-year law course at the University of Virginia, where he captured the Thomas Jefferson Literary Society medal and made himself the best recognized debater in the university.

His law career was a brief one. He began to practice in Atlanta; but the desire of study and research work was so great that he gave up his law practice after two years and entered Johns Hopkins University. Here, in recognition of his thesis on "Congressional Government," he took his Ph. D.

degree. With this thesis, his career as a writer was made. It was so great a literary production that a large number of colleges and universities adopted the book as their text-book.

His career as an educator began immediately after receiving his Ph. D. degree. He was elected to the chair of Political Science in Bryn Mawr College, where he taught with great success three years. Here he helped to organize the course of study, multiplying the number of instructors, and bringing them into an intimate relationship with the students. From Bryn Mawr he went to the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, to teach History and Political Economy. By this time his fame as a public speaker and a lecturer had so grown that he acted as the leading lecturer on the lecturing staff of Johns Hopkins faculty. He was in constant demand for addresses on most all kinds of public questions throughout the country. Because of his success as an efficient and learned educator, he was elected to the professorship of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in his alma mater in 1890. During the twelve years as a professor, he labored steadily to make the institution flourish. He succeeded so well that in 1902 he became the president. He immediately reformed and completely systematized four well-defined courses leading to as many degrees. Princeton at this period was very undemocratic. The upper classes had fraternities or clubs. For the first two years the underclassmen were sought out, and when they became Juniors their fates were known. By this system, more than half of the students were shut out. President Wilson saw this was very undemocratic. He introduced the "Quad" system, which divided the university into quadrangles, each "Quad" composed of a definite number of boys. Under his leadership, the university flourished and grew and became more prosperous than ever before because of the constructive genius of its leader.

In 1910, when the people's eyes of New Jersey were turned toward the gubernatorial race, a cry went up that this sort of a man was the man to lead them in their fight out in the world of political affairs. He resigned his presidency and

was elected Governor of New Jersey. For over half a century this State had lacked the virile means to exert her political independence. The "political bosses" had carried both the governor's and the legislative business their own way. Did they with Governor Wilson? Ah! Did their miscalculated "scholar in politics" yield to them an iota? Did he violate the faith of his people? Let us see some of the legislation he brought about. The first thing he did he stimulated the legislature-men to the full consciousness of their grave responsibilities. As a result, he had enacted the most remarkable legislative program ever a single legislative session has enacted. Because the "bosses" felt his cold steel and the legislature-men were awakened to the needs of the State there were put on the statute books:

"The first real primary law; an adequate public utility law; employers' liability law; an efficient practice at arts, many humanitarian reform laws—especially that of the cold storage of ten months limit; the substitution of undeterminate sentences for criminal offences; rectification of false weights and measures; reorganization of the State's school system; the abolition of contract labor in our penal institutions; laws of interest for the blind; regulation of age employment, safety, health, and work hours of persons in mercantile employments; an act for safeguarding buildings against fire; a law forcing railway employers to pay employees twice monthly; a law extending civil service to the State, county, and municipality employees; an optional commission form of government act for cities, known as the Galveston plan."

What politician has such a record? This was not all. This was only the preparation of America's greatest chief executive; for the hand of Fortune reached out and beckoned him to a higher statesmanship.

He has served nearly one term as the President of the United States. The next election time is drawing nearer. Is the President stronger or weaker than he was three years ago, when he became our President? Has the attrition of the executive office made him any less an effective figure than he ap-

peared when he was fresh from his victory over the New Jersey bosses? His record will tell if he has failed in his purpose and the purpose of his party.

He has introduced into the American politics one definite idea. From the election to governor of New Jersey throughout his office as governor and up to the present date, he has carried the outstanding determination of representing his people. He has raised and advanced the political morality to the highest plane: some Presidents wavered and conciliated; others stormed and blew hot air; but none save President Wilson has ever, straight and decisive, led the ship of state such a true course. He clearly saw the tendency to bossism power in Congress and the lack of co-operation between the President and Congress. These he checked, because he felt himself the one man in public life whom the people of forty-eight States had elected to represent them. By his decisive aloofment of bosses and political intrigue and by his legitimate course, he has given his office a new and high dignity. He has succeeded magnificently by exerting his power and leadership.

To his credit, and to his country's good, there is on the national statute books:

"A regenerated currency system; the Underwood tariff act, which fulfills the Democratic promise; the income tax, passed along with the tariff bill—a greater step for direct taxation; the federal reserve act, a great piece of constructive legislation on finance which alone would make notable in history the Wilson administration—the greatest act of this nature since the Civil War—and made effective by the wise selection of its members; the Clayton anti-trust measure, creating a federal trade commission, making the Sherman act easier to be enforced, and preventing the interlocking of directorates; the repeal of the exemption of our coast vessels from paying toll at the Panama Canal—thus creating a reputation with our South American neighbors."

In his international relations, he has proven to the world what inviolability of treaties mean. He has made Germany

and other nations of the great war acknowledge the rights of the laws of humanity, and has scored a greater diplomatic victory than any statesman of his day. He has refused to take advantage of revolution-ridden Mexico and remove the people's independence by not lending an ear to jingoism. So far as effective, he has allowed Mexico to solve her own problem her own way. With South American nations, he also has strengthened the bonds of fellowship and has launched his Pan-American confederation, which, like President Monroe's doctrine, proclaimed nearly a century ago, that has brought peace and prosperity to the nations in the New World more than any other single act of statesmanship, has made the first step toward the league of all nations. This confederation of nations in the Western Hemisphere would virtually mean all disputes of territorial aggrandizement amicably arbitrated, all revolutions suppressed by the members of the league, and the intellectual and commercial advancement of the weakest nation or state promoted. Very ably and rightly he stood up, and with the force of his personality and prestige of his position has shown Congress the true significance of this merchantman controversy.

Apart from the regular executive duties, his daily life is worth the looking into. He is "punctuality" itself in keeping appointments. His memory is exact and accurate—so well that he can at a moment's notice put his hand on or direct one to the innumerable files of important papers kept in the executive office. At home, he is a great lover of jokes and limericks, with which he entertains his home. The home is one of refinement and happiness. Love of fun always takes a free course to lessen the strain of each member of the family. To summarize, the most dominant habits of his everyday life we find: punctuality, exactness, the incessant search for information, the knowledge that a little sentiment mixed with human emotions play a great part in the driest routine of the executive duties, the ability as a rapid thinker and one of the greatest, extraordinary mental alertness, which is the product of his habitual exercise of his mind.

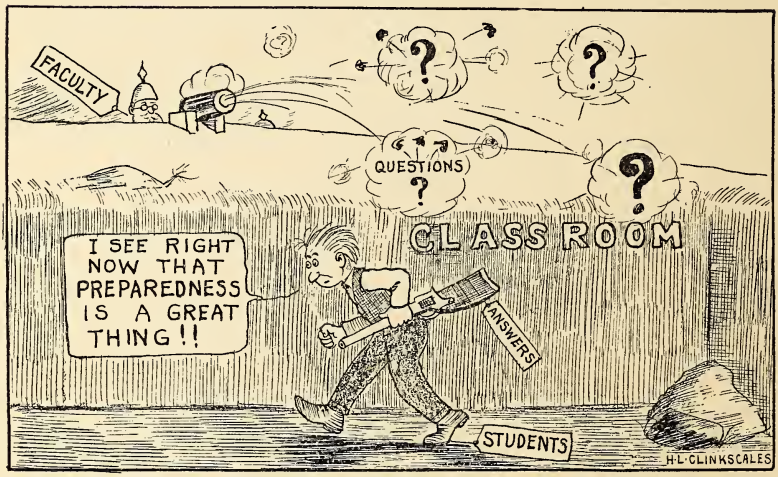
The future student of history and political economy shall not only find the President a trained economist and sociologist, but one of America's greatest historians and men of letters. He shall find him a voluminous writer, and among the greatest of his works the "State," written while a professor at Wesleyan University. So great was the success of this book that no less than one hundred universities and colleges adopted it as the standard text, and even Oxford, England, included it in the curricula. The future historian shall read also with great profit "Division of Reunion," "An Old Master and Other Political Essays," "Mere Literature and Life of Washington." The one work which makes the President rank among the great historians is his "History of the American People," in five volumes. So great was his success with this that it was one of the causes for him to be elected president of Princeton. These and many other books of the voluminous writer will be the great inheritance of American literature. What patriot, politician, or historian, or economist, or statesman has an equal achievement? Has America a politician of a nobler and truer type that can arouse the spirit of nationalism and patriotism in his people better than the President?

The man, whom his own age has seen clean, high-minded, risen above all party levels and co-operated with clean, public-spirited men of other parties, vigorous, vigilant, careful and prudent, the protector of legitimate interests and the champion of the rights of humanity for its own sake, now pronounces him *Great!* He is eminently notable for his commanding ability, broad vision, greatness and genuine fineness of spirit. When censured for having changed his opinion on the national defense system, he replied: "The minute I stop changing my mind as a President, with the changes of circumstances in the world, I will be a back number."

What man in high political life is so far above the level of prejudices that he is susceptible as an Aeolian harp to the immediate changes of his world, free from all party or prejudical thoughts? Ah! me thinks the future annalist or scribe, seeing the President honored and acknowledged the

great man of his day by all parties, will put the name of Woodrow Wilson on the roll of America's greatest chief executives. J. B. R.

IN THE TRENCHES



Gleanings from Life

AFTER the Franco-Prussian War, in 1870, Blanchard Allard, a young and talented French general, who had figured conspicuously in that war, migrated to America and settled at Fort Hill, S. C., in 1875. He was of a noble French family, highly educated, and a military genius. He became a citizen of the United States, and in 1880 wedded Virginia Sellwood, a very accomplished lady and a native of old Virginia. Mr. and Mrs. Allard made their home at Fort Hill, where Mr. Allard owned a large and attractive farm. When Clemson College was founded, in '89, Mr. Allard became military instructor, a place he filled very efficiently.

In 1889, the Allard home rejoiced, for there was born into it a fine boy-heir, George Allard. The babe was the jewel of the home and the center of happiness. Unwilling to trust the boy's education to any tutor, the parents assumed that responsibility. George grew rapidly, and was extremely precocious. Guided by such cultured parents, his education progressed rapidly. At the age of ten, he was a robust, hardy youth, possessing a fine head of raven-black hair, and a well-proportioned physique. His environment—the balmy air, the big farm well stocked with cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, geese, and horses, the huge forests teeming with all sorts of game, the beautiful river that wended its way through the farm, the myriads of wild flowers peeping up everywhere, and congenial fellowship—was such that lavishly gratified every sense of a human being. After George had learned to ride, his father gave him a beautiful black horse and a fine saddle.

Then it was that real joy and pleasure began; for each morning George rode with his father over the farm. His father, being a lover and a keen observer of nature, let no opportunity pass to develop this already manifested instinct in his son. He was not only a good father, but also a bosom friend and comrade to his son. George's afternoons were spent in study and reciting. His main studies were agriculture,

music, English, French, mathematics, and military tactics. His progress was wonderful.

After supper in the evenings, the Allard home was a little paradise of pleasure and entertainment. Games were played and fine music was rendered by the mother. The father told stories of his boyhood days in France, of the Franco-Prussian War, and of the wrongs the French suffered at the hands of Germany. The mother, too, told the story of the terrible Civil War and of the suffering which the South bore with such fortitude. His parents were walking-storehouses of knowledge, to which George went for daily food. The instinct of patriotism and the fighting spirit was timely led and developed, the result of which was a more arduous study of military tactics.

Then, another instinct began to show and develop—the desire for and the association with the opposite sex, which normal desire culminated in the better acquaintance with a neighbor girl, Lucile Sloan. The Sloans were wealthy, and also descended from the French Huguenots. The best governess that money could procure was now training Lucile in every phase of life, but especially in art, language, and music. Very soon, George and Lucile were riding, dancing, singing, rowing, and playing tennis together, accompanied by the governess. Both were launching out into a new field of pleasure and joy—a field ever afterwards destined to be well explored. Lucile was now fifteen, and George, sixteen.

At this age, he entered Clemson College, and threw himself energetically into all phases of college activity. He was Clemson's star player in baseball and football, being instrumental in capturing many games from Carolina. He not only stood for clean athletics, but he played a clean game. He was a first grade man in all his work, but specialized in civil engineering and military tactics. At the age of eighteen, he was captain of his company, a place he filled with distinction and honor till he graduated in June, 1909. He won a scholarship at West Point, for which place he was to leave on September 1, to be gone from Lucile and home for a space of two years.

A young man of twenty, he stood five feet ten inches, was erect, weighed 160 pounds, had a clear eye, was well mannered and well-spoken, possessed a fine head of raven-black hair, and had well-knit and firm muscles. Lucile, now a young woman of nineteen, possessed a tall and well-rounded figure, a firm but elastic step, beautiful brown eyes, a fair complexion, and a profusion of black-brown hair. She was graceful, intelligent, kind, and gentle almost to a fault. She was one whom to look at was to love. Unconsciously, their personalities became each other's ideal. They imitated, idealized, and idolized each other. Without knowing it, their lives had become as blended as the air they breathed, and each life seemed a vast necessity of heart and life to the other. They seemed born to love each other.

In two more days, George was to leave for West Point. It was August 29, and Saturday night. That night he was to go to see Lucile, and she was sitting on the big porch listening for the familiar clinking sounds of a horse's feet one mile away. "That's George's horse," she said, and her heart beat a bit more rapidly.

She arose, and greeted him in the same characteristic manner, "How are you?" which never failed to ring in her ears till he saw her again. The air was warm, but balmy, and they took a seat in the lawn swing near the big magnolia. The big moon smiled and kissed them gently in the face. The heaven above was sown with silver stars. Sweet Venus kept a twinkling, and shot his arrow true. The little sparrows twittered and scrambled for places in the magnificent magnolia. The owl screamed from afar; the whip-poor-will sang his soothing lay in the wood nearby; the mocking-bird, not weary of his day's singing, contributed his low and soft melody; and the crickets chirped from their cosy nooks—all seemingly for their pleasure. The Seneca, wending its way around the foot of the hill and through the big bottoms, greeted them with its continual hum. A sweet odor from the newly-mown hay was wafted through the evening breeze. They listened—they were silent—they were wrapt in thought.

But George broke the golden silence, and said, " 'Tis heaven to be here. I'm so happy. The sweetness of your presence pervades my very soul. From your association, I derive an inspiration that lifts me ever onward and upward. For your sake, I live and work and study, and I trust that some day I shall feel myself worthy of your confidence."

The summer breeze sweetly and nimbly caressed her pretty locks. She felt a knot climb in her throat, and for a moment did not speak. Then she looked up at him, and from her eyes he received a fair speechless message. Composing herself, she replied, "Behind your words I know that there is a sincerity as clear as the flower-born dew."

" 'Tis hard to part from you, Lucile; but my motives are pure and clear, and will be conducive to my ultimate welfare and future happiness, as well as that of Others. We must sacrifice some in life. Guided by the experiences of a dear father and mother, and by my ambition to be a greater force for good to my country, I think and see my way clear. I know you will agree, for you are always reasonable."

"You are prompted by the highest of motives, and it would be folly to oppose your ambition. I want you to know that my sympathy is always with you, and that it makes me happier when you engage in such activities as shall augment the excellence of your nature, and render you, already intelligent, yet more intelligent."

Promptly at 10:30, George promised to spend his last day with her, and left. He patted his beautiful horse gently, mounted, and rode slowly homeward, wrapt in thoughts sublime that pierced the night like stars. Yet there was peace in his heart, and he was happy; for he believed that she committed her gentle spirit to him to be directed. The sweet emotion of love stirred his whole being.

At ten o'clock Monday, August 31, he was again by Lucile's side. The day was a typical summer day, and all "went as merry as a marriage bell." Dinner over, Lucile and George repaired to their favorite seat—the lawn swing. They revelled in each other's presence, exchanging vows of friendship

and love. Two sympathetic hearts and natures had come in touch with each other, and each heart unlocked its treasures to the other. The fervent flame of human love stirred their souls.

Black, angry, "curdled clouds had built up in the west under a roof of doleful grey." The evening larks dipped in and out of the dark cloud as they sang their evening lays. The shower came on, driving the lovers into the large parlor. After the shower, the beautiful sunshine thrust his beams into every nook and corner, and the trees and rosebuds sparkled with raindrops. She sang for him two compositions of her own, "My Old Clemson Home" and "My Friend Far Away." These little ballads touched responsive chords in his heart, and after congratulating her, he asked her if he might have a copy of each.

The big red sun now stood but a few minutes above the horizon, and it was time to leave—to leave for an absence of two long years. Both faces were pale, and both hearts beat with rapid strokes. Each faced the other, but were silent. Their eyes met, but their lips moved not. Her bosom heaved with a sudden storm of sighs. He embraced her tenderly, and "their spirits rushed together at the touching of their lips." "His blood at her touch took gayer colors like an opal warmed." Still holding her in his arms, he spoke in low accents, "Only be true, and I'll come back to you." Thought responded to thought, will to will, heart to heart, and each viewed the other in the bright miracle of human love.

She still clung to his hand. Her face was now fairer than ever, and her eyes "gleamed sweetly behind her tears like sunlight on the plain behind a shadow." She spoke in a tender voice, "George, I wish for you all possible success; I hope you will continue to be such a good boy as you are now. My heart, my hopes, and my prayers are all with you."

She waved her handkerchief at him as long as she could see him. The sun went down with a flaming ray, and the dear friends had parted. But it left a thought big and strong, with a wish that was kind and true; for it had been a perfect day.

That night she tried to sleep; but all night long "his face lived before her."

As the blue sky turned more softly grey, and the great watch stars shut up their holy eyes, and the east began to kindle, he boarded train No. 12 at Calhoun Station, left behind him all that was dear—and was gone.

At West Point, he was popular, and won the respect of both the faculty and students. Immediately, he was down at hard work, the result of which was that he stood at the head of his class. But his thought and affection for Lucile never waned, and he wrote to her frequently. That they loved each other tenderly, steadfastly, and devotedly is shown by the following excerpts from their letters:

West Point, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1910.

My Dearest Lucile:—

Your good letter is a gem to me. It has cheered me lots, and has made me happy. The sweetness of your influence is upon my heart as I am thinking of you and the past. . . . All the scenes of my pleasant hours spent with you, all the sweet and lovely things you have said and done, crowd back into my heart and memory—while in this mood, nothing could tempt me to impurity. With every fiber of my being, with every throb of my heart, with every emotion of my soul, I love you, and always will.

Devotedly,
George.

Clemson College, S. C., Dec. 25, 1910.

My Dearest George:—

Surely nothing could have taken the place of your dear letter. It was my very best Christmas gift. Many times during the day my mind goes out to you, whom I love best. Many a time during the night when I awake, my first thoughts are of you; and those hours are beloved sleepless hours. . . . Mr.

and Mrs. Allard are spending Christmas Day with us. Everything is pleasant, but how I long for your presence!

With love, and volumes of good wishes, I am,

Your

Lucile.

The time simply lagged for George till June, 1911, when he was speeding on a train that would take him back again to the home and the girl that he loved best.

How happy he was to get back home again! Everything about the farm gave him pleasure. And that afternoon he was to go to see Lucile. As he shut the gate and walked toward the doorsteps, he heard familiar footsteps in the hall. Lucile was the first one to him, and close behind were her parents. It was as if the prodigal had returned. All were as gay and happy as a mocking-bird. George was enamoured, and his eyes followed Lucile wherever she went, for her beautiful form and her sweet young womanhood sufficed to fan the flame of human love in his heart.

"Why, Lucile, you are just as pretty—if not prettier—than ever. And you have made wonderful strides in music. Although two years bring about many little changes in one's life, yet to me you are the same dear girl; and I love you in the same old way."

At these remarks, a thrill shot like lightning through Lucile, resulting in a blush that made her face look as if she had the measles. But she was happy and merry.

"There are many little changes in you, too, George. You have developed the perfect air and deportment of the soldier about whom I read the other day. He was an ideal soldier and man, even as you are. I'd say you are good looking were I not afraid that it would spoil you. But, after all, you are the same to me."

Then they strolled over the big lawn, for he was eager to see all the old familiar places, and to get a view of the old Seneca that rolled on placidly and majestically at the foot of

the hill. Nothing escaped him—every rose, every violet and daisy bed had received due attention. Tired of strolling, they took a seat on a bench by the old magnolia. There it was that the experiences of two long years were told, and the tender tale of love and constancy were rejuvenated. Both hearts were glad, for in their bosoms love was lord.

Thus the summer was so pleasantly passed. But for them it had flitted by like the shadow of a tiny summer cloud. It was August 31, and George was spending his last afternoon with Lucile. Two more long, lagging years were to pass ere he saw her again.

He was reluctant to leave. And lingering, he said, "You are the very sunshine of my life. You cause me to take a brighter and brighter view of life. You are the vast necessity of my heart and life. Too swift the time flies when you are near, and too slow when we are apart. The time is at hand. Good-bye, dear girl. Be brave and true."

Two years passed, with their usual hard work and trials. He graduated from West Point, and returned to Clemson to be commandant. He was very efficient. His brain was as serene and orderly as a cash register; one almost expected to hear it click. He had every boy's interest at heart, and tried to know them personally, in order that he might be able to help them face squarely the problems of college students. He was popular and much loved, and under his direction, duty was a privilege. Thus passed another year. Lucile was as happy and as fresh as the new-born rosebud, for she thought that George would ever be near her.

But this was not to be, for the outbreak of the European war, August 4, 1914, greatly influenced the young soldier. It was now that the war stories told him by his father in his youth began to bear fruit. His blood danced in him at the outrages inflicted upon Belgium by the Germans, and at the attack on his father's country. His father's people were prominent in governmental circles, and repeatedly urged the young soldier to come over and help save France. It was the ideal of George's life to serve humanity wherever oppressed.

And the principles for which the Germans contended were very antagonistic to his sensitive soul. He was a man of quick but not hasty decision, a man in whom there was a delicate and keen sense of honor. He decided to go, and rode immediately to Lucile's home.

"Lucile, my dear girl, France demands my services. To refuse them a helping hand is to me nothing short of dishonor and cowardice. Where duty calls me, there I must go! I do not approve of war for war's sake, but it is a matter of conscience and a sense of duty that prompts me to go. And I must go. But I want you to know fully that to part with you is renunciation, and not an easy preference."

For a time Lucile could not speak, and her face turned a deathly pale. Her heart almost burst with sudden grief; for her hope to have him always near her was now blighted. She knew that George was resolved, and that if he had decided to go, he was prompted by the highest of motives. But she could not refrain from opposing his decision, and she said, "George, I do not want you to go. I can't give you up; for I fear you'll never get back to me alive. Will you leave me alone?"

"But, Lucile, you can't understand it, I know. But it is a matter of conscience and honor, and I must go! 'I could not love thee, Love, so much, loved I not honor more.' "

"Yes, George, I do understand. But I don't want you to leave me. I will bear it; for I believe in your sincerity. And if you believe it is your duty as you see it, go!"

"I thank you for your confidence in me, Lucile; and for it, I pledge my love by leaving my signet with you. I'll come back to you, and then all will be well."

"George, I shall look and wait and watch for your return. I will ask God to take care of you. My heart, my hopes, and my prayers are all with you."

With these words, she uttered a "little tender dolorous cry," and leaned her head on his breast. It was now time to go—"a madness of farewells." He brushed back from her burning forehead her pretty black-brown curls, planted a farewell kiss on her lips, and was gone.

Poor girl! His departure was the "one dagger of her mind." The agony of longing and fear for his safety wilted her like the scorching sun does a beautiful, fresh, delicate violet. She loved him with a love as deep and changeless as death.

Seven weeks passed ere she heard from him. He was now at Verdun, and held a responsible place on General Joffre's staff. He now wrote to Lucile every day, and his letters were warm and affectionate. His courage, bravery, and efficiency were such that General Joffre intrusted to his direction important assaults on the German lines. His bearing won the confidence and respect of the men whom he led, and charged their hearts with an indomitable spirit. Lucile read the war dispatches daily, and she was proud of her George. But one day a dispatch brought sad news: "The French were repulsed with heavy loss after trying repeatedly to batter down the German defense. Colonel Allard was wounded, taken prisoner, and is probably dead."

The poor girl read it, sank back into her armchair, and turned ghostly pale. She pointed her mother to the fatal lines, but for a time she could not speak, for "in her bosom pain was lord."

"Alas for me! My good days are done! My heart is torn with grief, and the miserable gnawing of disappointment saps my life!"

One month, two months passed, and she did not get a line from him. The German officials refused any communication, and reports from French officials only corroborated the first dispatch. She pined, agonized, and often said to herself, "Though he be dead, yet let me think he lives, and feed my mind, that dies for want of him!"

For her those days were awful days—mornings that brought nothing but grief, and evenings, nothing but sleepless nights. But the last ray of hope had not vanished, and she prayed God to save her absent lover, and send him back to her. Thus, the poor tender heart went on beating and longing and hoping and trusting.

The Allards in France used every means possible to effect George's release. Finally, they got a definite dispatch from Germany saying that he would be exchanged with the understanding that he should not render further service to the French. The terms were accepted, and he was transferred to Paris, where he was given the best of medical attention. He immediately cabled Lucile, for he knew that she was in suspense:

Feb. 5, 1916.

Dearest Lucile:—

Still weak from wound, but extremely happy over release. Will be able to take passage next week on White Liner. Will land at Charleston about middle of March.

Your
George.

How happy she was! The world was now brighter. She revived like a withered morning-glory after a summer shower. She was on the wharf at Charleston on the day that the White Liner was to arrive. She saw it in the distance, and as it drew nearer, her heart beat more rapidly, for she feared that her George would not be on it. When it landed, George was the first one to cross the gang-plank. He took her into his arms, their lips met, and joy reigned in their hearts; for he had come back to her to remain till death should part them. They arrived at Clemson on March 25, and on April 1, 1916, the wedding bells rang merrily, and two happy hearts beat as one.

G. W. PALMER, '16.

Written by a Senior

Freshmen all, it does seem ages
Up the stony flights of time,
Till the "dip" of long felt wanting
In your hands will rest sublime.
But the years are short, and quickly
Pass away, to come no more.
Yours they are to make the best of,
Though they seem four score and four.

Better make the best of each one;
You'll regret each one of sin,
For the saddest of all adage
Is the one, "It might have been."

You will read this "soft" epistle,
And you'll laugh it all away,
Saying, "Pretty nutty, that guy,
Throwing all his time away
Writing such a line of 'hot air'
That I've heard from day to day,
Old men with their aged advices,
College men who've had their say."

Time alone will show your error,
Time which waits for none today
In this world of hearts so broken,
Plans of true hearts thrown away.
And the truth will dawn upon you
That the Senior writing this,
After all, was not so foolish,
Neither was he "fool" or "sis."

And you'll see this "dippy" writer
Didn't heed the aged men,
With their counsels and advices,
But he'd go his gait, and then

He would show them how so foolish
Were advices worn and torn;
That he'd do as he deemed wisest,
Prove them wrong and laughed to scorn.

Maybe you will see the hardships,
Struggling through a Senior year;
Forty hours of work to master,
Dreaming not of wine or beer.
And the backwork piled upon him,
No foundation for his work;
Far into the night oft toiling,
Never time to rest or shirk.

Maybe you will read this sanely,
Maybe you will laugh and jest;
But you'll find that, in the long run,
"Zim's" few words were maybe best.

Useless Ugliness

UMAN society, as well as the individual human mind, seems to have the faculty of keeping before it ever-changing ideals. So soon as one ideal is attained others take its place, leading society on in the continual march of progress. New social standards are set, usually higher than the preceding ones; new laws are made to meet new conditions and suppress new evils; new customs are formed; and new conceptions of the Divine are gained.

The ideals followed are not always right ideals, just as individuals are not always guided by the proper motives. Some of them are followed until society realizes its mistake and turns away from that which is clearly seen to be a shadow, or, worse still, a positively misleading influence.

The leading industrial ideal in our country has been for years, and still is, financial success. The man who gets ahead in the business world, who builds up a fortune, is sure of recognition by all the elements around him. If he makes a marked success, even in the most honest way, he sets himself up as a mark for vituperation and false criticism; but, nevertheless, he holds the golden key which will open the gates to all the world's advancement for him. There is a measure of justice in this, for success against the keen competition of the present world is an achievement, if gained honestly. The overwhelming importance attached to it, however, has no foundation in right. There are other and higher motives which are relegated in our minds out of deference to this ruling ideal. Men who push to the front in other lines are overlooked. Those who sacrifice themselves in the cause of humanity and service are given secret honor. In this, at least, we have adopted a false ideal.

In a country which is comparatively new and marvelously rich, it is but natural that we should have been misled by such a conception of success. When every one is devoting himself whole-heartedly to the task of amassing a comfortable

sum of this world's goods, it is not strange that this should have been fixed in our minds as the one desirable end to be gained. We had not time to stop and consider our higher interests. Cities and towns grew up as if by magic, while comfort, beauty, and social welfare were given no thought; the thing to be done was to make it possible to make more dollars and cents. Our virgin forests were cleared away, no care being taken for the interests of future generations; our natural resources exploited in the most wasteful manner.

The chief wrongs the following of such an ideal bring are the robbing us of the desire for the more lasting joys of life and the suffering it entails upon the unfortunate ones who are unable to keep up the struggle successfully. He who loves beauty and order is appalled at the unsightliness of our cities. True, the best residence sections are passably good, but they only form small, segregated districts in the case of most of our larger towns and cities. The narrow streets, with their odors and filth, the crowded, dirty tenements, the smoking furnaces and ill-kept manufacturing plants rights in the midst of the districts occupied by the poor, the lack of order and arrangement of the streets, the absence of parks and playgrounds, where the children may get a glimpse of the blue sky and a breath of fresh air, the presence in the midst of the best districts of unsightly buildings—all these things reveal a lack of proper forethought and a need of different ideals on the part of the people. Sometimes we find a little garden spot in the very midst of such conditions, where some one who has a taste for the beautiful and orderly has tried to dispel the gloom by putting care and attention upon their little plot, but it is so overshadowed by the surrounding ugliness that it is disheartening, and only shows the futility of such efforts until the general mind is awakened.

The heart of a sensitive person longs for beauty and the opportunity to live normally. It cares not whether the viands on the table are the richest and the clothing of the best. Life is of a much more enduring substance than the mere enjoyment of physical pleasures. The soul needs inspiration and

the fellowship of kindred minds. Perhaps our meaning will be clearer seen from a short extract from a conversation with an immigrant who has lived in this country for several years. He expresses in few words the fundamental lack of American life. He says: "In Belgium, I had my little home in the country, surrounded by green fields, and everything was pleasant. In Belgium, my children respected their parents, kissed the hands of my wife and myself, and addressed us as 'Father' and 'Mother.' I had my friends. We had our fete days, and life was pleasant. In this country, I receive three times the wage. I live in a dark flat in the dirty city of Pittsburgh. My children treat me with contempt; they call my wife 'Mom' and me 'Pop.' I have friends, but I must meet them in saloons reeking of beer and liquors; my sole amusement is limited to moving pictures; I have none of the pleasures of life; therefore, I will go back to Belgium." It is hard to express the vague and almost indefinable thing which we need. Perhaps it is what such an idealist as Ruskin would call "art." But the spirit is clearly inferred from the words of this foreigner. We need to take time and to take pains to live.

Instead of making merely material things in greater abundance, we might do well to learn how to properly use those we already have. At any rate, the sum total of human happiness would be greatly increased by such a diversion of our interests. Instead of making our children bread-winners so soon as they can ply the loom, we would be working for their better interests by letting them go without quite so much bread and have a little more childhood; instead of a large, uncouth tenement house, folks might do better to suffice with a modest cottage and a little more fresh air, sunshine, and flowers; instead of the fat pay envelope at the end of the week, human beings might find more happiness in shorter hours, better conditions, and more congenial surroundings, albeit the envelope may not be so heavy. Why consume our capacity for pleasure and the better things of life in the intense struggle to gain things to satisfy that capacity? It would seem that our efforts are useless. Surely it is time for us to realize this.

Happily, some progress has been made in the right direction. Nowadays, our city officials are giving more attention to beauty and cleanliness. Park commissions and commissions having charge of public playgrounds are part of the official staffs of many of our cities. New buildings must meet certain requirements before they are permitted to be erected. New streets are made wider and more orderly. The trend in general is upward.

One of the notable examples of improvement along this line is the great improvement shown in the construction and maintenance of many of our manufacturing villages. Really ideal homes are constructed for the employees, and care is taken that they be kept in first class condition. Many of them are still merely a collection of cheerless houses placed in rows on the bare hillsides, but many are well-kept and beautiful villages of neat cottages. Credit for this must be given to those who own the villages, for, sad to say, many of the people, even when placed in the midst of such an encouraging environment, manifest insufficient care to plant the flowers and care for the premises which are necessary to make real homes.

When personal tastes are cultivated sufficiently, we may hope to have better suroundings, for, after all, if sufficient interest were shown by the people at large improper conditions could not exist. We are largely the masters of our own destiny, even in such matters as these. When we really want better things, we can have them. What we need is a better aesthetic instinct, a taste for the better things, an awakening of our inner natures. J. E. E., '16.

WOFFORDISMS

Latin is a dead language. Wonder if women talked it to death?

* * *

We have yet to see college students in real life like they are in reel life.

* * *

A lot of fellows get dizzy when love makes the world go 'round.

* * *

AIN'T IT, THOUGH?

It's too darn hot
To write more'n a line;
But, gee! ain't this
Here spring time fine?

* * *

A fellow with the goods needs no letter of introduction.

* * *

Does the "grindstone of life" polish you or wear you away?

Every once in a great while one runs across that contemptible wretch who knocks his college and everything pertaining to it.

* * *

Some things are over done when they are done over.

* * *

What has become of the o. f. ball games whose scores used to be about 50 to 30?

* * *

Before marriage, men catch women in their arms; after marriage—in their pockets.

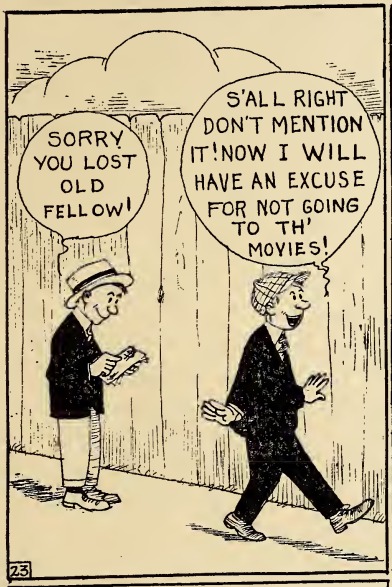
* * *

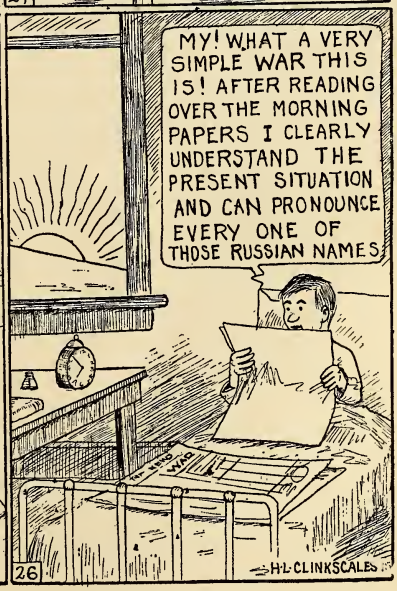
Then, there's that young hickey who comes up and, after nearly breaking your back with a blow, exclaims: "I'm glad to see yer back!"

* * *

Wofford men support Wofford advertisers.

THINGS WE NEVER SAY





Wofford College Journal

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Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

Subscription per year, $1.50; single copies, 20 cents.

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WALTER W. DANIEL.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
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I. P. A.

One of the most foremost questions of the day, and one that must be decided sooner or later, is prohibition. Various ways have been used in dealing with this matter, but about the most formidable means now is the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association.

Our leaders have come to the conclusion that if the generation now growing up and receiving training in our colleges catches a true vision of the opportunity that lies before it, prohibition will rapidly succeed. Most of the leaders in the important enterprises of the day are college graduates. In fact, only one man in a hundred receives a college education, and this indicates what responsibility rests upon the chosen few. The purpose of the I. P. A. is to educate our leaders to the fact that we must have prohibition, that the situation rests in their hands and warrants their enlistment.

While our own State, South Carolina, has declared itself in favor of prohibition, there is still a work to be done. In practically all the colleges of the State there exists a prohibi-

tion association, and the problem is being studied. The fact that there is a well-organized, nation-wide prohibition oratorical contests shows how universal the matter is.

Therefore, it is seen that it is up to us to decide what attitude we shall take on the situation, and to act accordingly.

The College Library

One of the greatest assets of Wofford College is the splendid college library, containing over 21,000 volumes. This number includes books on almost every subject that a student is interested in. Among the valuable collections are the libraries of Dr. James H. Carlisle and Bishop W. W. Duncan.

These books are kept in the handsome building erected in honor of Rev. Whitefoord Smith. In the reading room, which is comfortable and well lighted, are many valuable reference books, and the best of the current magazines and newspapers.

Many students take advantage of this opportunity and spend much time in the reading room and read many of the books, but many do not visit the library at all.

Very few of us will ever have the chance to use such a collection of books after we leave college. We cannot afford to neglect this opportunity; therefore, we should read just as much as we can while we are here.

This space is reserved for "Red" Williamson's views on "The Mexican Situation."

"EDITORIALETTES"

REVIEW OF REVIEWS SCHOLARSHIPS.

Free scholarships will be awarded this summer, as has been the custom for some years, by the *Review of Reviews* for practical work by college students during the summer months. These scholarships are not competitive and are unlimited in number.

Over 400 students won such scholarships last summer. They are worth $250 to $1,000 apiece. Full particulars may be obtained from the Scholarship Department, *Review of Reviews*, 24 Irving Place, New York City, N. Y.

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—The above is printed in order to give attention to an opening for those students who will want work for the coming summer. The Review of Reviews Co. will gladly furnish any needed information in regard to these scholarships upon application.)

The saddest of all sights is to see a fellow who has money enough to go through college, has sense enough to go through, and yet is too blankety-blank lazy to do it. On the other hand, it is an inspiring sight to see the opposite type peg his way through and finally come out victorious in the fight. Ever think of it?

Fellows, we had a good one on Prof. D. A. DuPre for the dog contest this month, but after Gill Dunnovant told all those marvelous tales in Biology about frogs, we feel as though it would be treating the faculty badly to tell a tale on them. However, Professor DuPre is said to have told his Geology class a marvelous tale about fish in Egypt. He says, so it is told, that when streams in Egypt go dry, the fish flop across the sand for miles and find other streams to live in. Next!

This is the last issue of the JOURNAL in which stories, poems, essays, etc., will appear this year. Fellows, the staff certainly appreciates the hearty co-operation some of you have extended to it. We wish we could thank everybody for con-

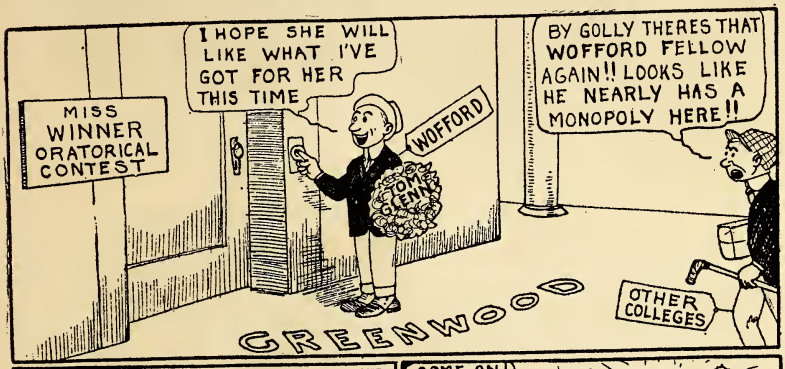
tributions, but there are some who spend four years in college and do little more than criticize those who try to do.

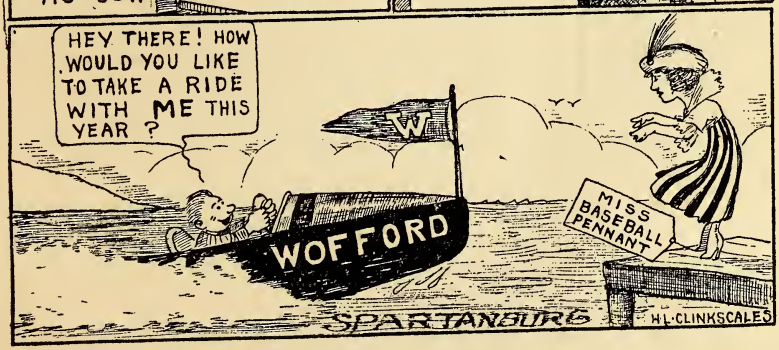
Next year the College Press Association meets in Greenville. Converse and Wofford had the pleasure of entertaining this gathering this year.

Cheer up, fellows! High school commencements will soon be in order, and some of our professors will have to miss classes while away making addresses.

On to Greenwood!

ODDS AND ENDS FROM WOFFORD NEWS





E. F. MOSELEY.....EDITOR

I. P. A. ORATORICAL CONTEST.

At 8:30 o'clock Friday evening, March 31, the local Prohibition League held a preliminary oratorical contest for the purpose of selecting a representative for the State contest, to be held some time this month with Carolina in Columbia. It was a very successful contest and reflected a great deal of credit upon the local league. The speeches were all good, and showed attentive preparation. Mr. E. D. Whisonant, of Rock Hill, won first place. His subject was "The Morning Cometh." Mr. Whisonant is a member of the Preston Society, and is a very talented speaker, and Wofford stands good chances in having such a man to represent her. Mr. J. F. Herbert, of Greenwood, won second place, his subject being "America's Tomorrow."

The other speakers of the evening and their subjects are as follows:

F. A. Buddin, Williamsburg County—"The Twentieth Century Triumph."

E. B. Hamer, Marion County—"Individual Rights and the Liquor Problem."

E. K. Garrison, Anderson County—"Our Nation's Going Dry."

E. F. Moseley, Laurens County—"Soliloquy of a Condemned Drunkard."

R. H. Best, Spartanburg County—"A Call to Colors."

Prof. A. M. DuPre, who teaches the local prohibition class, gives the medal every year. The winner of the State contest receives a prize of $50.00 and represents the State in the Southern contest, which is held in some Southern city.

S. C. I. O. A.

On April 23, the South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest takes place at Greenwood. This contest has been held at Rock Hill for the past three years, but it changed back to the former place.

Mr. F. H. Glenn, of the Junior class and Preston Society, will represent Wofford. We expect to maintain our previous record at this event and show the other coleges of this State that we keep good orators on hand all the time.

INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATES.

In the month of April, Wofford participates in two intercollegiate debates. The first is the triangular debate with College of Charleston and Clemson. Messrs. Buddin and Henry go to Charleston, while Messrs. Ramseur and Ledbetter remain here and entertain the Clemson men. Last year, Wofford lost to College of Charleston and won from Clemson, so the results this year are looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

The second debate is that with Furman, and Messrs. Garrison and Suggs represent us at this contest, which takes place here. We feel confident that last year's results will be repeated and Furman will take a back seat.

Jokes

Fresh. Gilstrap—Say, what day of the week does Easter come on this year?

Prof. Rembert—What is Mt. Sinai?

Fresh. Cordes—It is either a well or a city, I don't know exactly which.

Fresh. Smith (L. W.) (on a sign he had just finished)—A gentleman will not manipulate (mutilate) this sign.

Dr. Clinkscales (in Math. I)—What is a tangent?

Fresh. Love—A line drawn perpendicular to a circle.

Dr. Pugh (in English II)—Mr. J. B. White, what calling did Poe's parents follow?

John Bunyan White—They were actresses, I think.

Fresh. Webster (who had just been appointed on the hall committee for the Preston Society)—Mr. President, if it isn't out of order, I would like to inform the society that I don't stay in the hall.

Dr. Snyder (in English I)—What great English poet used simple language?

Fresh. Cates—Milton, I believe.

Fresh. Cauthen—No, sir; it was Homer.

Fresh. Dozier—They are wrong; it was Dante.

Dr. Rembert—Tell me, who went into Canaan to spy out the land?

Fresh. Bass—Columbus spied on it, and reported that it flowed with milk and honey.

Soph. Browning (to a young lady)—I assure you that my ancestors were among the first settlers.

Young Lady—Yes, I'm well aware of that fact. They had no emigration laws then.

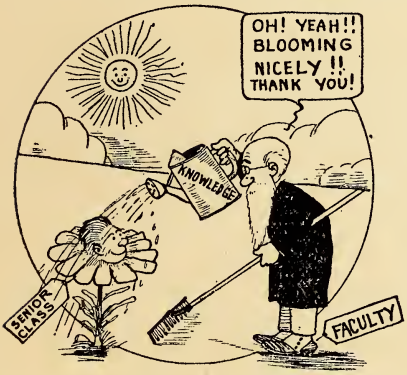
Senior Cauthen (to Gilstrap, who was looking at the strata in the banks at the bridge)—What are you looking at, Gilstrap?

Fresh. Gilstrap—Oh, I'm just studying Psychology (Geology).

Fresh. Johnston (to Fresh. Barron)—If a train leaves Greenville traveling forty miles an hour, and another leaves Spartanburg at the same time traveling fifty miles an hour, which one will be nearest Spartanburg when they meet?

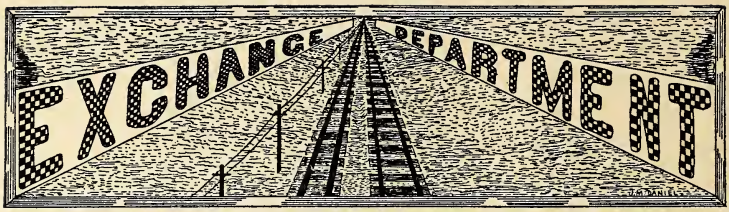
Fresh. Barron (after figuring about ten minutes)—Why, the one traveling fifty miles an hour, of course.

A COUPLE OF DROPS FROM AN APRIL SHOWER!



The Gardener

Ray! Ray! Ray!



J. W. Harris, Jr.....Editor

The Concept
Converse College

One of the most creditable issues of *The Concept* that we have ever had the pleasure of reviewing is the March number. It shows much study and work, besides good judgment on the part of the various editors. It opens with a kind of poem which we all like to read. The author evidently took cognizance of the fact "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." But the contribution which strikes us as being the most worthy of comment is the story "The Ring-Guard." It is humorous and is well told. The plot is a very attractive one, and is carried along charmingly. We wish to commend the contributor. The essays of the paper are also commendable features. The one on the Pellagra Hospital of our city is of interest, not only to the city people, but to the citizens of the State.

The Trinity Archive

The contents of the March issue of the *Archive* are very well proportioned. The opening selection, a story of negro life, appeals to those who appreciate the Southern negro dialect. The editorials are a strong factor in the paper, and can be considered probably the best part of it, although the poems and essays are as good as the average. We notice the absence of jokes and "college nonsense," and believe that if this part were furnished it would add greatly to the magazine.

Winthrop Journal

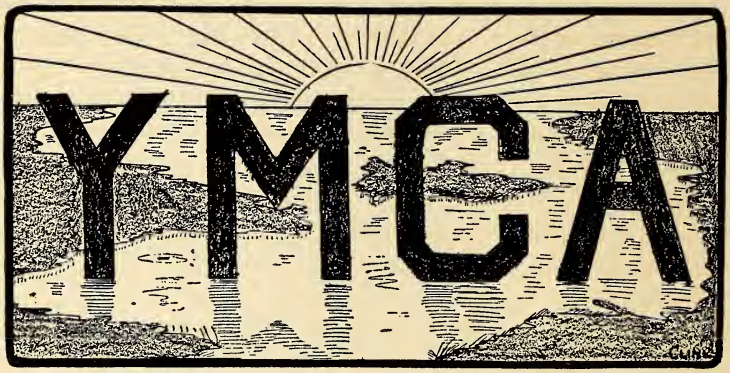
The *Winthrop Journal,* with its usual external as well as internal appearance, reached our tables in due time and has been carefully and, we are pleased to add, enjoyably, read by us. We consider the *Journal* one of our best and most appreciated exchanges. The March issue is conspicuous for the regularity of the arrangement of the material as well as the contributions themselves. We consider the story "The Turn of the Tide" and the poem "And Be Merry" especially good.

The Isaqueena
Greenville Woman's College

The stories and essays in the March issue of *The Isaqueena* are rather short, but we think this a rather laudable feature. The story "Exploits of the Blood Splitters Gang" is a story which treats of an old plot, but it is attractively handled and is made readable by the touches of humor sprinkled throughout it. The department "In and Around College" could be greatly improved. We do not think that the editor does Miss Entzminger's piano recital full justice.

College of Charleston Magazine

The magazine of our Charleston neighbors for March is a disappointment generally. Its literary department consists of a poem, a story, an essay, and two sketches. This is entirely too short for the literary expression of a responsible college.



E. D. WHISONANT.....EDITOR

MEETING OF MARCH THE THIRD.

"Dead Hands and Living Men" was the subject of the address delivered by Dr. Snyder at the Y. M. C. A. meeting of March the 3rd. In his introductory remarks, the speaker spoke of the vast amount of knowledge in the range of every man, but said, furthermore, that in spite of man's wonderful increase in knowledge, we are still face to face with many ancient mysteries. What is life? What is thought? What is the spiritual life? What is personality? These are some of the questions that are yet to be answered, and which we can't get away from.

But, notwithstanding these mysteries, said Dr. Snyder, we know something about man. We know, in the first place, that each of us is the product of a long process of development. In this connection, the speaker referred to the chapter in Carlyle's Sartur Resartus on "Organic Filiaments," where he spoke of our being bound both in the past and the future by mysterious organic filiaments. We can't escape the past. We are physically and mentally the products of countless generations of men.

And, just as we are physically and mentally the product of the past, so we are perhaps morally the product of the past. We often hear it said, "That fellow can't be much; I know his

father, or his grandfather." The young man is to be pitied who must start life handicapped by his father's sins. But, on the other hand, we frequently hear it said, "That boy is due to be a gentleman; I know the stock out of which he came." That boy should be glad of his inheritance.

Sad to say, however, there is inherent in each of us a tendency towards the baser life. It is like the coiled rattler that is ready to spring forth at the least provocation. As human beings, nevertheless, we have intellect, judgment, and self-control, which help us to suppress the baser life; but, besides these qualities, we must recognize the need of some higher power in order to make our lives count for the highest and best things.

MEETING OF MARCH THE TENTH.

At the meeting of the Y. M. C. A. on March 10th, Mr. D. L. Betts made a talk on Foreign Missions. In his introductory remarks, the speaker told us in a very impressive way what the mission of the foreign missionary is. Many of us, said Mr. Betts, are of the opinion the duty of the missionary is to labor for better schools in foreign lands, to work for the establishment of churches and the raising of the standard of civilization in heathen lands. But the speaker went on to say that when we think of the great command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," the mission of those who labor in foreign fields is unmistakable. The one great purpose of missionaries is to preach Christ. These other things are either the products of Christianity or else the necessary means of teaching men and women of Christianity.

Mr. Betts said that the greater part of foreign missions is centered in Asia, on account of the wonderful awakening of its people to a realization of the fact that there is something they still lack. They are not satisfied with better physical conditions, but they are reaching out after and craving for greater spiritual and religious light.

However, Asia is not the only continent that is in need of

our help. South America, Africa, yes, even our own nation, are all far from being Christian nations. On every hand we hear the call for help, and it is up to us to answer the call, that the hope of the evangelization of the world may be realized.

INSTALLATION OF NEW OFFICERS.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting of March 17th, being the time set apart for the installation of the new officers, was turned over to the students. Mr. Moseley, the retiring president, made a short talk, in which he summarized the work of the Y. M. C. A. for the past year. He paid special attention to the Mercer-Farmer-Truesdale meeting, the mission and Bible study classes, the results of the personal work committee, and the work of the social service committee. In his closing remarks, Mr. Moseley thanked the members of the association for the co-operation in the Y. M. C. A. work, and extended his best wishes to the incoming officers for a prosperous year.

Mr. T. H. Glenn, the new president, then made a few remarks, in which he thanked the association for the honor of being their president, and asked for the co-operation and support of the members and officers of the Y. M. C. A. The president then paid a brief tribute to the outgoing officers, after which Mr. F. A. Buddin, vice-president; Mr. J. S. Wallace, treasurer; and Mr. J. E. Ellis, secretary, made short talks, expressing their gratitude for the honor given them and pledging their loyal support to the president.

Fellows, give these new officers your support. The success of the Y. M. C. A. depends largely upon the help of the whole membership, and certainly it is worth the while of every man to give part of his time to things that will be for the good of his fellow men. The responsibility that rests upon the officers of the association is great, but by every man doing his part the burden can be greatly lightened. There is a great opportunity for every man to do some kind of service in connection with the Y. M. C. A. Will you do your share, or will you leave it to some one else to do for you?

MEETING OF MARCH TWENTY-FOURTH.

On the 24th, Dr. S. T. Hallman, pastor of the Lutheran Church, spoke to us. He took for his text Psalms 109:9, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."

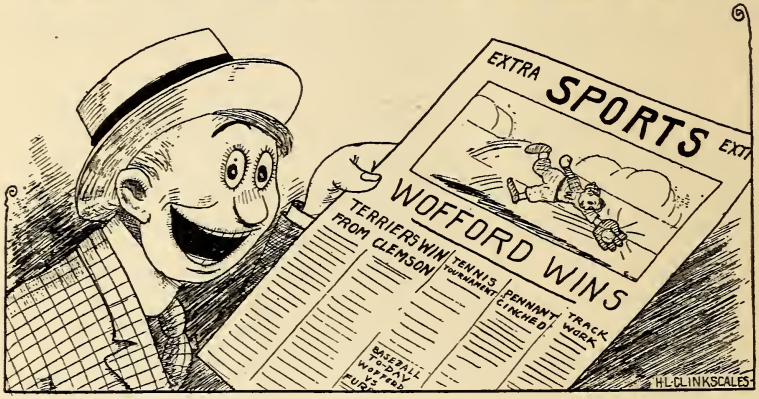
Dr. Hallman warned us against the many people that sought to discredit the Bible. He said that there must be a return to the old foundations, as the only safe way was to stand by the Bible. He called our attention to the fact that this was the most important period of our life, and that any sin or doubts that entered in at this time would cause serious trouble later on.

The speaker closed by telling us of a great teacher that had taught theology for sixty years, who on his deathbed said that he had never read the Bible without finding some new truth.

NO MEETING MARCH THIRTY-FIRST.

On account of the prohibition oratorical contest, there was no meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Friday night, March 31st.

·ATHLETICS·



J. C. Covington.....Editor

BASEBALL

THE WOFFORD-WEST VIRGINIA WESLEYAN GAME.

The Terriers opened their baseball season Saturday, March 25, when they met the strong West Virginia Wesleyan team on Wofford Field. The West Virginians, despite the fact that they had had little real practice because of cold weather, played air-tight baseball and defeated Wofford in a very exciting game by the score of 2-0. The game was exciting throughout, as the close score indicates, and there would have been a different tale to tell if the Terriers could have hit the ball on the nose when hits meant runs. But, somehow or other, the necessary bingles were lacking at the crucial moments. The Wesleyan team fielded perfectly, not a single error being registered against them, while, on the other hand, the Terriers made four miscues, which seem to have been directly responsible for the Virginians' two runs. Eaddy pitched a splendid game and allowed only seven hits, which were all scattered, no two of them coming consecutively. If he had had splendid support, there is hardly any doubt but what the

game would have been a Terrier victory. The sensational play of the game came in the sixth inning, when Wesleyan had a man on third and second with none out, and the Terriers pulled off a triple play. Talkington drove a liner to left which looked good for a two-base hit, but Kirkwood, coming in fast, made a splendid catch and threw to second, catching Shumaker off the bag. Johnson in the meantime had tagged third, but a quick throw to the plate by Morgan resulted in the third out. Probably Wofford's best chance to score came in the first inning, when two men walked and Morgan hit safely, but poor base-running prevented it. Wesleyan scored in the second, and again in the eighth, both the result of errors by the Terriers. The Terrier team played splendidly at times, but as a whole the game showed that they were not in mid-season form. Below is the box score:

Wofford.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	*Wesleyan.*	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cauthen, 1b	3	0	2	10	1	0	Miller, 3b	4	0	1	0	1	0
Wiggins, cf	3	0	0	3	1	0	Blake, ss	3	0	1	1	3	0
Kirkwood, lf	3	0	0	2	1	0	Singleton, cf	3	1	1	3	0	0
Moore, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0	Johnson, p	4	0	1	0	0	0
Morgan, 2b	3	0	1	2	3	0	Shumaker, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Cordes, 3b	3	0	0	1	1	2	Talkinton, c	4	1	0	8	0	0
Peeples, ss	3	0	0	0	1	1	Morrison, rf	3	0	2	0	0	0
Rivers, c	3	0	1	8	1	1	Beck, 2b	4	0	1	5	2	0
Eaddy, p	3	0	0	0	4	0	Wether, 1b	4	0	0	8	2	0
Totals	28	0	5	27	13	4	Totals	32	2	7	27	8	0

Summary: Two-base hit, Johnson; bases on balls, off Johnson, 3; off Eaddy, 1; struck out, by Eaddy, 5; Johnson, 6; stolen bases, Cauthen, Moore, Blake, Talkinton.

Umpires—Frey and Martin.

ELON DEFEATS WOFFORD.

Friday, March 31, the Terriers met their second defeat of the season when they met Elon College on Wofford Field. Like the game with West Virginia Wesleyan the previous week, the game was very exciting and the story of defeat is somewhat similar. The loss of the game might, like the first, be

attributed to the errors of the Terriers and their inability to hit when hits were most needed. Eaddy, for the Terriers, pitched the best game of his college career, allowing the Tar Heels only two scattered hits and fanning eight. Though the North Carolinians were outhit two to one, they were always steady with men on bases, and it was not until a short rally in the ninth that the Terriers were able to register a tally. Elon scored two runs in the fourth inning on a hit, a hit batter, and two errors, and scored again in the seventh on a hit and two errors by the Terriers. Wofford scored in the ninth, when a desperate rally was begun. Moore singled to right field, Kirkwood was safe on an error, and Morgan sacrificed Moore to third. Kelley then went in to bat for Hall, and secured a pass to first. Then Rivers sent a high fly to center field, and Moore tagged and scored. Wood went in to bat for Eaddy, but Bailey steadied and forced him to fan. The feature of the game for the Terriers was the pitching of Eaddy and fast fielding of Wiggins and Kirkwood. The box score is as follows:

Wofford.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	*Elon*	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cauthen, 3b	4	0	0	2	0	1	Purcell, c	4	0	0	2	0	0
Wiggins, cf	3	0	0	2	0	0	Harwood, 1b	4	1	1	2	1	0
Osborne, ss	4	0	0	1	0	0	Seawell, ss	4	1	0	1	1	0
Moore, rf	4	1	1	1	0	1	Ragsdale, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Kirkwood, lf	4	0	0	3	0	0	Bailey, p	4	1	0	3	0	1
Morgan, 2b	3	0	0	0	4	1	Sorrels, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Hall, 1b	3	0	0	9	0	0	Maxwell, 2b	3	0	0	9	4	1
*Kelley	0	0	0	0	0	0	Jones, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
Rivers, c	2	0	0	8	3	0	Klutz, rf	1	0	0	8	0	0
Eaddy, p	2	0	0	1	0	1	Murphy, 3b	2	0	0	1	3	0
**Wood	1	0	0	0	0	0	Fogleman, 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	1	4	27	7	4	Totals	32	3	2	27	7	2

Summary: Stolen bases, Bailey, Sorrels, Cauthen, Wiggins, Kirkwood; three-base hit, Harwood; bases on balls, off Bailey, 4; off Eaddy, 0; struck out, Eaddy, 8; Bailey, 10; sacrifice flies, Morgan, Rivers; passed balls, Rivers; earned runs, Elon, 0; Wofford, 1; hit by pitcher, Ragsdale.

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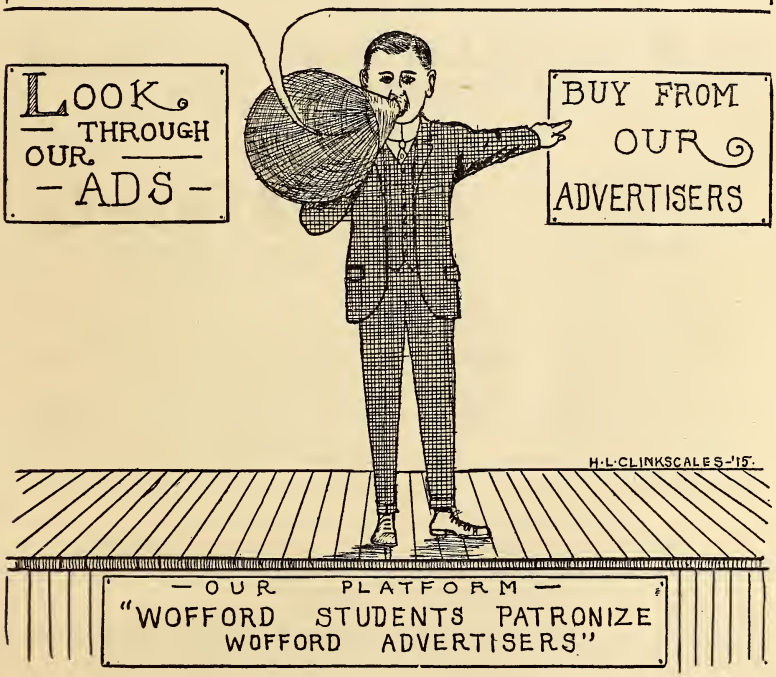

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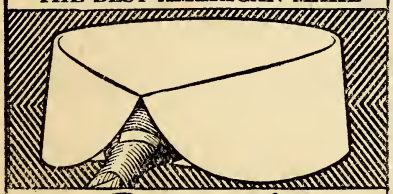

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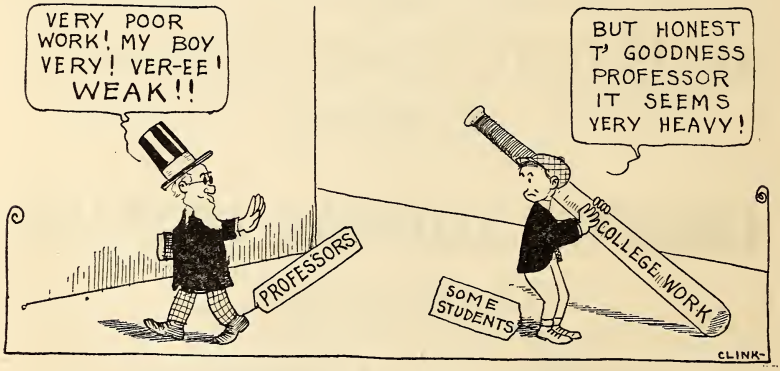

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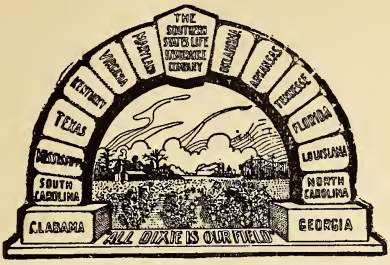

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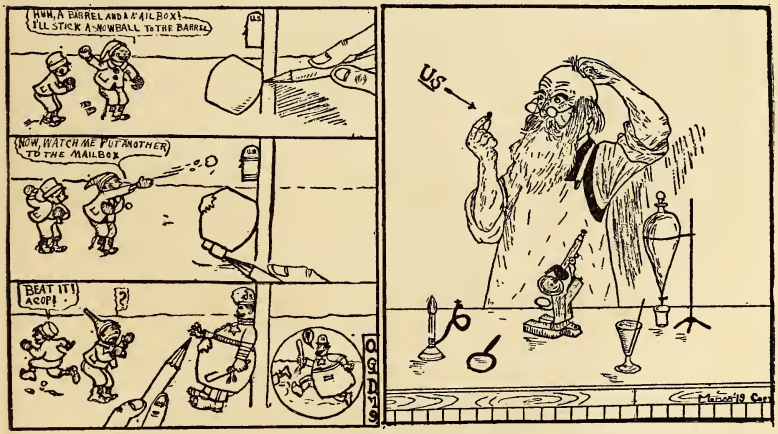

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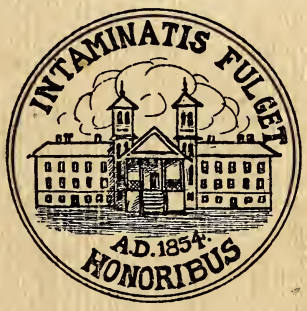
Wofford College Journal



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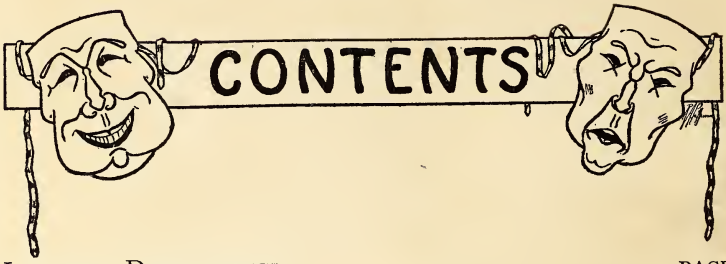

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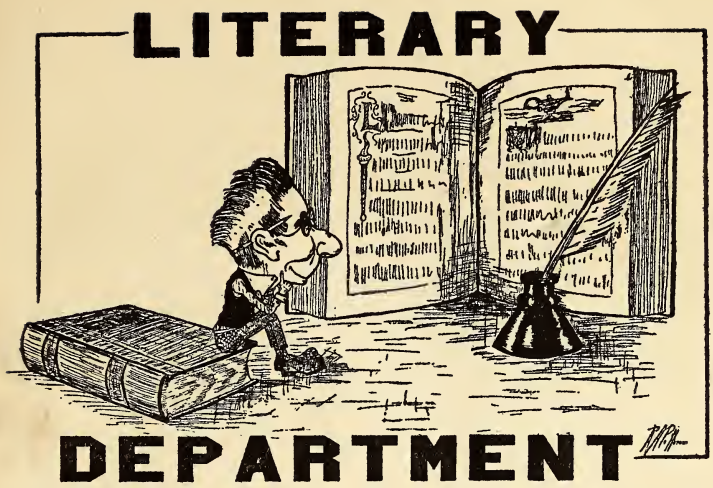

J. E. Eubanks.....Editor
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Animis Opibusque Parati

Hail to thee, South Carolina!
Hail to thee, our native State!
We, thy sons, will ever guard thee,
Fight thy battles, share thy fate.

Ready with our goods to serve thee,
Minds prepared to work thy weal,
Lives and fortunes supplementing
Earnest, hopeful, living zeal.

Fairest spot in Eden's garden,
Realm possessed of every grace,
Thee thy sons shall ever cherish,
Spread thy fame, exalt thy place.

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Any former fame of thine,
Greater deeds thou wilt accomplish,
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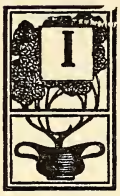
Carolina, State Palmetto,
May thy sons forever prove
Honor's chaplet on thy temples,
Fadeless in undying love!

Judy's Way



IT WAS EARLY JUNE, and late afternoon. The sun, sending its slanting rays across the lawn behind the house, made the rose garden a place of beauty and charm. The garden was one of those old-fashioned ones, with rose trellises placed artistically in the proper places. Underneath these were cozy, comfortable seats. Overlooking this garden was an old French window. One sitting at this window could look directly across the garden, with its delicate rose limbs, laden with scented petals and with green leaves. An atmosphere of happiness and joy surrounded the garden, as a dream envelopes an unconscious mind.

A woman sat by this French window. She was looking into the cool green of her garden, and a look of happiness was on her face. She was thinking, considering, planning and praying, as she looked out into the garden, where a bee lazily loitered a moment to get a last sup from the honey-laden blossoms, where the roses were climbing the trellises, and lastly, where the two seats were beneath a wee trellis nearest her window.

"Tomorrow my boy graduates," she thought.

The door leading from her room opened and closed softly, but she did not turn around to see who it was. She knew who it was—no one else but the boy would be searching for her in her room—no one but he could come in so softly.

The young man came over to the writing desk, near to the window, and placed his hands on it. He stood still a moment; he seemed to be very calm and serious.

She still sat, without moving, for she knew her boy had something that needed her help.

"Son, tomorrow you graduate!"

He moved near her and looked down at her beautiful face —the face that always had the tender, loving look and smile.

She turned half around and smiled sweetly at him.

"Son, I was sitting here enjoying the beauty and freshness of my garden, and was thinking about you."

"Yes, mother; you are always thinking of my interests, but—"

She turned around, facing squarely, catching his hand. "What is it, boy? Why so sad—so serious? Tomorrow, son, is your graduating day. Then your college course—"

"Yes, I have thought of that," he sadly answered. "But, mother, I am worried—mother, dear, it's terrible—I had to come to you."

"Yes; come over here." He ignored her. She caught both his hands in hers and pulled him over by her side and placed her arms around his broad shoulders, forcing him to be seated on the sofa with her.

"Boy, tell me, won't you? You shouldn't be so sad when tomorrow you will deliver your graduating speech at the high school auditorium. Everybody is expecting you to win the medal."

She noticed a frown on his face, which had a far-off look on it.

"Boy, you have no trouble in school?"

"No, mother."

"What is it, then? What is wrong with her?"

He turned his face toward her, asking, "Why, how did you guess? You must have heard me talking in my sleep."

"Of course it's a girl—what else could it be? A boy who has the highest honors of his class, is first in his studies, and is the best orator in school—what else, son?"

"Mother, that's it. I came to tell you!"

The woman settled back on the sofa, her blue eyes met his quietly. She smiled. "You might as well begin at the very first telling me of your troubles."

"Yes," he echoed. "But—"

"Why not, boy? We are comrades, dear son."

"You are a gold mine."

"Of course—in partnership with you."

"Well, mother, the girl is one of my classmates, and you know her."

The mother stirred. She reached out her hand. Then she coaxingly breathed: "Sure, my boy; which one?"

"You know, she started in the high school when we—the others of my class—were half through the second year high school," he continued. "She was smarter than the rest of us. That's the reason those girls—Belle Creighton, Juanita Brown, and others—like to make fun of her—because she outstripped them in everything; they disliked to see her get ahead of them; were afraid John Marlowe and that Owen boy would pay more attention to her than to them."

The mother smiled wistfully at him. "You are in love with that Henry girl," she broke in.

"No; oh, not a bit! That is where you are wrong. Don't—"

"Well, what is your trouble, then? She is a mighty sweet girl. I love her."

"Everybody loves her except those flirty, frivolous girls of my class, who are afraid we boys won't notice them. Mother, it's not that I am in love with Judy—not a bit; understand this—she is not MY IDEAL GIRL—can never be—dismiss that idea of being in love. What I want is fair play for Judy. By Heck!" he emphasized with a blow of his fist on the windowsill, "I am going to see she has it!"

"How? What are you driving at, son? Tell me."

"Well, that bunch of flirts have planned tomorrow 'to pull one off on Judy,' as they call it, because she came out first in English and won the praise of the trustees. They have actually had the audacity to tell the florist who is to furnish flowers to the graduates not to send Judy any—bribing him. He is to misplace the order until it is too late to get Judy's out. Then the poor girl will not have any flowers to wear nor any given to her on the rostrum. By Jingo!" he banged again with his fist; "darned if I will have any of it! I ordered Jameson, the new florist, who has just gone into the florist business, to send up the best bunch of flowers he could get and to spare

no expense, in order to send them to Judy after the other girls have recited and have taken their seats. Just wait, mater, till tomorrow; if anybody feels bad—by Heck—Belle and Juanita will! Judy's flowers will look a hundred times better than those John Marlowe or Owen can buy. Why, I spent all my pin money I have saved for college extras to buy 'em."

"Son, you are a dear boy. If she is not your ideal girl, as you say she isn't, I admire your idea of making others happy."

"But, mother, dear, this is not all."

The little French clock on the mantel chimed seven o'clock.

He glanced at it. "I must not worry you further."

She put out her hand. "What is it, son? Aren't we chums? Tell me."

He gazed out of the window, arose, and moved nearer towards it.

She, too, arose, and putting her arm around the boy, coaxingly asked, "Why not tell me? Please do!"

He stirred vaguely by the window. "I'd rather not tell you, mater; we don't want any scenes."

"Son," the mother, looking sadly, replied, "have we not been companions, chums? Oh, boy, don't say scenes. We aren't of that kind."

"Mother, dear, you are really a genuine gold mine."

"Sure to be shared by you, my boy, as I told you."

The sun was casting its long rays across the garden. The twilight was coming fast. Already the shadows were running in slender points and the bases of everything were growing darker. In the room mother and son were very near to each other.

The boy, speaking up quickly, said, "The matter is a problem of the heart—or rather, by means of the heart."

"Well, this is something indeed interesting—an affair of the heart, and yet you say you aren't in love?"

"You see, it is this way, mummy; that girl Judy, as I told you, is the smartest of our class; in fact, of the whole school. Well, all the other girls are going to college next year. Judy's father is a mean, worrisome old man, who mismanages his

business, worries his family, making them practically support themselves. Why, Judy actually takes in sewing, and I have once caught her doing her own washing! Judy is worth more than all the rest of the class. Not saying this because I love her, for I told you my ideal girl was one who was well accomplished, and had enough money and a social position to raise me where I can accomplish my ambitious career. Judy is smart: this I admire. Then, she is very intelligent, not flirty, frivolous, and always trying to make the boys love her. But she does not meet my ideal requirements; hence, dismiss my being in love with her."

The mother, very much interested, looked at the boy, very much puzzled. "Well, son, come to the point. What do you want? Tell me: I'll help you."

"Oh, mother, you are a brick! I wanted your help and couldn't ask for it."

"What can I do, son?" eagerly inquired the mother.

"You see, as I stated, I have a problem—probably may concern an affair of the heart. Judy needs a college education—the world needs that type of a girl to make homes. The more of them the world has educated, accomplished, and trained in all the highest and noblest ideals the better it will be. I don't want Judy for my wife, but I am going to make her go to college—understand how it is necessary. I intend to make her love me to the extent that she will do what I ask of her."

"Why, son!"

"Yes, mater, I mean to advise her, help her win a scholarship to the State Normal College."

"Boy, you are great!" jubilantly answered the mother, her face radiating with happiness. "But what, then, after she goes to college? You will have the poor girl making dreams of you and planning for her big lover. How can you break her heart? You would be very unhappy if you did not love her."

"Yes, mother, I have considered all these 'ifs.' I am the more determined. Judy, by the time she is through college, having been developed into all the possibilities of woman-

hood, will get over her 'heart sickness.' Then, in years to come, when I do get the IDEAL GIRL, I can tell her how I so worshiped the image of her in my soul that I worked and did all I could to make an ideal girl and home-maker for the other fellow. Mother, the idea is great, if there is great risk and it does bring heart ache to some one."

The boy passed two years of his college course in an effort to get Judy's parents interested in sending her to college. He also tried to make Judy anxious to attend college. In no way did he succeed. He had tried to win over the father by being friendly with him and by showing him many kindnesses. At every opportunity he emphasized to both parents the need of a college education for their children. Especially did he emphasize to the father the need of sending Judy to college, pointing out to him that it was his duty to send her. But one day, the father becoming tired of the boy's dinning into his ears "college education for girls and boys," had put an end to it by stamping his foot defiantly in front of the boy, saying:

"Young man, I'll have you to understand I know my own business. Better keep out, or you'll get knocked out. Now, this college business is all tommyrot and tomfoolery—not catch me wasting my money on Judy. Why, boy, she at the present time has a place teaching school which pays $50.00 a month; that's as much as any of you college graduates get now. You shut up about this."

That was the end from the father's side. The boy then protested with Judy about teaching. But, like the success with the others, it was naught.

Judy went to a summer school to secure a teacher's certificate. While at the summer school, the boy won over the mother. She agreed to send Judy if the girl would go to college. So it was up to the boy to win Judy, it seemed, by coaxing; if not, by love. He sent her candy, fruit, flowers while she attended the summer school at a distant college, trying to win her. Success was his. He ran off one day, leaving his father's business under the care of a friend—his father being away in a distant State for medical treatment. The girl

was very happy to have an intimate friend. The sister had selected a rich old banker for Judy. Judy, despising the banker's attentions, confided in the boy, telling him how her sister was planning for her to capture the old bachelor, who was old enough to be her father. The boy sympathized deeply with her. Then, having won her confidence and feeling sure she cared for him, he proposed to her and was accepted.

Time thus passed. The boy attended college and Judy taught school until a change, a crisis, came during the Christmas of the boy's junior year. He was home for the holidays. Every opportunity he had he was with Judy, showing her all kinds of favors, attention, and expressing all his love for her that he could. He was anxious and very zealous to learn Judy's attitude toward a college course. Heretofore she had dismissed the subject by saying, "It's impossible; father won't send me, and all the others of the family expect me to help send the younger members to school."

It was the night before the day he was to return to college. He and Judy were in the sitting room by a glowing coal fire. She was seated on his right, facing the glowing coals. He sat watching her, thinking seriously. She, too, was thinking—sad more than usually. Both at long intervals would gaze into the fire, as if they saw a new future, a crisis, on hand. The very atmosphere seemed to indicate the change.

"Judy, little girl, why so sad?" he quickly spoke up, breaking the silence.

She still remained silent, as was her custom when she was thinking seriously and was blue.

"Cheer up, girlie," he continued, sympathetically, "I'll soon be off. I'll not trouble you any more. I know I've bored you during the holidays."

"Oh," corrected Judy. "It isn't your fault—mine. I was thinking how good you had been to me and of the many beautiful gifts you have sent me. You a mere college boy. Then, think how considerate you have been and are of my happiness. Then, oh—" She ended by putting her hands over her face.

"Well, Judy, evidently I am the cause. I am going to bid

you a good-bye now. We are to be only friends from henceforth, if—"

"What?" the girl cried. "It is all my fault! I was sad because I had done so little for you to make you happy; you always have done everything for me. Oh, don't say that! I'll do anything to make you happy."

"Do you mean it, Judy?"

"Sure!"

"Well, Judy, I always wanted my girl to go to college and be accomplished. I love you. I shall do anything for you as long as there is any manhood and intellect in me. I'll do my best to see you come out right. Will you go to college?"

"Do you really want me to go? Father and the rest of the family are against my going, but I'll go. I"—she stamped her little foot to emphasize it—"I'll go next fall."

The boy, smiling and happy, then reached over and kissed her cheek, as he exclaimed, "Judy, you are great!"

The crisis was over. Judy at once let her family know she had decided on a college course. The elder members protested. They coaxed, advised, and used every possible means to prevent her from going to college. But it was of no avail. Judy emphatically told them she was going because she wanted to; that she had listened as long as she intended to their interfering with her affairs; and for them to put a stop to it at once, she would no longer tolerate it.

Seeing finally Judy's determination, her family consented, on the condition Judy would pay her own expenses. Undaunted, she borrowed the money and left for college the following fall.

The boy was attentive to Judy the remaining year and a half that he was in college. He taught in the preparatory department of the college to make money in order to pay Judy's college expenses, under the pretense of lending it to her until she finished college.

She accepted only on the condition of a loan. Their love affairs went smoothly enough till the latter part of the boy's senior year. He, always having the purpose, the problem, in

mind he had told his mother of, was anxious to break intimate relations with Judy after she was strongly launched in her college course and had a chance to pay her loans. Judy being very brilliant in her studies and popular with the faculty, had won an English scholarship the latter part of the boy's senior year. When he heard this, he felt sure Judy no longer needed his assistance; so he gradually grew colder in his affections for her. Finally, a few weeks before commencement, the boy ceased to write Judy. Commencement came, bringing many presents, honors, and new friends for him. His mother came. At once she asked about Judy, but he replied:

"I don't know anything about her now; she no longer needs me."

She then smiled in her motherly way at her son without answering. The mother admired her boy, and was willing to allow him full liberty in his own affairs; hence, she never mentioned Judy any more.

The boy, after graduation, went to a law university in a Northern State, where he, as in his former school course, graduated among the highest of his class. In fact, having won several important intercollegiate debates, he attracted the attention of an old United States Senator, who at that time had a boy also taking a law degree in the university. The old Senator was an intimate friend of the university president, from whom he learned of the boy's successful record in school and ambitious career. The old Senator, who was none other than the well known John McLaurin—"Fighting Bob," as he was called by his fellow Senators—in his day was the most prominent lawyer of his State. Because of his work in the Senate, he had neglected his law practice at home. On talking with the university president, he decided the boy was the very man he needed to bring up his practice. Thus it came about that the boy, having been recommended by his university president, was taken as the junior partner of the old Senator. With the advice of the elder lawyer, the boy at once became successful in his practice. The clean, manly career of his youth was an asset for him. People trusted him, and knew justice was

always given when they went to the boy. Quietly and gradually the law practice increased. Within five years the boy had built up, with the Senator's help, one of the biggest law practices in the South. But one day his fortune changed. The boy received a telegram to speak to the Brokers' Club in the capital city of his State—a few days before the candidate for the United States Senate would be nominated.

He accepted, and at once set to work to prepare a great speech.

* * * * * * * *

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—We are gathered together today to commemorate the brave deeds of our fallen heroes," the chairman of the Brokers' Club began, addressing the ex-Confederate and Union soldiers—for this was the reunion day of both the Union and Confederate soldiers, and the Brokers' Club was giving a banquet and a ball in their honor. "We, the younger people, rather than they who fought so nobly, must dedicate ourselves to the unfinished work: it is our duty today to create a bond of mutual brotherhood that can never die."

Then he introduced the boy to the audience.

"As I look into the faces of these brave veterans today, very fittingly do I recall the memorable words of Abraham Lincoln delivered at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863: 'Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that men are created equal,'" the boy slowly and forcefully began his speech, looking over his audience, and feeling his way.

Looking in the center row about midway his audience, he saw a face—the face not unknown, but one that was radiating to him the very power his soul called for. He remembered nothing else of his speech: the whole audience became one face for him: he spoke as never before, not following the speech he had prepared, but speaking with all his power for only one in the audience.

"By God's grace, her face is the face for me!" his heart beat as he spoke.

After the speeches were over, people rushed to shake his hand. Everybody praised him, complimented him. He was the hero of the occasion. Soon a sweet voice directly behind him said: "Oh, how great you are! Your speech was simply great!"

He turned around, facing the speaker—she was his audience, the one who had given him the power to speak.

"Why, I am very, very glad to see you, Miss Henry," he felt himself saying.

"Papa and I are here to invite you to stop over with us after the ball."

"Why, are you living here, Miss Henry? Where?" he eagerly asked her.

"Yes," she answered, her eyes looking softly at him. "It is rather a long story to tell now. Come over here and meet my friends who are talking to the Governor."

She led him over to her friends and introduced him. He found them to be the Governor's daughters. He was puzzled. "How is this?" he thought. "How came Judy—my Judy of the high school—here?"

He had a grand time at the ball—danced with Judy and many other beautiful girls, among them the beautiful debutante, the Governor's daughter. Then, after the ball, Judy's father came for them and drove them out to the beautiful suburban home in his car. The boy could not believe this was real—it all seemed like a dream. The girl whom he had admired and helped through college had changed. She was not the school girl in her neat school dress, but a beautiful woman. He passed his time at her home as if in a dream. The next day she motored him out to a beautiful lake to go boat riding.

"Judy, really how was my speech?" he inquired, as they allowed their boat to drift along among the water lilies.

"Great, very great!" she answered. "Why," he continued, "did you not see what a sensation you created? Everybody flocked to shake your hand."

"Judy, do you know what gave me the inspiration and

power to speak? I never followed the speech I had prepared—everything went blank in my memory, only one thing I saw, only one person I spoke to. I poured out my whole strength to her."

"Whom do you mean?" she inquired, very much interested. "You never showed any emotion, nor did your speech indicate any change other than it was very appropriate and great."

"Judy, that face, that person who brought out my best was—y-o-u!"

"Why, that seems impossible. I was back among the crowd, and you never saw me," she spoke up, a little excited.

"Nevertheless, it was you, Judy. I am going to be frank with you. You know more of me than I know of myself. Always during my life, in college and in my university courses, I often thought and asked about you."

"You are not interested that much," she hastily interrupted.

"Yes, Judy," he continued. "I did wrong to break our engagement when you were in college. But I was honest. I did what I thought was right. I was not sure I loved you. But the minute you entered the door of that club room I felt your presence. You caused me to speak as I did."

The girl leaned far over the side of the boat, and took a water lily in her hand before she spoke, saying: "I owe lots to you, more than I can repay; but am afraid you still aren't sure of your love."

"Yes, Judy; quite sure."

"No, you aren't. See here," she held up the morning paper, which she had pulled out from under the boat seat, "read this," she ordered, thrusting the paper into his hands.

He read:

A GREAT SPEECH DELIVERED

AT THE BROKERS' CLUB LAST NIGHT MR. JOHN J. LAFALLETTE DELIVERED THE SECOND GETTYSBURG SPEECH

Then, further down the column, he read:

"Mr. LaFallette not only won his audience last night, but has also won a place as the prospective candidate to succeed

in the Senate John McLaurin, now retiring from active political life," etc.

"You will no longer need me. You are great—you need a greater girl. Within a few years you—when you are in the Senate—will never know I lived."

"Why, Judy!"

"Yes!"

"No! no!" he pleaded. "You are the one who did this. Judy, let me prove my love, say you will!"

She hung her head a moment. Then gave way, putting her hands over her face.

"John, I always loved you—you know that; but," she said, hastily rising up and looking into his dark blue eyes, "I can't accept your proposal. Go win your political crown. Then, after a year and a day of your election, if you still love me—" she finished, breaking down into a sob.

He did all in his power to change her, to prove he loved her, but was not successful. She remained firm.

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The sun was slowly sinking beneath the western horizon, shooting its long rays of gold here and there among the silver clouds. The shadows were little fairy playgrounds beneath the rose leaves, and were running along in slender points on the ground, causing the base of every flower and trellis to grow darker. The rose petals and lilac blooms were in profusion on the ground, forming a carpet of delicate scented odor. It was June again in the old flower garden.

The woman sat at her desk by the French window with her chin resting on the palm of her delicate white hand, watching the shadows come and go in her garden. This time her thoughts were not concerned about her boy's graduation, neither was it of his college course. She glanced at the calendar hand of her French clock ticking away on the mantel.

"June the sixteenth. Why," she thought, "'tis the anniversary of the day the boy told me of his problem he would solve for Judy. Ah!" she smiled to herself, "the boy's way of being altruistic."

Again she sank into her melancholy mood, playing with her wedding ring. "The boy has about exhausted all his means of ever finding her," she said in a low voice to the ring. "She'll be found, though—she must be—the boy needs her. I saw that the day he told me his secret."

A door slowly opened behind her. Something told her, "It's the boy: he has returned."

The young man standing by the door quickly stepped over to the side of his mother and embraced her. She did not turn her eyes away from the rose trellis near her window, but softly spoke: "Son! You back?"

"Yes." He moved his face toward hers, implanting a kiss on her forehead.

"Son! You don't meant it, do you? Where is she? Have you found her? Oh, tell me! I am so happy!"

"Mother, not so fast."

"Well, don't be so long about it. Tell me directly what I asked. Then the story of finding her later; for I see in your eyes you have been successful."

"Yes—to all your questions."

"Where?"

"I was on my way back home from Wabash, where my detective wired me to go, saying that he had located Judy at the home of Thompson, a wealthy auto dealer. We nowhere could find Judy in Wabash. The old auto dealer knew nothing more than that it was his niece—Mrs. Something—visiting him. When on my way back, I met my old pal, Thornwall, at the Wabash station—you know old Thorn, a popular lawyer and ex-Governor of Virginia—an old student who graduated when I was a Freshman at college. He had been up to Wabash on some business—has a law firm there—and was at the station when I was ready to board my train.

" 'Why, old man,' he said, slapping me on the back, 'I was thinking of you—wanted to see you. Where are you going?'

"I told him.

" 'Well, it's on your way home to stop over with me.'

"I at first declined; then, thinking probably I could find some trace of Judy, accepted. Well, when I arrived at his home, whom do you suppose I met? A stranger? No, Judy, of course! You see, mater, Thorn was not on to Judy's secrets, and his lady had forgotten to tell him, as most women do their husbands. I took Judy by storm. Old Thorn was thunderstruck. But his game little wife took him out of the sitting room, with a sly wink, leaving Judy and me alone."

"Well, what did you tell her?" the mother softly asked. "Bet you were very blunt to the poor girl. Can't you see she—"

"Not a bit—rather I don't remember. But, mother, dear, Judy has loved me all the time. She ran away from her home because she was afraid I didn't love her. She wanted to be fair to me, wanted to get out of my way."

"Yes, son; I knew all the time—"

"Why didn't you tell me anything about her home life? Never mentioned it while I was at my law university; never told me how her father was appointed by the President to the position of State Agricultural Inspector. I didn't keep up with the presidential appointments. Then you never told me how Judy, because of her intellectual accomplishments, had won the chief place in the social world at the capital city. Mother, all these, and more, by degrees I made Judy tell me."

The mother smiled and said: "Boy, it was your problem. Remember, you were to solve it. I knew all this, and prayed that you would be true to Judy."

"Mother!" the boy said, holding her close and kissing her.

"Son, my Boy, my Senator!"

"And Judy caused it all. Mother, if it had not been for the inspiration, the desire to win out, I received at the Brokers' Club speech, I'd never have been Senator."

The mother looked at her son with a triumphant smile, which seemed to say, "I have understood all along her true value."

"Then, the greatest of all, mother, was Judy's way," he

continued, embracing his mother with such force as would have crushed her if used in anger. "The wait of a year and six months—not the year and a day—sobered me and made a man out of me. It was Judy's way of making a man of me."

J. B. R., '16.

Two April Fools

She had a goodly parasol,
(I am not flattering her);
But with the time I felt a call
To try to "April fool" her.

And so I fixed its handle then
To an old, faded, well-split cover.
(I smiled to guess her feelings when
She'd find those rents above her.)

That April day she came downtown,
It rained, the wind was blowing;
She in my office sat her down
To wait my homeward going.

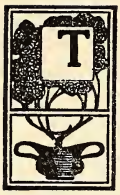
I kept my laughter strictly "sleeved."
How neatly fooled I thought her!
My own umbrella, I believed,
Would shield us from the water.

But when I raised it at the door
I lost that vain illusion;
Both hers and mine were useless, for
She'd schemed to my confusion!

I looked at her, she looked at me,
Then through the stormy weather
We hastened home in company—
Two April fools together!

O. G. D., '19.

The Bible, The World's Greatest Classic



THE BIBLE is indisputably the word of God. Any study of it, therefore, should be made with deep reverence. The fact that it is the word of God, however, should not prohibit a study of the Bible. Rather, on the other hand, it should be one of the strongest incentives that could urge one to pursue such a course. Too many people are in the habit of looking upon the Bible as something in no way connected with practical experience, "as a book of the skies, extraordinary, subtle, exotic, other-worldly, and quite exempt from such treatment as draws power and meaning from other literature." Such a conception is very erroneous. To appreciate fully the finest qualities of the Bible, one must study it not only as the word of God, but as a piece of pure literature. It is only when the white light of literary criticism is thrown upon it that there are revealed those matchless qualities which have so affected the history of the world for two thousand years. It is only then that it is revealed as the masterpiece of the world's classical literature.

When a book is spoken of as being a classic, however, the exact meaning of the word classic may be somewhat ambiguous. By a classic one usually means some fine production of either Greek or Roman literature. In its broader interpretation, however, "a classic is properly a book which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old." Now, does the Bible conform to these requisites of a classic? Is it simple and yet untinged with vulgarity? Is it elevated and uplifting? Is it a book alike for all ages? A careful comparison between the Bible and any other book of real value will show that the Bible is very much the simpler. Pedantry and affectation are in it nowhere present. Plain words and easily understood expressions only are used. Although its meaning is so clear that a child can easily understand it, the Bible must not be considered vulgar. Rather, on the other hand, the diction,

the language, and the style of the Bible are of such a high and elevated nature that it has been the model of literary artists for many centuries. According to Prof. Gardiner, of Harvard University, a book should be considered good English literature only as it conforms to the standard of the Bible. Of course, there is little need for me to say that the Bible is a book for all ages. Its popularity and influence in the past is a matter of history. Its growing popularity at the present time is recognized by all.

Thus we see that the Bible is indeed a classic. But is it the world's greatest classic? Let history speak, and it will tell you that no deed of any importance has come to pass for centuries, that no masterful work of art has been produced, that no piece of real literature has been written which has not been influenced by the Bible. Many other great literary works of very extensive influence have also been written, no doubt. The Iliad and the Odyssey have immortalized Homer. Socrates and Plato are names which will never be forgotten. Virgil, Cicero, and Caesar have perpetuated their fame by noteworthy writings. Influential as have been the works of these men, however, they are but as candles beside an electric arc when compared with the Biblical writings. With lofty purpose and noble intentions no doubt they wrote. But they were also spurred on by a restless spirit of egotism, whereas the Bible was written by men who took no thought of how the world would consider their works or of the preservation of their own name, but whose sole purpose was to reveal to mankind an omnipotent and inscrutable God. Their works dealt with the eternal, the lasting, the real; hence the greater influence of the Bible.

The historian points out to us as three of the most important movements of the last four centuries the Puritan Reformation under Cromwell, the rise of Methodism under the Wesleys, and the immigration of the Pilgrim Fathers to this country. No one will dispute the direct influence of the Bible upon any one of these. Cromwell and his Ironsides read their Bible, prayed to their God, and then went into bat-

tle with a faith undaunted and a spirit unconquerable. Charles I lost his head because he would not grant his subjects the liberties which the Bible taught them they should have. The Wesleys saw the dire need of reformation all over England and, with the Bible as their guide, undertook to bring such a reformation about. As a result forces were set in motion which are felt to this day. The Pilgrim Fathers, by reading the Bible, found in it the fundamental principles of liberty, and braved the rough waves of the Atlantic that they might carry out its teachings. The backwoods of America were filled with a choice and select people, who preferred to face the blood-thirsty savages of our American forests than to lose the liberties which, according to the Bible, were their God-given rights.

The historians have not been alone in their study and revelation of the scriptures. The world's greatest painters and sculptors have also very successfully endeavored to illustrate and interpret the Bible. For two thousand years the choicest products of the brush and the chisel have been either scenes from the life of Christ or else representations of the new conceptions which His birth gave to the world. The mightiest messages ever proclaimed by either Titian, Michael Angelo, Rubens, or Murillo are based upon Biblical themes. Their masterpieces have been studied, copied, and imitated by thousands. That peasant is very poor indeed who has not a print of one or more of these pictures upon his wall. One of the greatest losses of the present war is the destruction of those cathedrals and palaces of art which contain the priceless works of these men. The efforts which are being made for their preservation, however, shows that the world still prizes them. Indeed, painters and sculptors lost their power over the thinking world only when they abandoned the Bible for secular models. Although Raphael died four centuries ago, no painter has ever yet produced a work which the world deems worthy of being placed beside "The Transfiguration." "The Sistine Madonna," that masterpiece of masterpieces, will very likely never be equaled, but for ages to come that room

wherein it hangs alone will be the Mecca for every lover of art, the holiest shrine in the world of painting.

Upon literature even more clearly than upon history and art, however, the influence of the Bible may be observed. For material, language, diction, and figures of speech literature is indebted to the Bible far more than to any other source. It is because of this that the path of literature has ever lain parellel to the path of religion. A review of the books of any age very noticeably reveals a knowledge of the Bible on the part of their authors. Spencer's "Faerie Queen" was a product of the same age as the King James Version of the Bible. Shakespeare, the literary genius of the ages, assimilated and reproduced the thoughts of the Bible as no other writer. Milton's three masterpieces are scriptural from first to last, both in allusion and in idea. "Pilgrim's Progress" not only shows the influence of the Bible, but is itself composed in the language of the scripture. The works of Dryden, Addison, Pope, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Burns also show unmistakably the influence of this Book. Of a later date, Arnold, Browning, Carlyle, Dickens, and Ruskin are the most illustrious writers. No one who is at all familiar with their works will deny that these men knew their Bible both in letter and in spirit.

In America no less than in England the Bible has to a great degree moulded our literature. Jonathan Edwards and Henry Ward Beecher being clergymen, were of necessity familiar with their Bible. But such men as Franklin, Bryant, Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, and Sydney Lanier studied it not only for its sublime truths, but for its literary beauties as well. The diligence with which they studied is shown in their works. In fact, every American writer of any importance has been a Bible student. Search the libraries as one may, no literary contribution of any value will be found which has been made by an American writer who was not familiar with his Bible.

Indeed, the world over, in every sphere of life, in peace and in war, within spacious halls with such men as Burke, Lin-

coln, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, or on the field of battle with such men as Cromwell, Washington, Lee, Grant, and Jackson, the Bible has influenced and directed the actions of the greatest thinkers. Nor does it appear strange that it should have done so when one considers the extensiveness of its travels. It has been alike the guide and companion of kings and the friend and comforter of the peasant. It was the valued treasure of the settler of '49, when in an old covered wagon he crossed the western prairies. It accompanied the gold-seeker to Alaska, Transvaal, and Australia. In the jungles of Africa and on the blazing plains of India it has brought encouragement to faint-hearted missionaries. It has been the means of peace and comfort to dying soldiers on many horrible battlefields. In the torrid zone and at the pole the Bible has been the friend of man.

Yes, very great indeed has been the influence of the Bible upon the world's activities. And why? Why have men so diligently studied and so carefully carried out its teachings? Why? Because within its pages there is found an answer for every question, a solution for every problem, help for every difficulty, balm for every wound, consolation for every wrong, inspiration for every fight, encouragement for all faint hearts. Why? Because it has stood the full test of literary criticism and has proved its worth. It is not a book for any one sect, but is for every type of mind, truly cosmopolitan in its scope. Where is to be found a better reference book on economics than the Book of Proverbs? It contains the fundamental and unchanging principles which hold for all ages. Where is there to be found more ethical inspiration than in the works of that greatest of all Christian philosophers, St. Paul? Or where is man's moral duty better summed up than in that famous statement of Micah's:

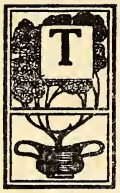
> "It has been shown thee, O man, what is good,
> And what Jehovah ever demands of thee;
> Only to do justice and love mercy,
> And walk humbly with thy God?"

Have we a desire to read good narrative? If so, Genesis, Ruth, or any one of the four Gospels relate stories of far more importance and in a far more interesting manner than any novel ever written. If we have a love for rhythmic verse of the most beautiful sort, the Psalms will prove very pleasant reading. Would we learn the argumentative, explanatory, or exhortative power of speech? If so, the prophets are most able teachers. Would we make a study of sociology or obtain a knowledge of the principles which form the basis of all legislation? If so, then we will do well to devote our thoughts to the history and government of God's chosen people. In fact, no matter what our taste may be, the Bible will furnish material whereby we may gratify it. Every other book in existence is either a cheap imitation, an interpretation, or else an explanation of truths which the Bible contains in far more concrete form. The greatest literary works in the world appear garrulous and chattering when compared with the silent and stately meditations of the Biblical writers. Neither the grandeur nor the importance of the Bible can be overestimated. It matters not whether we approach this Book scornfully or reverently, we will of necessity come away repeating with Whittier those famous lines:

> We search the whole wide world for truth, we cull
> The good, the pure, the beautiful,
> From graven stone and written scroll,
> From all old flower fields of the soul;
> And weary seekers of the best
> We come back laden from our quest
> To find that all the sages said
> Is in that Book our mothers read.

R. H. BEST, '16.

The Jewel



THROUGH the back window of Ragan's jewelry shop Ned Hale sat gazing out across the landscape which told of the early frosts. A long time he sat there where he could see across from the town of H—— the sights of the varied tinted autumn. Ticks of repaired watches were not even heard, and jewels and all repairs were forgotten until the quick footsteps of Ragan approached him.

"Here's an o size watch with a broken jewel, and it needs cleaning. The lady is going away at five-thirty, and I promised to have it ready by then."

Ned smiled and looked toward the window, as though indicating his melancholy mood. Ragan nodded, as if he too understood.

Ned was country bred, his early life having been spent in the country until he entered the university. By much effort he had succeeded in getting through the high school. After finishing, he was successful in winning a scholarship to the university of his State. Ned worked hard and won many honors during his course, for he was very studious; yet there could always be found time for other college duties. In football and baseball he had taken great interest.

During all these years Ned and Lucy Loring were very good friends. Both had been in high school together, she graduating at the same time he did. Lucy also entered college, and for the first three years all went well.

At the end of Ned's junior year he returned home, but found that Lucy had another very close friend in Tom Scott, who had just graduated from an agricultural college. Tom had winning ways, and soon crowded Ned out of the place he had won in Lucy Loring's heart. Ned could see that Lucy loved Tom, even before she fully knew it herself.

So one afternoon, just before Ned's departure for his senior year, he and Lucy were out walking. All the trees showed what the frost had done. The leaves were golden

yellow. Ned's heart, too, was sad, for he knew what Lucy was soon going to say to him. He felt that the tender hopes which he had once entertained would soon be blighted and swept away.

Both were silent until Lucy spoke up and said: "Ned, let's sit down on this log and rest. I have something to tell you."

Ned complied with her request. All was silent except the rambling little stream which ran nearby. Ned's heart was throbbing like a bolt of thunder.

"Ned," she said, "when we were here last year I told you that I loved you, and I truly did then. But, somehow, my heart has changed now."

She kept her eyes fixed on the ground.

Ned did not give way to his emotions, but replied that he had known for some time she loved Tom. "If you can be happier with Scott," he replied, "do not let me stand in the way."

Ned was not a fellow to stand in the way, even as much as he loved Lucy. Yet she now turned her eyes toward him and seemed to realize what a struggle Ned was undergoing.

Soon both got up and walked slowly back to Lucy's home. She did not feel as she wished. Somehow, she hated to say good-bye to Ned, for he had been such a good friend. But the house was reached, and Ned bid her good-bye and left.

Ned soon returned to college, and tried to forget his grief by taking greater interest in all his duties, yet he could not entirely forget.

Having graduated, he was at a loss as to whether he should return home again. He knew Lucy would be there, and that old memories would be recalled. So he worked for a while in the town where he graduated.

About the first of October he decided to go and visit his mother, and also to decide what his occupation would be. One morning while at home, Ned went to the old log. It had been just one year since his last visit. The goldenrod was in abundance. The leaves were dripping with dew. Over all the earth lay the frost, sparkling like diamonds.

Ned asked himself, "Where have I seen such a pretty sight before?" Soon he recalled the time when he had purchased a small watch for Lucy at one of the jewelry stores in the city. This frost sparkling and glittering resembled the jewelry store to Ned. At once Ned felt that he must get a position in a jewelry shop. This was his calling. So he went to the city and got a position in Ragan's jewelry shop. Here, since he saw so many jewels, he often thought of his happiest days spent with his jewel, Lucy. Ned had always had a mechanical hand, and soon he could use the fine tweezers, pliers, small files, and other tools. He became an expert repair jeweler.

Ned worked hard, hoping that some day he would be able to open a shop of his own. Every year when the frosts began to come and October drew near, Ned could not help but become melancholy. His mind would wander back to the old home and to Lucy, as he did not know where she was now.

Before Ragan came in on that October morning with the o size watch to be repaired, there was already a large pile of watches of all kinds to be overhauled. Somehow there was something so familiar about this last little timepiece that Ned fell to wondering who might be the owner. He thought, "Can it be the watch which I gave Lucy?"

Ned was interrupted by Adrienne, one of the salesladies, who had made some very large sales. She noticed how melancholy Ned looked, and wondered why he was always so gloomy in autumn. She had noticed this for several years.

Ned did not have much to say. It had been seven years since his last walk with Lucy. Adrienne could not restrain herself; so she began to question him. "Why are you so melancholy in the fall? It seems to me that all of that pile of watches to repair would cure you."

"Yes," replied Ned, "I know it ought; but when the frost slays the summer bloom and leaves upon the foilage the stain as unmindful as the frosts that blight our early hopes, I lose my grip. Adrienne, these are melancholy days. Have you ever been in love?" he asked, turning around facing her.

"No, I have no time for love affairs. Work has been my all. I think my heart is callous proof against such."

"Oh, I don't know," said Ned. "Love comes to all of us sometimes." Then Ned repeated his story to Adrienne of his early love. The 'phone rang and Adrienne answered. Ned went for his lunch.

Ned's afternoon was one of trials—tweezers would continually slip and wheels would roll out of sight. Sometimes a long search was necessary before they could be found.

He finished the o size watch, and scratched with a little instrument in the back the following: "Oct. 8. Mrs. M. A. Dale, Lansing. o size, Superior movement, gold case. Cleaned. Jewel, $3.50."

As Ned closed the case, Ragan came up. "Is the o size watch ready?"

"Yes," replied Ned. "I have just finished it. Been working on it all the afternoon."

He picked up the little timepiece, the tag becoming entangled among some other watches. While trying to undo it, Ned dropped the watch.

Ragan at once picked it up, placed it to his ear, and said very angrily: "You have broken it again."

Ned's face had shown his irritation all the afternoon. Now it was shown very plain.

Mrs. Dale was very much disappointed that her watch was not repaired, since she had come on a special trip to the city to get it repaired. She hated very much to leave it, but there was no shop in her town, so she had to leave it.

Ned felt that he couldn't stand this strain any longer, so the next *Jewelers' Journal* carried two ads—one Hale's and the other Ragan's. Hale's read thus:

> WANTED—Location in good, live town. Jewelry and repair business.—N. Hale.

In a few days Ned began to get answers to his ad. One especially from Lansing attracted his attention. He read it and decided that it would be worth looking into.

Ned went to Lansing, and found a live town without any jewelry shop. So he established himself there. Soon the repair work began to appear when he hung out his sign. Everybody made a purchase for Xmas from the new jewelry store.

During one of the busiest days a child came in with a small watch to be repaired. At first Ned did not notice the child. It was a rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed child about six years of age. He put a tag on the watch and gave the child a duplicate, telling it not to lose it.

When the holiday rush was over, Ned began on his repair work. Soon he came to the little watch, and at once he seemed to recognize that this watch was familiar to him. Where had he seen it before, he asked himself. Finally he opened the back, and there was the inscription which he had placed in it before leaving Ragan's, and besides the same watch that had severed his connections with Ragan.

Before Ned had completely solved this incident, a tall. slender woman, dressed in a blue tailored suit, came in with a child. Ned met his customer.

"Is my watch—"

She smiled, and Ned recognized the face, still fair and young.

"Well, Lucy! How came you here?" he asked, as he gave her a hearty handshake. "Is this your little girl? And is that your watch?" in a surprised tone. "I remember having repaired it once before, but I thought the name was Dale."

"So it is," she replied, blushing. "I married John Dale the next year after you left. We came here to live. He was bookkeeper for the Lansing Grain Co. I, too, learned it by helping him at odd times. John died several years ago, and I have since he'd the position."

"But, Tom—Tom—" stammered Ned.

"Oh, Tom and I quarreled soon after our last walk, and I have only seen him once since. He went West. I saw him the day I brought my watch to Ragan's. Tom was on the train that day."

"I remember that day," replied Ned. "This watch was the cause of my being here."

Then Ned told Lucy his little episode with the watch.

"Had you never recognized the watch you gave me?" she asked.

"No," replied Ned. "Yet it did seem familiar. I never guessed."

"Have you married, Ned?" she said.

"No," answered Ned in a low voice. "My heart was buried eight years ago when we parted."

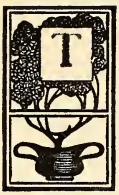
There was then a long silence.

"It is not far from where we parted eight years ago," she sighed.

"Not so far but that we can go back?" he asked.

She gave him her hand with a smile that showed Ned his melancholy days were over. J. S. M., '16.

A Senior's Meditations



THE SENIOR, on the eve of graduation, is placed in a unique position. He realizes that the great world beyond is waiting to receive him with open arms so soon as he steps beyond the protecting doors of his alma mater. That there is a place for him to fill he does not doubt, but the absorbing question is, how can he find where that place is?

The full meaning of a college course does not dawn upon the student until it has almost been completed. The daily preparation of work, the attendance upon this or that subject, seem to lead to no end; but to one great conglomeration of knowledge. At last the realization comes, the full meaning dawns upon one, and the greater end, brought about by many means, looms up in the near distance. The one supreme end which a college education strives for is to fit one for a life of service among his fellow men. The Senior, coming to this conclusion at last, wonders if he can live such a life, or has his whole college career been a dismal failure?

The college boy for four long years has been the object of so much attention from those who are behind him at home and also from his instructors in college that at last he has almost come to believe that the universe was created especially for him and everything put here for his especial use. The thought of his entrance into the busy world of affairs, however, soon puts an end to any such vain hallucinations he may have been living under. With the removal of this vain delusion comes the thought, "Can I measure up to the standards set for me?"

Years of toil and sacrifice may have been gone through with to give one a college diploma. All his friends and kinsfolk look toward the Senior, and likewise the college demands that he uphold her reputation. The realization of what is expected of one serves as a powerful goad in helping towards great activities. Likewise, there is a deep yearning in one's heart to go out among men of success in the world and demonstrate to all that a college education counts for much in life. Yet, shall the fledgling graduate take advantage of the first

opportunity offered him, no matter in what direction it may lead; or shall he determine his life work and bend every effort toward fitting himself for that life work, no matter what sacrifice of money or pride it may entail or in what a mediocre position he may be placed at first?

To one with no special line of work in view life appears, as did his college life at first, as one conglomeration of activities, and should he not strive at once to find his particular sphere, his early and best years will probably count for little. Four years in an average literary college with its various activities, if they have done nothing else, at least have revealed to the student in what direction his interests lie. Nothing must be allowed to obstruct this inclination. The desire of friends or the advice of instructors must be put aside when they lie along lines contrary to those one knows he is best fitted to follow. We all know well the old story of the attempt to fit a square peg in a round hole. Nothing is a greater failure than for the college man to miss his calling.

The life of service toward man can only be best realized when one works in that particular field for which he is best fitted. Since service is our motto, our life's work must be found out in order to give our best service. Realizing our strong and weak points by virtue of our college education, we must find our profession and bend every energy toward following that profession. "After an education—then what? When a costly engine has been put together, what a waste it would be if it were not put to work!"

W. H. H., JR., '16.

The Palace Fair

Last night, as I lay sleeping
In peace and perfect rest,
I dreamed that I dwelt in a Palace Fair,
In which all was loveliness.

Each person in that Palace Fair
Was kind as a shepherd true;
Their love was kind as a shepherd's love,
And their faults were very few.

No person in that Palace dwelt
Who did not pray each day
For the love and protection from above,
For health, and strength, and grace.

And as I dreamed that dream so sweet
My soul within me rejoiced;
But, alas! so soon I awoke and found
That all my happiness was lost.

For I had thought I would happily dwell
Within that Palace Fair;
Possessing kindness and love like those
Who lived in happiness there.

Yet a great lesson I learned from that,
For I resolved that I would be
Kind and loving and true indeed
As any one could be.

R. C., '19.

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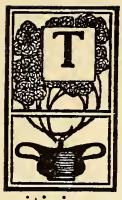
Theodore Roosevelt—An Appreciation



THERE are no two truer saying than that no prophet is without honor save in his own country, and that no age is capable of judging its own great men. Too often the prophet is regarded as a madman, and the great man as a freak or troublesome innovator. Let a man rise above his fellows, and the criticism and opposition he will receive will be proportional to the amount he towers above the commonplace man of his day. Rare, rare indeed, it is that the great body of the people appreciate the true greatness of its own pioneers and leaders. It is somewhat strange, too, that the mass of public opinion should agree so nearly always with that which is adverse to the person or movement in question. It seems to be a fundamental trait of human character to magnify the shortcomings of the man in the limelight and to minimize his excellencies. Whether it springs from inherent envy of the man who gets ahead or from a mere inability to appreciate the pace he sets, it is hard to say with correctness.

Perhaps no man in public life in the United States has had more ridicule heaped upon him than has Theodore Roosevelt. Beyond a shadow of a doubt, too, no man in recent years has accomplished so much. Despite his shortcomings—and he has them—he has brought more real things to pass than myriads of the idealists and critics who keep at a safe distance and offer suggestions. We all have respect for the dreamer and idealist: he is necessary: we cannot get along without him. But a man of abounding energy who can get things done should command our admiration as well, and especially if this man confines within himself the best qualities of the idealist also. Roosevelt is a man of this type, and will doubtless be much better appreciated by the unprejudiced mind of the future. In all his varied activities he has upheld high standards. He has left almost everything he touched on a higher moral plane as well as on a plane of incomparably greater efficiency. It is safe to prophesy that he will eventually

be placed in his rightful place among the foremost "great Americans."

The career of this unique personality has been one continuous record of achievement. From his earliest youth he has shown a purpose and persistence which is unusual. Born in the City of New York, of parents who had behind them a long line of good birth, he started out in life with a weak body. Even in these years of his early boyhood he seemed to realize the necessity of good health. He set himself deliberately to the task of improving his body by careful and persistent exercise. He spent many happy days on his grandfather's estate running through the woods and rowing in the nearby waters of Long Island Sound. The result was, or, rather is, that he has a physique which is beyond the ordinary. He can give himself up to the most arduous and strenuous campaigns, and suffer no breakdowns, such as men of weaker constitution would. It has been said that the injuries he received at the hands of the would-be-assassin who at one time made an attempt on his life would perhaps have proved fatal except for his extraordinary vigor.

In college he made a fine record both in his studies and as an athlete. He was especially fond of boxing, and was very proficient in this art. Here also he gave promise of the life of great achievment upon which he was soon to enter by beginning his "History of the Naval War of 1812" while yet a student at Harvard.

When he finished college he began the practice of law, but soon gave himself up to political affairs. He proved to be a born leader of men, and often won success in the face of the hardest opposition. Many times he was elected when he opposed the boss and the machine. By natural ties and by conviction a Republican, he early allied himself with that party.

Roosevelt has been severely criticized for his political methods and affiliations. Early in his career his family was shocked at his declaration of his intention to join a certain political group known to be corrupt in its methods. "They are nothing but gamblers, drunkards, and bosses," they declared. His re-

ply was that if this was true, nevertheless they were the ruling class, and it was his intention to belong to the ruling class. He has shown the ability to make use of this class of political adherents without becoming one of them or being dominated by them. He has never sacrificed ideals because of his connections with these "rings"; he has used them to accomplish useful and worthy ends. His public record has been too thoroughly searched to admit of a doubt that it perhaps has not always been strictly upright.

As a public man, Roosevelt has done more for the real progress of the country than any man, we might almost say, in its history. Take up any book on the American government, and no name will be more frequently mentioned in connection with real reforms and progressive movements. He served as Police Commissioner of the City of New York, and no man was more feared by the corrupt element; yet he commanded the profoundest respect and confidence of his subordinates. Even in his early twenties he was minority leader in the New York State Legislature and always upheld the public interests with a strong hand. Perhaps, too, we may never know just how much he contributed to the naval victories of the Spanish-American War as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Long before the outbreak of actual hostilities, he saw that war was inevitable and began to make all the preparations the authority granted him gave him power to. Consequently, when war was declared we were at least partly ready, so far as our navy was concerned.

He was also Governor of New York. As a matter of fact, he was Governor of New York, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Colonel of the Rough Riders all in less than one year; and in all these places he was the man of the hour. When war was declared, he joined one of the first volunteer regiments formed. His friends advised against it, but he held it inconsistent to not share personally in the dangers of a war of which he had always been an advocate. He says his "one great day" was that of San Juan Hill.

When the war was over, he at once entered politics again.

The interests made him Vice-President, thinking to be rid of him. By stroke of Providence, however, he became the President of the United States. He was the youngest of all Presidents. His record as President is one of steady and constructive achievement. He is "the President who sent the battle fleet around the world, who said 'Percidaris alive or Raisuli dead,' who concluded the Peace of Portsmouth, and who started the Panama Canal." Civil service reform, anti-trust legislation, army and navy reorganization, national reclamation and conservation are among the things he set on foot or completed. His whole record is of "things brought to pass."

Where is the other American of such achievements? Yet we have only had a very partial view of this versatile genius. His literary works alone are enough to make him famous. He is the author of numerous works of merit. Take, for instance, his "History of the Naval War of 1812," his autobiography, his "Oliver Cromwell," or his books of essays as examples.

Besides his bound works, he is a voluminous contributor to magazines, and has been connected with the editorial departments of such periodicals as *The Outlook* and the *Metropolitan Magazine.*

Several leading natural scientists have said that his achievements in the field of natural science alone are sufficient to make him a man of note. As an explorer and discoverer, he has been in Africa and South America. Many of his achievements in the fields of literature and science have been made in the midst of pressing official business.

Besides all these activities, he has found time to live for two years as a cowboy on a western ranch and to become a sportsman and big-game hunter of international reputation.

And, although he is called a jingo, he is a Nobel Peace Prize winner, for the part he played in concluding the Russo-Japanese War. He is undoubtedly somewhat overbearing and hasty, but that should not obscure his great qualities from us.

With this hasty and very partial account of the career of this really great man, it would seem impossible for a thoughtful person to join with those who are so quick to dim the

honors of men who stand in the forefront. In spite of all his faults, Theodore Roosevelt stands today as a man whom young America would do well to imitate. He will one day receive the honor which is his due. Coming generations will look back upon him as a man who was ahead of his day and at the head of the most important movements of his day.

J. E. E., '16.

WOFFORDISMS

Our monthly ditty:
O Miss Eva!
I've baseball fever!

* * *

Somehow or other "embarrassed" always seems to just fit in with "financially."

* * *

And what has become of the old-fashioned guy who used to sew the crease in his trousers?

* * *

To look at some graduates, one would think that they graduated from a night school —of experience.

* * *

Just between you and me—Do you believe that a fellow is responsible for what he thinks or says when his neck-tie won't work?

* * *

Of all sweet words
Of tongue or pen,
The sweetest are these:
"You win again."

Well, Wofford always gives out before she gives in.

* * *

Now we know the real meaning of the word "hero." We heard of a fellow at —— College who takes a bath once a week, whether he needs it or not.

* * *

Unhappy lies the head that's been crowned—by a baseball.

* * *

Some students kick a good deal before they foot a bill.

* * *

If a student named Nickel were to flunk, would that be a "jitney bus?"

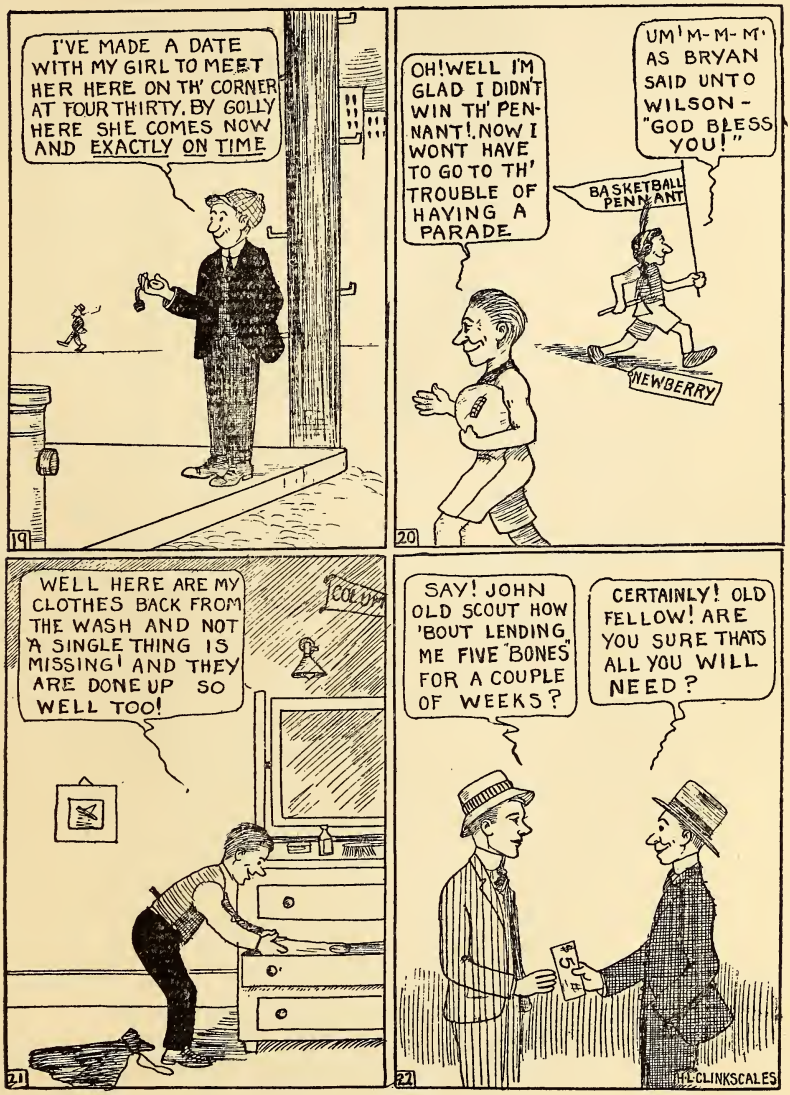
* * *

Once upon a time there was a fellow who didn't kick on dormitory beef.

* * *

If you don't get all the best things in college life, try to make the best of the things you do get.

THINGS WE NEVER SAY



Wofford College Journal

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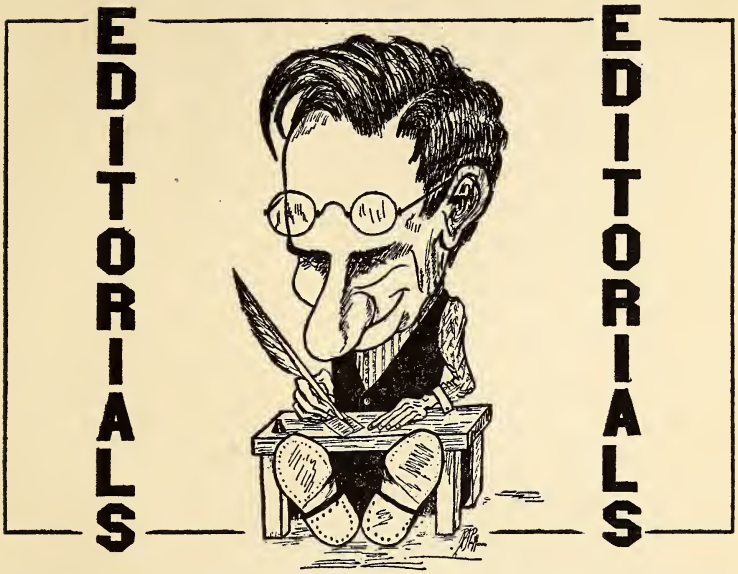
Contributions for the Literary Department must be handed to the editors by the first of each month. Short stories, essays, and poems are solicited, and this department is open to every student.

Four medals are given by the Staff during the year. A short story medal is given to the Junior or Senior submitting the best story from those classes; and a medal is given also to the Freshman or Sophomore contributing the best story. One medal is given for the best essay coming from any student, and one for the best poem.

Subscription per year, $1.50; single copies, 20 cents.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES, SEE OF WRITE THE BUSINESS MANAGER.



WALTER W. DANIEL.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
T. J. WILLIAMSON.....ASSISTANT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

"The Livest Student Body In Texas"

In looking over the exchanges this month, we found one which contained an advertisement of a well known Texas college. In this advertisement a conspicuous place was given to the assertion, "We have the livest student body in Texas." Fellows, that is a bold assertion. Do you realize what it means? It means that the students of that college, among other things, take a high degree of interest in all matters relating to college and campus life. They must take interest in their class-room work, in their athletic teams, and in their social life. Among other things, it must mean that more than sixty per cent. of them have paid their athletic fee, if they have an athletic fee in that Texas school.

Now, let us travel across the continent to our own South Carolina. What college has the livest student body in our State? Well, we all have our hope, but can our desires be-

come real as long as we are antagonistic to ourselves? If we pass rules by a large majority and break them by a still larger majority can we even hope to have the livest student body in South Carolina? To get anywhere at all, we must all pull together as a unit. A Woffordism in last month's JOURNAL expresses it nicely—Pull for Wofford or pull out.

Fellows, there is serious talk going on about our athletics. If we do not support our teams, we cannot have them. Let us all pay our fees, attend the games, and if we are not the livest student body in South Carolina, we would like to know why.

As to Literary Societies

There are on the campus three theories as to the best way of conducting our literary societies. The first is that society membership should extend, as is now the practice, throughout one's entire stay at college. The second is that society membership should be entirely optional. The third is that membership should be compulsory throughout the student's first two years and optional the last two. We shall attempt to *briefly* state our views upon all three.

There are some who would make society membership entirely optional. In our opinion, this would be a serious blunder. With this method in force, there are many who would join no society. On Saturday nights they would be loafing about up street, and in after years would regret that they had not spent their time to a better advantage.

The third plan, compulsory two years and optional two, is, in our opinion, better. After two years, a student with any ambition at all will hardly withdraw from his society. If, however, he does choose to withdraw, the society will probably be better off for it.

To the present plan we can see no objection. Some say that the societies are becoming too large. If so, why not form another society? Why attempt to break up the ones we now have?

The problem of society membership is one which is beginning to attract attention among the students. We sincerely

hope that the students and faculty will think seriously before they act.

"EDITORIALETTES"

We have never yet been so presuming as to make any prophesy whatever in political lines, but we imagine that Presdient Wilson's speeches on preparedness are making Roosevelt's thoughts read like this: ! ? X ! ! ?

Well, fellows, let's substitute baseball fever for spring fever this time. It will help us more.

OUR "WHO'S GOT THE DOG?" CONTEST.

(*Open only to members of the faculty.*)

Prof. Rembert's hat is in the ring. He means to get that dog. Not waiting to be urged by his friends, he boldly threw himself in the race at a recent meeting of the Psychology class. His claim to the dog is backed by two tales:

No. 1.—Prof. Rembert is responsible for the assertion that a certain Hindoo had a rope ladder. He threw this ladder up into space, and it caught hold. Climbing up the ladder and drawing it up behind him, the Hindoo soon disappeared from sight. Whew!

That's not all. Here is No. 2: At this same class he is said to have told of a perfectly sensible man who could put a lighted candle in a stove and, upon seeing the glow, would imagine that he was warm and be comfortable.

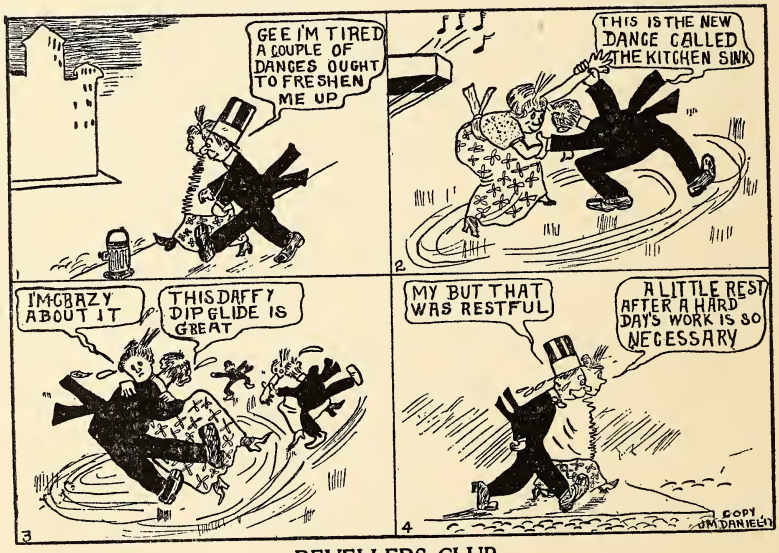
NEXT!

Fellows, I think Prof. Rembert has his claim to the grand prize cinched.

After deep consideration, we have about come to the conclusion that, without Germany to supply all our scientific needs, we would have been in a pretty bad shape.

"He has no enemies," you say?
  My friend, your boast is poor.
He who hath mingled in the fray
  Of duty that the brave endure
Must have made foes. If he has none,
Small is the work that he has done.
He has hit no traitor on the hip;
Has cast no cup from perjured lip;
Has never turned the wrong to right;
Has been a coward in the fight.

—*Exchange.*



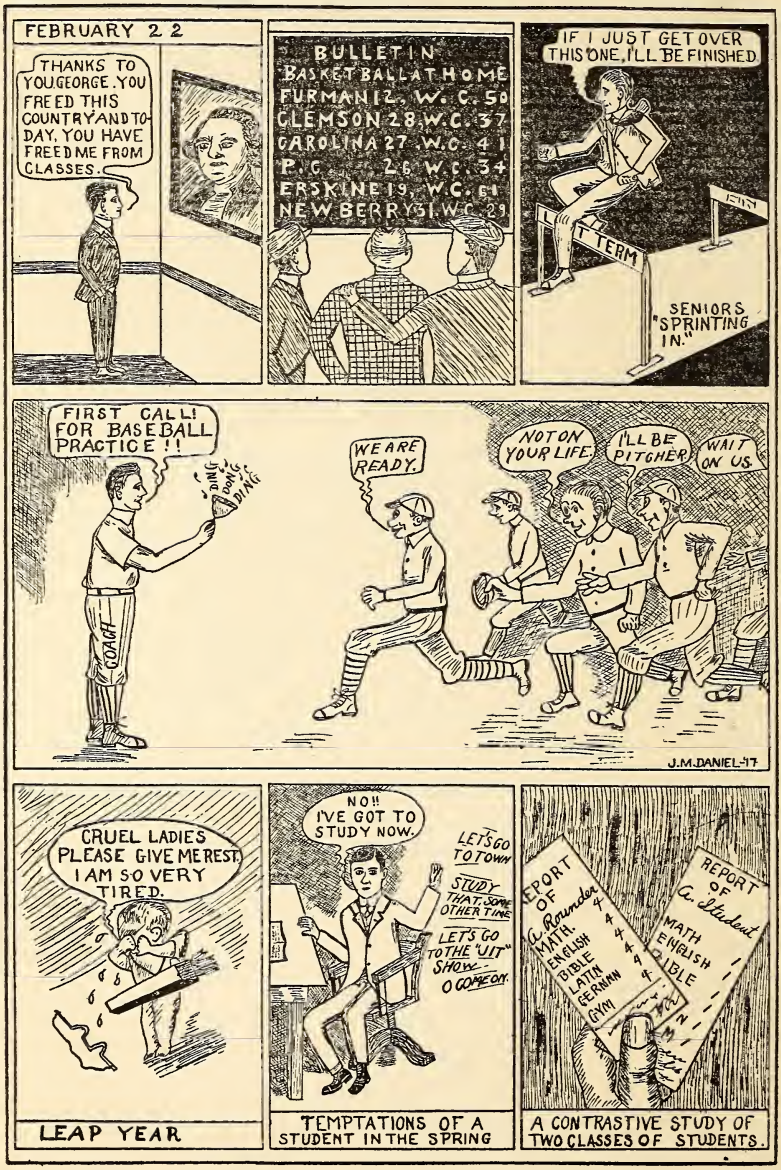
REVELLERS CLUB

BOUQUETS AND BRICKS

In the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL (December) the essays predominate in excellence. The poems, "My Friend" and "In the Night Time," are very pretty, but "I'll Come Back to You" would sound better, perhaps, if combined with the music of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." * * * "The Watchful Passenger" was very entertaining. * * * We would especially commend the two essays, "Armenia and Her People" and "The Opportunity of American Citizenship."—*Woman's College Journal.*

We wish to congratulate the editors of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for their excllent work in both issues, October and November. It is hard to decide which is really the best work. Nevertheless, we wish to make honorable mention of the story, "Jack Finds His Fortune," in the November issue; also "Mountain Mary," in the October issue. The poem, "Mirrors of Love," is excellent.—*Linwood College Journal.*

CONCERNING WOFFORD



E. F. MOSELEY.....EDITOR

ENTERTAINING LYCEUM.

A very large and attentive audience was present at what was conceded to be the best number of the season's Lyceum Friday evening, February 11. It was the presentation of "Just Plain Judy," from "Daddy Long Legs," by Miss Hettie Jane Dunaway, assisted by Miss Alice Fortin, pianist.

Miss Dunaway is a reader of rare talent, as was manifested by her rendition of those amusing and witty letters of the orphan "Judy" to her unknown benefactor, whom she called "Daddy Long Legs." She used about a half-dozen different costumes, each appropriate to the characterization of Judy's college life.

Judy was a little orphan of the John Grier home. After an interesting career there, she was sent off to college by Daddy Long Legs. As aforesaid, Judy was unaware as to who her kind friend was. In her letters to this unknown person she tried to get him to give at least a few characteristics of himself, but in vain.

The letters were the soul of the story. Judy thereby represented her college life and that of her friends. One very

admirable quality of hers was frankness, which was very amusing at times. Even in her sad moments, Judy would emit some ridiculous expressions tending to portray the bright side of life also. After an enjoyable college career, Judy graduated, but without the presence of the person who sent her. As soon as leaving college, however, Judy learns that her benefactor is the brother of her roommate, and the man with whom she has been in love.

All the fine points in the characterization of Judy were admirably brought out by Miss Dunaway in a most pleasing manner. All patrons of the Lyceum anticipate her return here again next year.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

On the evening of February 22, the annual oratorical contest was held to select a man to represent us at the South Carolina Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, to be held at Greenwood some time in April. This was an exceedingly good contest; in fact, about the best ever heard in the Wofford chapel, and it is no wonder that the judges had some difficulty in choosing the winner. T. H. Glenn (Preston Society) was given first place, his subject being "A New Idea of Internationalism." The speech was well composed and delivered, and showed the results of hard and faithful application. Mr. Glenn is a member of the Junior class, and ever since entering college has taken part in various oratorical events, having won the Gray medal in his Freshman year.

Mr. W. G. Ramseur, of the Senior class, won second place, his subject being "Commercialism vs. Idealism." Mr. Ramseur is also a member of the Preston Society, and is an orator of unusual ability.

The others who spoke, and their subjects, were:

T. J. Williamson (Calhoun)—"European Civilization a Delusion."

R. H. Best (Carlisle)—"The Bible the World's Greatest Classic."

J. E. Barrentine (Calhoun)—"Woodrow Wilson, American."

Charles Henry (Carlisle)—"The Mill Man."

Of the fifteen State contests, Wofford has won seven first places and five second places, having won four times in succession. We feel sure that our record will be upheld this year.

At the conclusion of the speaking there was a short but very enjoyable reception in the library. A fairly large crowd of ladies were present, including about ten ladies from Converse.

LYCEUM MUSICAL.

An exceptionally fine musical concluded the Lyceum course in Wofford College chapel Monday evening, February 23. It was undoubtedly one of the best numbers of the season, and would do credit to any city to hear. It is very rare that the people of Spartanburg are afforded such opportunities.

The company of musicians was composed of three: Madame Grace Hall-Riheldaffer, soprano; Alexander von Skibinsky, violinist; Clarence J. Velie, pianist. Each of these were skilled artists, as was shown by the attentive hearing given to their selections. They were encored after practically every number, and kindly responded to the wishes of the audience nearly every time.

The program of the evening was as follows.

1. Concerto D Min. (Last Movement).....*Wieniawski*
   MR. SKIBINSKY
2. Valse Arietta from "Romeo and Juliet".....*Gounod*
   MADAME RIHELDAFFER
3. Hochzeitmarsch und Elfrenreigen.....*Mendelssohn-Liszt*
   MR. VELIE
4. Serenade .....*Gounod*
   MADAME HIHELDAFFER AND MR. SKIBINSKY
5. Bourlesque .....*Skibinsky*
   MR. SKIBINSKY

6. (*a*) Du bist die Rue.....*Schubert*
   (*b*) O Moon Upon the Water.....*Eberhart-Cadman*
   (*c*) Song of the Chimes.....*Worrell*

MADAME RIHELDAFFER

7. Zephyr .....*Hubay*

MR. SKIBINSKY

8. Villanelle .....*Dell Acqua*

MADAME RIHELDAFFER

This made the sixth and last number of the season. Congratulations are due to Prof. Gamewell for his success in being able to secure such an excellent course. Every one was pleased, and it is to be hoped that as successful a season may be had next year.

Jokes

It is said that *Herring* lives in *Rivers.* How many do you think that eight boys can *Hook* from four *Bridges,* two on each?

Salesman (at Greenewald's)—Anything else?

Fresh. Gilstrap—No, thanks.

Salesman—Well, call again.

Fresh. Gilstrap—Thank you. You come around sometime.

Senior Gleaton (in Political Science)—That man advocates a bifurcated (bicameral) system of legislature.

Dr. Wallace—You mean bicameral.

Gleaton—You're right, but how many cameras has a bifurcated system?

Prof. DuPre (in Geology)—This rock is a fossil, although many deny the fact.

"Red" Williamson—Where is it from, Prof.?

Prof. DuPre—This came from Ireland.

"Red" Williamson—Possibly it's a sham-rock.

Fresh. Stokes (at soda fountain)—What will you have to drink, Gilstrap?

Fresh. Gilstrap—You can just give me the jit.

"Slim" Hamer—Harllee, did you tip the maid at Converse Saturday?

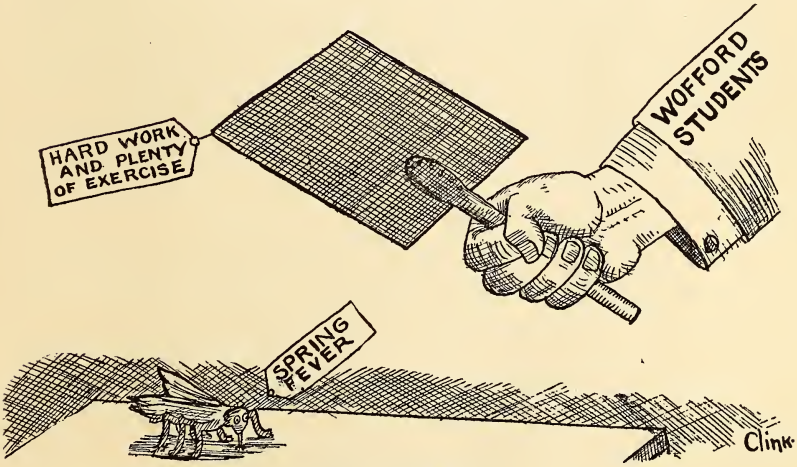
John Harllee (who had made his debut at Converse then)—Yes; I gave her a quarter.

Prof. DuPre (making announcements at chapel)—There will be a basketball game tonight. There will also be a wrestling match between the halves.

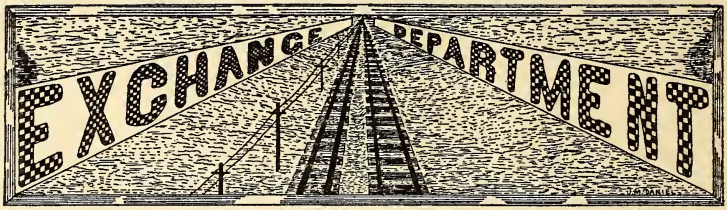
Fresh. Hartley—Who are the halves?

Fresh. Dozier—You can search me.

Glanz (looking at Murph's biological instruments)—Say, Mutt, this sure is a good manicure set. How much did it cost?



SWAT THE FLY



J. W. Harris, Jr.....Editor

The Yellow Jacket
Georgia Tech.

The February number of *The Yellow Jacket* is to be especially praised and favorably criticized. It is about the best issue that has reached our tables from our Technological friends. The one notable contribution is "War Dawn." This is a continued story, and is conducted mostly in conversational terms, which fact adds all the more to the natural interest. It deals with a situation paramount in the mind of the world and clothes an awful fact—the fact of the breach between the two most powerful nations of the globe—in readable terms. "The Relation of the Engineering Graduate to Technical Journalism" is a good essay, and shows that the writer knows whereof he speaks. The editorials are well arranged and contain some very good reading matter. We like the arrangement of the material of *The Yellow Jacket,* but notice with regret the total lack of jokes and "college nonsense."

The Bashaba
Coker College

The last issue of the Coker magazine was composed of rather short items, but, to their credit, most of them are worthy pieces. The essays can be criticized more harshly than any other phase of the magazine, for they seem to lack interest and put in more to fill up space than anything else. The one essay, though, that can be justly commended is the "Life of Raphael." We suggest that the paper might be added to by having more poems. We note favorably the profusness of jokes and "quips."

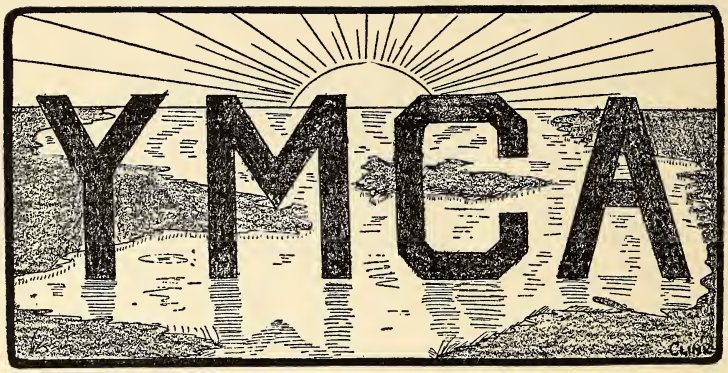
University of N. C. Magazine

"A Sketch of the Fraternities of the University of North Carolina" stands out pre-eminently as the most creditable part of the February issue of the *University of North Carolina Magazine.* It is a very exhaustive study of the subject it takes up, and the method of treating the history of the fraternities is very appropriate. "International Peace and Mutual Understanding" is also a good essay, and treats very creditably a subject which is very near the hearts of the citizens of the United States.

The Erothesian
Lander College

The Erothesian comes up to its usual standard, and we wish to thank the exchange editor for her favorable comment on the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. We wish for our sister editors and contributors the best of fortune in the conducting of their paper.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of our usual exchanges. We note in them all a decided improvement, yet can frankly say that none have yet reached perfection. We would be pleased to take up each separately, but are forbidden by the shortage of space.



E. D. WHISONANT.....EDITOR

WHY?

Fellows, why not attend the Y. M. C. A. regularly?

Why not put into practice those principles learned at home from father and mother?

Why not be interested in this one great factor in your college training?

Why not attend the Y. M. C. A. rather than the movies, or the dance, or the twenty cents vaudeville?

Is it because the one is boresome and the other exciting and pleasing? No. It is because a great many of the students have never put themselves in a position to know just what kind of training the Y. M. C. A. offers. I was talking with a young man not long since about his non-attendance at the Y. M. C. A. meetings, and almost the first question he asked was: "Who are some of the men that make addresses, and what do they talk about?" After naming over some of the gentlemen who had spoken to us this year and the subjects they talked on, his reply was: "I didn't know you had anything like that at these meetings." And that, I believe, is the great trouble with the majority of those who don't attend the Y. M. C. A. They have never come out to see for themselves that these meetings held on Friday night of every week mean more to a man than two or three songs and short prayers, followed by thirty minutes of HOT AIR. During this session we have had with us some of the best talent both in

and out of Spartanburg, and the man who would substitute a movie for a talk by Dr. Truesdale, or a dance for an address by Dr. Pendleton, or a twenty cents vaudeville for a talk by C. C. Herbert is "biting off his nose to spite his face."

NO MEETING FEBRUARY FOURTH.

On account of the mid-year examinations, there was no meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Friday, February 4th.

SPECIAL SERIES OF SERVICES.

Beginning Wednesday, February 9th, and running through Wednesday, February 16th, a special series of services were held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. These meetings were conducted by Dr. R. S. Truesdale, D. D., of Sumter, S. C., "Ted" Mercer, and Tom Farmer, of New York City.

Never before have we had three such strong men with us at one time, and their plain, simple, and direct messages drew large crowds to hear them. A good many of the young men took a stand for Christ at the public meetings, but a number of others found Him in the quiet of their rooms in conversation with Dr. Truesdale.

We are glad that it was ours to have these men among us, for the fruits of their labors can already be seen.

CABRAL AND HOOKER MAKE INTERESTING TALKS.

The Y. M. C. A. meeting of February 18th was conducted by two of the students, Mr. Cabral, of the Senior class, and Mr. Hooker, of the Freshman class, being the speakers. These men spoke about fifteen minutes each, telling us something of the conditions that exist in countries like Brazil and Korea.

Mr. Cabral being from Brazil, confined his talk almost wholly to that country, but said that what applied to Brazil was true of all South American countries. He began by saying that his people were not a people who had lost all power of accomplishment and could not come back, but that their present condition was due to their environment. There are

three places, said the speaker, were character is moulded. First, there is the home; secondly, the church; and, lastly, the college. Mr. Cabral said that the home life in Brazil was very good, but that the church and colleges do little to help better conditions there. In the church, the priests forbid the people to read the Bible or to try to better themselves by education, and the colleges are very few in number and poorly equipped. Mr. Cabral closed by saying that South America needed our teachers, our lawyers, our doctors, but, more than all these, it needed the Christian influence of our church.

Mr. Hooker spoke very interestingly about his experience as a missionary to Korea. In the first few minutes of his talk he described in a forceful way Korea and its people. The speaker said that the Koreans are a hard-working and deeply religious people, but they lack political ability. Christianity has of late made wonderful progress in Korea, said the speaker, and it is from this small state that the Orient is to be Christianized. Already the Koreans are going over into China to learn the Chinese language and to teach the word of God. Mr. Hooker closed by saying Japan is going to give political ability to the Koreans, and that it is up to us to give them the right sort of training for Christian leadership.

DR. WALLER ADDRESSES STUDENTS AT Y. M. C. A.

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Friday, February 25th, Dr. C. B. Waller, of our own faculty, made the address. Dr. Waller spoke on the subject of "Handicaps," and his talk was full of thought and practical illustrations. The speaker said that all of us have handicaps of some kind, some for our good, others for our harm. He pointed us to such persons as Helen Keller, who has triumphed over misfortune and has become a source of good to the world. Dr. Waller closed by saying that just as Helen Keller had won out so we, by persistent effort and continual striving in spite of difficulties, could overcome our weaknesses and become a power for good to those with whom we are associated.

·ATHLETICS·

J. C. Covington.....Editor

BASEBALL.

The baseball season is almost here and the preliminary practice is in full sway. At the first call for volunteers, some forty or more boys dug out their gloves, mits, suits, and other paraphernalia from the dark recesses of their trunks and swarmed on the diamond. Every afternoon one hears the crack of wood meeting leather, the thump of balls into mits, and the shouts of the many aspirants for the team as they attempt to show the coach that they excel their fellows in the sport. Spring is here to stay, and the warm days have not only brought the players on the field, but many spectators, who eagerly watch the practice. Never has a more likely bunch of candidates turned out for a baseball team at Wofford. There is an abundance of material of all kinds, and, with the proper co-operation, Wofford ought to put out a team that will win games this spring. There have been only a few days of practice yet, and it would hardly do to prophesy too much, but it does look as if the "Terriers" are going to push somebody for the championship this year.

Coach Alfred von Kolnitz, a former Charleston College, University of South Carolina, and Cincinnati National League Club star, arrived on the campus Monday, February 28, and immediately put the squad to work. In spite of the bad weather, he has gotten things started well and is fast getting the men into condition. Mr. von Kolnitz is well known in South Carolina, and has not only made a great reputation as a college player, but made a great showing in big league ball with the Cincinnati Club, with whom he has played for the past two seasons. The Athletic Association is indeed very fortunate in securing Mr. von Kolnitz to coach the "Terriers" this year. He has already made a splendid impression on the students, and we believe, with his superior coaching, the "Terriers" are almost sure to have the best team they have had in years.

Fellows, there is one thing we must do, however, in order for old Wofford to win; that is: give the team all your support. Let's show that we have some college spirit; let us give the team all the encouragement and backing we can, and by all means let us not be knockers. The success of the "Terriers" depends a great deal on this.

Below is the baseball schedule, as Manager Adams has arranged it:

West Virginia Wesleyan vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, March 25.

Elon College vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, March 31.

Furman vs. Wofford, at Greenville, April 3.

Clemson vs. Wofford, at Clemson, April 4.

Guilford College vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, April 5.

Davidson vs. Wofford, at Davidson, April 10.

Guilford vs. Wofford, at Guilford, April 11.

Elon vs. Wofford, at Elon, April 12.

University of North Carolina vs. Wofford, at Chapel Hill, April 13.

A. & M. of North Carolina vs. Wofford, at Raleigh, April 14.

University of South Carolina vs. Wofford, at Columbia, April 15.

Clemson vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, April 18.

Davidson vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, April 20.

P. C. of S. C. vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, April 21.

Erskine vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, April 28.

Newberry vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, May 2.

P. C. of S. C. vs. Wofford, at Clinton, May 8.

Newberry vs. Wofford, at Newberry, May 9.

Erskine vs. Wofford, at Due West, May 10.

University of South Carolina vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, May 18.

Furman vs. Wofford, at Spartanburg, May 19.

BASKETBALL.

WOFFORD DEFEATS CAROLINA.

The "Terriers" added another victory to their list February 12, when they defeated the Gamecocks for the second time this season. The game, though somewhat one-sided and slow, was at times very interesting. The "Terriers" assumed the lead at the start, and at the end of the first half the score stood 24-12. The Gamecocks scored only five points in the second half, while the "Terriers" scored 23. The final count was Carolina, 17; Wofford, 47.

THE WOFFORD-P. C. OF S. C. GAME.

Wednesday, February 16, Wofford met the Presbyterian College of South Carolina on the city Y. M. C. A. floor. Though the Presbyterians had beaten the Methodists on their own floor, they were unable to defeat the "Terriers" in Spartanburg. The "Terriers" kept the lead all the way through, but many times there was hardly more than a goal's difference in the score. Consequently, there was plenty of excitement for the spectators, and there was a feeling of relief when the whistle blew with the "Terriers" still in the lead by a small margin. The whole Wofford team played a splendid game, and there were many sensational shots. The final score was Wofford, 34; P. C. of S. C., 26.

WOFFORD WINS FROM ERSKINE.

On February 18, the Terriers swamped Erskine on the city Y. M. C. A. floor by the largest score of the season, 61 to 19. Wofford scored first, as usual, but the Erskinites did not permit her to run away so early in the game. For the first quarter of the game the two teams seemed evenly matched, but the Terriers soon came to themselves, and at the end of the first half had taken a good lead. In the second period the Methodists could not be stopped, and scored almost at will. Even the substitutes, inspired by the splendid work of the regulars, could not be stopped by the Erskinites, and when the whistle blew the score was Wofford, 61; Erskine, 19. Turner, at forward for Wofford, played well and scored 31 of Wofford's 61 points.

THE WOFFORD-NEWBERRY GAME.

Friday, February 25, the Terriers were defeated for the first time in three years on their own floor, and it was their old-time rivals, the Indians, who administered the defeat. Though the Terriers were defeated, it was decidedly the best game of the season and furnished many thrills from start to finish. The Terriers started off in the lead, which they kept till the last three minutes of play. The Terriers, though they were greatly outweighed, fought gamely against their heavier opponents, and broke up many a pass that would have meant a goal for the Indians. The game was very fast, and there was never, during the whole course of the game, more than a few points difference in the score. The first half ended Wofford, 20; Newberry, 16. In the second half, Newberry seemed to have found her stride, for she rushed the little Terriers all over the floor. The passes of the Terriers were always broken up or were inaccurate. The Indians resorted to long shots, some of which were phenomenal, by which they gradually pulled their score up to that of the Terriers, and a half minute later forged ahead. The final count was Wofford, 29; Newberry, 34.

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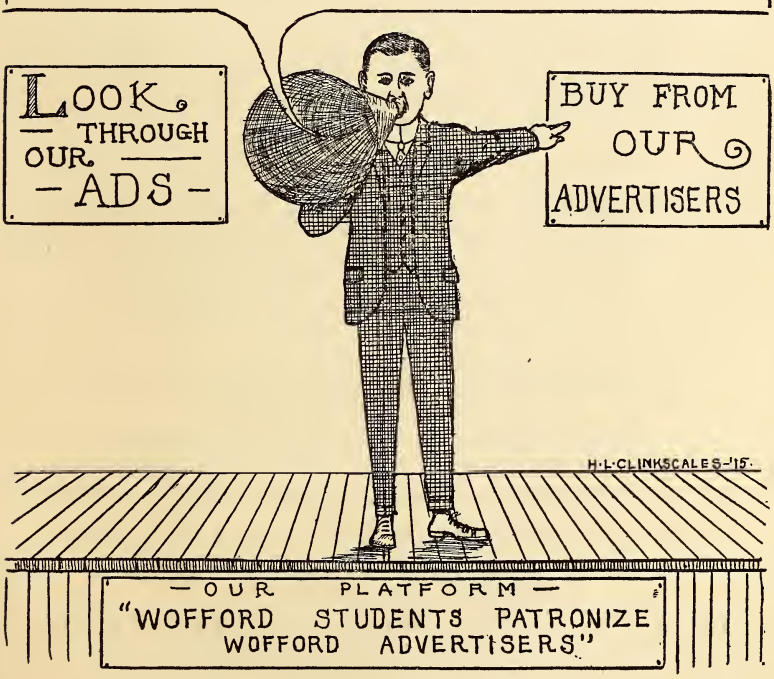

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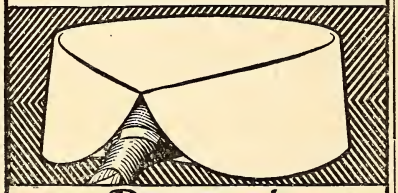

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———o———

SOME TIGHT.

Tom Pence was discussing the penurious proclivities of a senatorial statesman.

"Why," said Pence, "he's so stingy he wouldn't pay fifteen cents to see the Battle of Gettysburg staged with the original cast."

———o———

'TWAS UNDERSTOOD.

Little Boy (reading aloud)—"'And David said in his haste all men are liars.' Say, father, why didn't he mention women also?"

"He didn't consider it necessary, my son."—*Life.*

THE WORST AS YET.

There had been a violent collision between a milk float and a taxicab in one of the main streets of the town, and an unfortunate passer-by had sustained a broken collar bone as a result. Of course, a crowd soon collected and one sympathetic old lady among the onlookers gazed long and pitifully at the victim.

"Poor chap!" she said at last. "Are you married?"

A wave of emotion passed over the injured one's face and then his features went suddenly pallid.

"No!" he gasped at length. "This is the worst thing that has ever happened to me!"

———o———

Mrs. Justwed—"Where is the plate I served you the pie on?"

Tramp—"Plate? Gracious! I thought that was the under crust and ate it."

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